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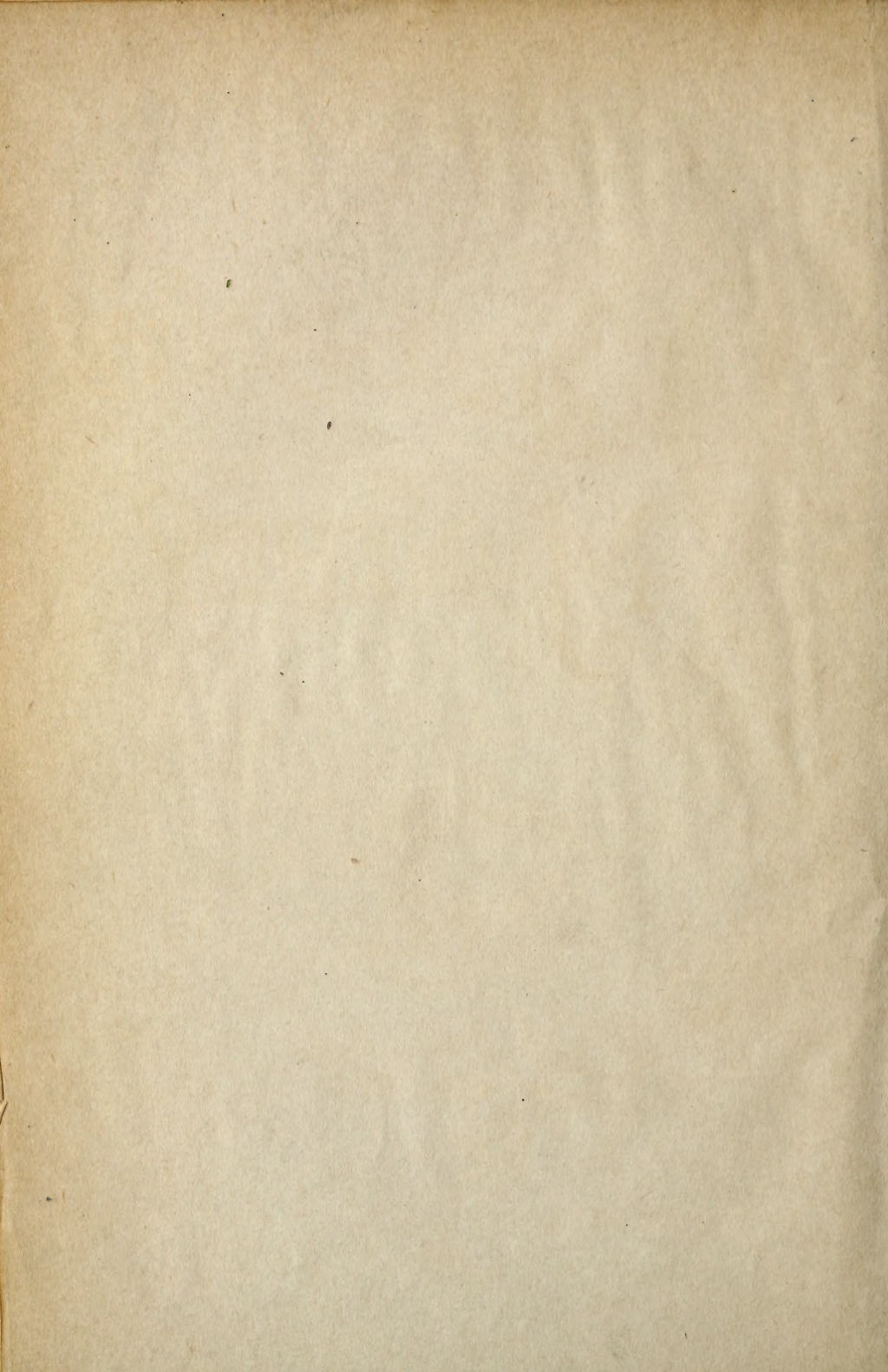










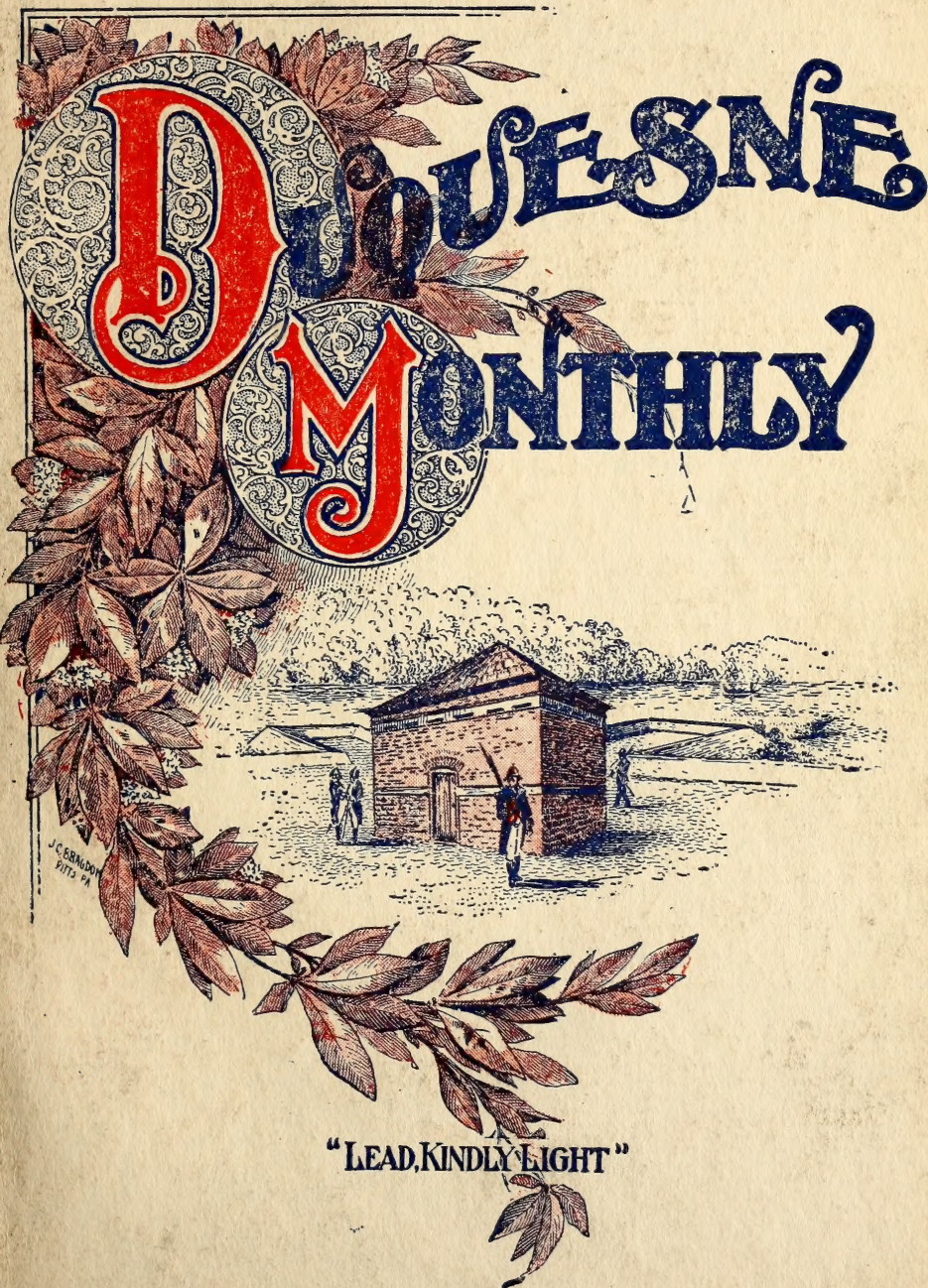




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OCTOBER, 1912

No. 1

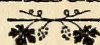




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# Duquesne Monthly

Vol. XX.

Pittsburgh, Pa., October, 1912.

No. 1.

## Attainment.\*

(SONNET)

I roamed the city streets by moonlight's glare.  
Their order and their beauty all had flown :  
Gaunt walls stood shapeless, mighty towers lay prone;  
Deep chasms marked the highways everywhere.  
At dawn, in answer to the whistle's blare,  
A busy horde came thronging, and the groan  
Of pond'rous engines, gathering up the stone,  
Revealed 'twas not to ruin, but repair !  
  
E'en thus, methought, our lives must be re-shaped—  
The hills brought low, the rough ways plainer made—  
That God may make His temple-home, and reign  
Within our souls : this toil none have escaped  
Who for eternal beauty longed and prayed.  
Tho' hard the way, who willeth, will attain !

LUKE O'BYRNE.

\*Suggested by the cutting of Pittsburgh's "Hump."



## Righteousness in Business.\*

JOHN E. LAUGHLIN, ESQ.

Realizing the limitations of my ability and the meagerness of my experience in business and with business problems, I would prefer that the theme assigned to me for discussion this evening be left to some one more capable, who, adequate to the intrinsic merit of the subject, would treat the same more in accord with its importance and perhaps with greater profit to his hearers.

I am sensible, too, that the profound learning and piety of this assemblage, affording ample incentive and honor sufficient to reward a laudable effort, merit more than the commonplace. It is therefore not with any assurance that I am equal to the undertaking but rather with a desire to repay in some manner, however slight, the obligation I owe my *Alma Mater*, Georgetown University, that I have consented to represent her on this occasion.

Righteousness as essential to the affairs of life presents itself for our commendation in many phases but in no aspect more favorable than in its relation to business. For when consideration is given to the condition of social unrest that prevails and the causes that lead to this condition, it will not be difficult to reach the conclusion that the evils of our day are not necessarily inherent in our capitalistic system, but rather are due to the fact that religion and ethics are not often enough applied to business practice. We must bear in mind that we are living in an age of progress; that in every field of human endeavor the advance, together with the methods used in bringing it about, has been phenomenal, and at times even startling. In the field of commerce, energy and enterprise, spurred on by ambition, will of necessity bring those engaged therein face to face with questions for the solution of which business theory has no rules. If the materialistic spirit only manifests itself, the desire for profit

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\* This Paper was read at the close of the recent Catholic Educational Convention in Pittsburgh, by John E. Laughlin, Esq., Vice-dean of Duquesne University Law School, who on College Night represented his *Alma Mater*, Georgetown University.



and the hope for gain will crowd out moral principles—the result, oppression in the form of illegal competition and trickery and deceit under the guise of freedom.

It is not an uncommon thing even now to hear it said that there is no such thing as ethics in the conduct of a trade, a profession or a commercial enterprise so long as we are free to contract, free to buy, free to sell and free to negotiate. Is this not because our courts of law, impelled by necessity, ever jealous of individual freedom, have applied the principle of "*caveat emptor*" so often in the interpretation of contracts that we have come to look upon the doctrine as a moral principle and to invoke its aid in justification of every unconscionable bargain or sharp transaction?

We aim to teach integrity in all things; and that the consciousness of righteousness will lighten the cares of business and soften the harshness of failure, yet in practice often fall short of these lofty sentiments. Is this not because, in the contemplation of another's success and the realization of the unfair methods employed in its accomplishment, we frequently conclude that only by dishonest effort can success be attained, and that virtue and justice, the mother of virtue, find no reward in this life? Is it not also because the love of luxury and the desire for comfort have implanted in many a distorted notion of the very essence of duty, the result of which is a tolerance of wrongdoing and an indifference to conditions that make wrongdoing possible?

Were this the occasion, and the time allotted me sufficient, I might enumerate for you some of the more serious abuses that have crept into our commercial system, due, in almost every instance, to an improper interpretation of the law of equity and justice. However, I deem a recital unnecessary, for I take it that there is scarcely one here tonight who has not felt at some time or other, under the guise of competition or the doctrine of supply and demand, the goad of the oppressor and the hand of the strong.

Justice as expressed in our laws and as enforced by our courts will not vindicate every act done in the course of business; nor will it suffice in the conflict of rights to bring about a

sufficient and permanent settlement. We must insert in our commercial code a rule of justice that is fortified with wisdom, tempered with mercy and softened with charity; that rests upon a firmer foundation than merely to give every man his due—the justice of Christ as expressed in His gospels and teachings and as exemplified in His life.

It is not sufficient to portray the troubles and wrongs of our wage-earners, to commiserate with them in their misery, to grieve with them in their want and imagine that by so doing we lessen their burdens. Some remedy for the alleviation of their difficulties must be sought, and some protection against oppression made possible by circumstances, must be afforded them, or our efforts are wasted and our reforms fruitless. The Socialist, whose false doctrines are gradually implanting themselves in the wills if not the intellects of some of our people, is quick to recognize the existing conditions and the consequent dissatisfaction, and is shrewd enough to take advantage by his negative condemnatory attitude in preaching his philosophy. He unblushingly points out hardships and dishonesty and does not hesitate to condemn. In this one respect I think we can agree with him. His mistake, however—and we part with him here—is in declaring that the solution is to be found in the domain of economics only. What we need above all else, in addition to the acknowledgment and condemnation of the wrongs that exist, is not only a concerted effort to wipe them out but also the development of a healthy social conscience that will distinguish properly and impartially between right and wrong, justice and injustice, and will act in accordance. We may enact laws to bring about this correction; but laws indirectly only touch the heart, and, however meritorious they may be and however efficacious the remedy offered is, are incapable of enforcement if those who are to obey and observe have not grounded in them principles of Christian rectitude and Christian charity.

Along with our minds we must educate our hearts to the realization that human nature, in the lowly as well as in the high, in the weak as well as in the strong, in the poor as well as in the rich, has the same yearnings for peace and happiness and the same ultimate hope of accomplishment. It is natural that we



should seek to promote our own material welfare and it is laudable to exert an honest effort on that behalf. It is well to remember, however, that the essence of true nobility is neglect of self; that Christianity in its highest perfection finds inspiration and example in the humanity of Christ; and that, while the theory of life may appear to measure a man's worth by his accumulation of wealth and his power in business, the real criterion by which the world judges success and for which tablets are erected in commemoration and as an inspiration, is the good he has done for others by his work and example, the sacrifices he has made to lessen the burdens of his fellowman and the ideals he has left as a heritage to posterity.

It is not a new religion we need, but rather more of what we have. Neither is it essential that we formulate a new code of morals to fit the progressive ideas of our times. Modern methods in science, in politics and in business may have outgrown those of the past generation; they have not, however, outgrown the impartial and unchangeable laws of God.

Let me say then, in conclusion: we may distinguish between social and legal justice; we may theorize on remedies that will relieve the weak and curb the strong; we may preach reform and institute reforms: but there can be no permanent settlement of our social problems until we become permeated with a spirit of equity and imbued with a spirit of charity that manifest themselves in patience and unselfish devotion to the service of others without regard for reward other than the consciousness of duty well done. Whatever our station in life may be, however blest we are with this world's goods, in whatever channel our work may lie, pleasant or unpleasant, deep down in our hearts we acknowledge that the test of the relation between God and man is the relation between man and man and that righteousness like virtue is its own reward.



## BELLS.

Bells are of great antiquity. China, Japan, and Egypt used them at a very early period of their existence as nations, and long before they were known to Europe. The Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans had them. They have been intimately associated not only with all kinds of social and religious rites, but with almost every important, inspiring historical event, such as the Declaration of Independence, and the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. Indeed, it is difficult to think without emotion of the dramatic role which large bells have played in history. When the king dies the bell tolls, "*Le Roi est mort!*" an hour later the bells ring out merrily, "*Vive le Roi!*" With sad satire they rang peal after peal as Henry the Eighth led wife after wife to the altar, and tolled as impassively for the execution of those same unhappy ladies. They have been the heralds of the great epochs of history. They rang at the birth of Charles Stuart and tolled in a few years for his execution. They sent out a deafening, joy-laden peal, alternated with a deep toll, to signal Nelson's triumph and death at Trafalgar.

It is interesting to consider the various names and offices of bells which have grown up through the customs of the years, finding their way so often into poetry.

A curious old social use of the bell survives in the ringing of the curfew, which is still kept up in many towns in England, though the obligation it was meant to enforce, that of extinguishing domestic fires and lights, has passed away. As in Old England, so in New England is the curfew still heard. In South America it is called the "stay bell," and after it was rung at ten o'clock the use of the streets was forbidden by municipal ordinances to the inhabitants of Lima and other Peruvian towns. Many beautiful poems have been written about this eventide bell, and many are the allusions to it by poetic pens. Perhaps no one poem has had wider reading than that of Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, "*The Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight,*" written while a school-girl, seventeen years of age. The world, too, will long admire the sweet and mellow cadence of Gray :

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."



Longfellow's "Curfew" has been set to music. O. W. Holmes has remembered the good old custom in his "Before the Curfew." Milton, in "Il Penseroso," describes the curfew in lines sonorous and musical as the bell itself. Curfew changed first from eight to nine o'clock, then from nine to ten, and afterwards, according to Shakespeare, to the early morning hours, for in "Romeo and Juliet" it says,

"The curfew bell hath rung,  
'Tis three o'clock."

Shakespeare makes other mention of the curfew in "The Tempest," in "King Lear," and in "Measure for Measure."

Then there is the Angelus, whose appealing notes also have been a favorite theme with poets. Longfellow mentions it in *Evangeline*:

"Sweetly o'er the village the bell of the Angelus sounded."

Bret Harte has written "The Angelus, Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868," and Millet, a poet with the brush, has painted the sound and sentiment of the Angelus into his noblest picture.

Then there are the Christmas Bells:

"I heard the bells, on Christmas day,  
Their old familiar carols play."

Longfellow, Dickens, Tennyson and others have sung beautifully of these charming bells jubilant of peace on earth and good will to men. Now, too, on New Year's Eve it is usual to ring out the dying year with a muffled peal, and then to salute its successor with a glorious chime, which custom is brought home to us in Tennyson's "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky." The "Sabbath Bells" of Charles Lamb reminds us of the Sabbath or Church Bell, which, being used to summon the people to congregational worship, is very important; for what would our land be without its churches and what would our churches be without their bells? Longfellow says that these bells sound many a prayer and preach many a sermon from their lofty pulpits.

Also there are the alarm bell, the school bell, the funeral bell, and other bells, many with unique and interesting uses,

such as the Justice bell of China whose mile-long rope was laid through the principal thoroughfare of the towns so that victims of injustice might tug at it and arouse interest in their cause; and the Medieval Sanctus bell, generally fixed on the apex of the church nave and rung during Mass at the words,

“Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God of hosts”

to announce the miracle of transubstantiation and to warn those working in the fields to join in spirit with the priest and congregation gathered in the church—to say nothing of peculiar offices of the bell, as for instance, when a bishop visits a parish, to welcome him by its sonorous voice, or on board a ship to break the monotony of the uneventful hours and days and nights on a long voyage by being regularly tapped.

The sound of bells is grateful to the young; and “many a tale their music tells” to the old, recalling joyful and mournful incidents in the battle of life. There seems, too, to be something satisfying to the soul in the ear-filling sound of a large bell. This is especially true of the metallic tenant of a tower, provided the bell be in tune with itself, and properly hung and properly rung. In a perfect bell the sound of its brim is its “fundamental;” the bell should also reflect tones an octave above and below the “fundamental,” called respectively the nominal and the hum-note. Longfellow’s song of the steeple music in the quaint old Flemish city of Bruges recalls to us, too, that not only single bells, but large suites of bells, when turned musically, and modified by distance, charm the ear and soul with their “soothing chime.”

But not only is the Tennyson “Lin-lan-lone” of the big bells pleasing, but the “ting-a-ling” of tiny ones as well. Octaves of diminutive bells are introduced into organs and utilized in the orchestra. Small bells, too, compare very favorably with large bells as regards their utility as a call to duty, an alarm when danger impends, or a mark of passing time. What human loss and misery even without the little ones,—when the invalid’s handbell calls not the nurse, when the kitchen-bell ceases to call the cook, and the dinner-bell to call the hungry; when the toy bells soothe not the fretful infant, and the teacher’s



desk-bell calls not for silence and attention; when the shop-bell gives no warning of the buyer's entrance and the shutter-bell of the burglar; when the cow's bell is gone and she strays; when the time of night is wanted, but the clock will not strike; when we would rise early but the alarm will not go off; when we would summon a resident to the front door, or ring for the motorman to stop the street-car, but the bell-wire has broken.

Bells, then, touch our lives in many ways: whether large or small, their uses are multifarious; and there is a charm, not alone in the dolorous turret music of an Old Year's requiem, in the disconsolate sound of a surf-bell on some far ocean reef, or in the solemn, consecrated voices of church bells, but also, and relatively as insistent, in the diminutive bells that punctuate time in private houses, call man to his duties, and vibrate, in a lesser degree, to his woes and joys.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.



## The Harvest.

Sow with a generous hand;  
Pause not for toil or pain;  
Weary not through the heat of summer,  
Weary not through the cold spring rain;  
But wait till the autumn comes  
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Sow; and look onward, upward,  
Where the starry light appears,—  
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,  
Or your own heart's trembling fears,  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown to-day in tears.

A. A. PROCTER.

## Asleep at the Switch *Again*.

The "Chicago Special" had just passed, and Tom Keene, the operator at signal tower O Z, settled back for two hours of unbroken quietude. He picked up a magazine, and, in a short time, was deeply engrossed in a thrilling tale of adventure.

After a seemingly very brief period, a high, shrill whistle cut the silent air. The reader looked up from the story with a startled face. It was the "Pittsburgh Express" going east; he could tell by the whistle. But it was not due until two-fifteen! He glanced at the clock, and the hands pointed to that time. But could he have spent over two hours reading? It seemed improbable, but there was the evidence!

He prepared to switch the express on to the main line, when he stopped in surprise. What had happened to the "New York Limited," due at two? It hadn't passed—he knew that. While he was still wondering, he heard the familiar deep-toned whistle that he recognized as belonging to the Limited, which was west-bound.

The trains approached each other at a terrific pace. They were on the same track, but Keene pulled the lever that would switch the express on to a different one. Horrors! The lever would not move more than a few inches.

"Confound it!" he cried in desperation, "Something must be caught in that frog! If those trains come together—wow!"

He ran down the tower stairway and started a hopeless race with the Express to the frog. But the Express had already missed the switch, and kept on at a terrible speed towards the Limited, with its fifteen sleeping cars.

The trains are coming nearer together! now they are only twenty feet apart! now ten! Why don't the engineers see their danger? Now they will collide—but look!

The Express has jumped up from the rails, run along the top of the Limited, landed safely on the main track, and kept on!

Keene opened his eyes and stared wildly about. He was sitting in his chair in the tower.

He stared at the clock, and it was loudly chiming out two



strokes. At the same moment he heard the Limited's whistle. So it was on time, after all.

"Well, if I'm not a fool, the 'bug-house' will supply the next president," he exclaimed. "I was asleep all the time!"

FRANK ANTON,  
Third Scientific.



## A Nocturnal Glimpse Into the World of Industry.

To the thoughtless, the world of industry presents a spectacle sordid and uninteresting in the extreme. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth; and, if any confirmation of my belief in the attractiveness of industrial enterprises was needed, I obtained that confirmation on the night of the 22nd of August, by means of a tour of inspection through a large steel mill at Benwood, near Wheeling, W. Va.

Through the courtesy of one of the officials, I was afforded the opportunity of viewing the various operations closely and of forming my opinions at first hand. I have been requested to transmit to paper my impressions of the scene, and, though I feel myself woefully inadequate to the task of doing justice to the subject, yet a sense of gratitude and appreciation urges me to an attempt, which, it seems to me, might be aptly described as "rushing in where angels fear to tread."

First, picture the silvery moon, nearly full, shining calmly, quietly, smilingly down upon the earth, as if in amusement at the frantic efforts and exertions of poor, insignificant man. Then, lower down, is a sea of cloudy billows of smoke, in some places nearly incandescent, black and heavy in others, unsightly to the unappreciative, but to the thinking and thoughtful observer, splendid and beautiful as being indicative of human endeavor and advancement.

Afterwards, taking a more localized view of the scene, imagine the rough, black buildings, with their dark outlines softened by the kindly pall of night, except where the roaring

flame of the blast illuminates the surroundings to a brightness rivalling the splendor of the sun at noontide. As one approaches, the ear is saluted by the ever louder clang and clamor of machinery, which, though in a sense discordant, to the practical mind seem like the chant of elysian choirs.

The first feeling that comes over one when stepping into the buildings is bewilderment at the mazes and labyrinths of machinery. This, however, disappears with closer acquaintance, and the trip is fairly begun after the tourist, who had perhaps instinctively expected to behold above the door the dread inscription, "all hope abandon, ye who enter here," has been reassured.

On the one hand are the cupolas with the converters. In the former, the iron is melted; in the latter it is "blown," *i. e.*, the impurities are removed by means of a blast. This blowing is one of the prettiest sights imaginable, with its showers and cataracts of fiery, exploding sparks, its column of flame, first rising with a roar, and then gradually receding, as the undesirable elements are by degrees eliminated. From the converters, the fluid metal is poured into ladles, and the sight of this operation is perhaps the most spectacular of the evening. A little later, the sight-seer comes upon the immense cupolas. A view of these at close sight involves an ascent in an open lift to a platform high above the ground, an introduction to the picturesque Hercules in charge, and a peep into the interior of the flaming mass through a small aperture in the cupola.

The next circle of sights comprises the rolls. The use of the word "circle" would seem to the layman to be peculiarly appropriate because of its use in Dante to denote a compartment of infernal punishments which a vivid imagination may see in the prevalence of fire and fiery metal all round. However, it is really unjust to employ in this connection a word that in such a way suggests pain and punishment, because, here, all is enjoyable, and, in our case at least, enjoyed to the full. But to return to the point after so long a digression. The sight of a red-hot ingot passing repeatedly through the ponderous rolls that relentlessly press it into the shape dictated by their human brain, is one never to be forgotten by the spectator.



From the rolls, the steel passes directly through heavy shears, by which it is cut into pieces of a size convenient for handling, loaded on cars, cooled slightly, and then drawn away, for storage, by the rushing, screaming locomotive, which seems to be the guardian spirit of the place, warning, with its shrill whistle resounding above all the crash of machinery, all the intruders within the boundaries of its domains to betake themselves back to their proper haunts among careless, uncaring humanity, which sees in such operations as this nothing but the sordid and the commonplace.

F. J. MUELLER, '14.



## A Good Word For Motion Pictures.

On an island far out in the Pacific Ocean, the exiled lepers of Molokai gather daily before the flickering wonders of a screen that shows them continental life and freedom. In the luxurious saloon of an ocean liner, travellers study the lifelike pictures of the countries for which they are bound. In Iceland and in the missions that dot the white plains of the frozen North, groups of excited Eskimos watch the story and applaud the heroism of a cowboy who rescues a captured maiden from the redskins. Half way around the world, in northern Russia, sympathetic peasants sorrow over the pictured plight of a forlorn French lover. The correspondents with the battleship fleet told us that in every corner of the globe they found those darkened rooms where living comedy and tragedy flash across the muslin. Thus are moving pictures helping to make "the whole world kin."

"The rose," says Emerson, "speaks all languages." The same may be said of the biograph. Man, woman and child, the Syrian and the Greek, the Italian and the Celestial, the German and the American, sit in the motion picture theater, touched by the same sentiments and swayed by identical passions. The thrilling pictures, too, rouse the imagination which has lapsed in humdrum toil. Then also the spectator is made to travel back through time. He sees Queen Victoria ride in her jubilee

procession and President McKinley mount the platform at the Pan-American Exposition and address the multitudes on the eve of his assassination. Thousands of feet of film trace the steps in organic and animal life, from micro-organisms to mammals. Methods of industry and means of transportation are interestingly presented. All the world's a stage. Thus are motion pictures helping to recreate and instruct mankind.

Does not all this hint at undiscovered and unrealized possibilities for good in the moving picture and remind us that social effort should not be directed merely and mainly along lines of evil that must be repressed? It is indeed a narrow spirit that would refuse to measure the merits of modern moving pictures and the possibilities for good of an amusement popular enough to attract twice as many people a day as professional baseball attracts. Socially forbidden themes and excessive depictions of horror and violence should certainly be proscribed, and legally chaperoned biographs encouraged: but it is time that the motion picture should not be viewed so exclusively from the standpoint of the possible evil it might contain; that moral and social snobs who make it a part of their religion to think evil of every new contrivance for affording pleasure to the humble, should not be listened to; and that celluloid theatricals should no longer be regarded as representing the meanest trick yet devised for snatching away the nickels and the morals of the people.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.



WHENE'ER I hear of shipwrecks,  
Or storms upon the deep,  
Oh, then I dream of peaceful hills,  
Where martyred heroes sleep.  
I never think of souls  
Beneath the deep blue sea  
But what I pray, that I shall be,  
Where the green lea covers me.  
—*The Collegian.*



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## EDITORIAL.

***Launched Again.***

Once more we are launched on a sea of busy activity—a new school year—and our destination is the extreme point of the term.

The register shows the names of more than one hundred new passengers who are with us on the journey towards education.

The personnel of the crew is increased by the arrival of several new professors, ably competent to discharge the duties of their respective positions.

At the bridge stands the same venerable captain, who has taken so many over this course, and who has so often guided

them by the jutting crags of error. Implicit trust and affectionate loyalty are the sentiments of all towards him.

All on board are happy and contented, and looking forward to a safe and prosperous journey.

With this wish, "the keepers of the ship's log," *i. e.*, the editors, modestly make their initial bow.

L. P. G.



### ***The Students' Magazine.***

At the outset of the scholastic year, we beg to recall to our readers, whether students or others, that the DUQUESNE MONTHLY is the *students'* magazine. All the matter that it contains, unless otherwise stated, is the work of the students.

A fair number of them have the laudable ambition to "go into print;" the editors would fain see more of this spirit displayed. It is an excellent practice to write one's compositions with the hope that the professor may at first reading be impressed with their availability for the journal.

Occasionally—rarely, in fact—we hear a reader remark that the tone of the MONTHLY has not soared to a higher plane since the elevation of our school to the rank of a university. Now, while the tone of a college paper is necessarily a somewhat variable quantity, we are not aware of any general or notable deficiency on that score. Our gentle readers must remember that *all* departments have a right to contribute to this journal, and they must not expect profound science or extraordinary literary ability from a High School boy, or even from a Freshman or a Sophomore.

In this connection, it gives us great pleasure to quote the words of praise and encouragement contained in a letter received just before vacation from a distinguished and scholarly architect of our city, Mr. John T. Comes :

June 5th, 1912.

THE DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR SIRS : —

"I want to express my appreciation of an article appearing

in the DUQUESNE MONTHLY on the value of American Art Galleries, over the signature of M. J. H., '14. It is indeed refreshing to come across an article by a student which is so satisfactory and sane from many points of view. It also indicates the interesting fact that art again makes its appeal to the consideration of Catholic students, who have, unfortunately, neglected this subject, to the detriment of art, and their own pleasure and culture.

"I trust that the writer of this essay will continue to busy himself with this subject at odd moments, so that later on he may increase the number of those who are working for the advancement of art in all its forms."

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN T. COMES.



### ***Columbus.***

George Washington defended an infant government against the autocratic rule of a despot. Abraham Lincoln preserved a flourishing nation from the ruin of internal disintegration; Christopher Columbus, braving the perils of an unknown sea, discovered the New World which became the land we love.

The first two are celebrities in our history, the third, seemingly, a figure of minor importance. They have a legal holiday to commemorate their deeds, while the wonderful achievement of Columbus is not realled by any such observance. By an egregious error our country is not called Columbia, and owing to indifference we do not celebrate a national Columbus Day.

In some States popular agitation has effected much, but no attempt at congressional action is made.

Is the memory of that dauntless Genoese mariner unworthy of the honor?

L. P. G.





## CHRONICLE.

### The Opening.

On Wednesday, September 4th, with a Solemn High Mass, the school year was formally begun. Rev. F. X. Roehrig, C. S. Sp., was the celebrant, with Rev. L. J. Zindler, C. S. Sp., deacon, and Rev. J. A. Pobleschek, C. S. Sp., sub-deacon. After Mass the students were welcomed by the Very Reverend President, who, in a short address, outlined the program for the year.

### Father Sonnefeld Leaves.

The cheerful countenance and winning smile of Father Sonnefeld is missed this year, he having taken up parish work. During his stay here he was an ardent supporter of athletics, and his absence will be felt greatly in this department.

### Additions to the Faculty.

Rev. Leo. J. Zindler, C. S. Sp., '07, and Rev. Francis X. Roehrig, C. S. Sp., '07, recently ordained in France, are now members of the Faculty of their *Alma Mater*.

Mr. John E. Knight, C. S. Sp., has replaced his confrère, Mr. John J. Fitzpatrick, C. S. Sp., who returns to Ferndale, Conn., to complete his theological studies.

Another acquisition is Mr. Felix K. Boyle. Mr. Boyle studied in Ireland and Belgium, and is a B. A. of Fordham University. He will teach Classics, English and French.

Mr. Maurice Kent will teach Latin and English in the High School, and Mr. John V. O'Connor, who graduated here in June, has taken up professorial work in his *Alma Mater*.

### Improvements.

During vacation a force of men was kept busy remodeling the handball courts and painting the floors of the buildings. Much credit is due Brother Ammon who superintended the work.

A fine electric motor replaces the old water motor that has pumped the chapel organ since 1894.

A skilled workman has given the pool and billiard tables a thorough overhauling. They are now in tip-top shape, and will

furnish the students with many an hour of interesting entertainment.

#### **T. A. Society.**

The Duquesne University Total Abstinence Society held its first meeting on Wednesday, September 18, and elected the following officers: President, James J. O'Connell; First Vice-President, Joseph A. Burns; Second Vice-President, Leo. A. McCrory; Recording Secretary, Thomas W. Kenny; Treasurer, Daniel V. Boyle; Financial Secretary, William F. Graham; Librarian, Francis A. Coristin; Marshal, Raymond Baum. At the regular weekly Mass, which preceded the meeting, Father Malloy, spiritual director of the Society, delivered an inspiring address to the whole student body. He pointed out that Total Abstinence, unlike Prohibition, is a spiritual movement, having for its object the sanctifying of the individual, rather than the reformation of others. He declared that every drunkard there is, had said at some time to himself, "I know how far to go, and when to stop." He also congratulated the youthful abstainers, who meant to go through life with brain unclouded and heart uncorrupted by drink.

On Sunday, September 22, the regular meeting of the delegates of the Pittsburgh C. T. A. U. was held in the University Hall. Rev. J. G. Beane presided. The Very Rev. President, in welcoming the delegates, expressed the entire sympathy of the University with the work of the Union. At this meeting plans were perfected for making the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Society a success. This celebration will be held at the Grand Opera House on October 20, and admission will be free. Several good speakers have been engaged. The University orchestra will furnish music, and everything points towards a successful demonstration. On Monday evening, October 21, a banquet will be held at the Schenley Hotel. Many members have signified their intention of attending, and it will, no doubt, also be a great success.

#### **The Orchestra.**

The University orchestra, under the experienced direction of

Prof. Chas. B. Weis, has reorganized with the following members: Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, Prof. Patrick Cronin, Prof. Joseph A. Habrowski, Francis S. Clifford, Samuel A. Daley, Joseph P. Fay, Paul P. Fidel, William F. Graham, Ferdinand J. Hartung, John J. Koruzo, Herbert C. Mansmann, Raymond A. Siedle, Clement J. Staud, Balthasar Weis. This number will be increased when several young musicians who have applied, are admitted.

#### **John Hayes.**

John Hayes, who had finished his Junior year, surprised the students by entering the Medical Department of the University of Pittsburgh, where he won a scholarship. We were sorry to lose you, John, but we wish you luck.

#### **Vincent Murphy.**

The friends of Vincent Murphy, of Parkersburg, W. Va., will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that he is serving as a soldier. Several years ago "Murph," along with several friends, enlisted in the National Guard, thinking they would have nothing to do except camp for two weeks each summer. A strike was declared in the coal regions this summer and the militia was called out. Of course "Murph" must needs go along, and so was prevented from returning to school. Next time Murphy will look before he leaps.

#### **Boosters Wanted.**

The football team, under the leadership of Capt. Heinrich, appears to us to be better than usual, so we want all the rooters to turn out in force. Show the coaches and players that you are with them. Coöperation is the word now, fellows, coöperation, so get together and pull for the team.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '14.





## ALUMNI.

The opening number generally records the elevation of some alumni to the holy priesthood. This time it is a joy for us to chronicle the ordination of Rev. Bernard McGuigan, '08. Father McGuigan had a long and varied experience in the world before entering college, and this experience will be very useful in whatever field of labor he may be assigned to. He is at present first assistant of Father Devlin, at Holy Cross Church, South Side, Pittsburgh.

Rev. Martin Brennan, '08, was also recently ordained. The Very Rev. President preached at his first solemn Mass, and several other members of the Faculty were present. He has been placed at New Castle, and thither our best wishes attend him.

At Collegeville, Minn., took place the ordination of Rev. Charles A. Mayer, '09. Father Mayer is affiliated with the diocese of St. Cloud, Minn.

The city of Detroit, on August 4, witnessed the first solemn Masses of three past students, Rev. Francis Szumierski, '05, Rev. Leo J. Zindler, '07, and Rev. Francis X. Roehrig, '07. The last named was assisted by Rev. A. P. Johns, '07. These four young men had just returned from a three-year sojourn in France. Rev. August Wingendorf, '07, ordained with them, goes to Kamerun, West Africa, as a missionary. Father Johns is to be professor of Dogmatic Theology at the House of Studies at Fernald, Conn.; Father Szumierski is assistant pastor at Mt. Carmel, Pa.; and Fathers Roehrig and Zindler have returned to their *Alma Mater* as professors.

Rev. Stanislaus Kolipinski, '05, studying at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, was ordained priest on August 4. He expects to present his thesis for the doctorate at the end of the present scholastic year.

Rev. Joseph A. Nelson, '04, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in Rome lately. After another year, devoted to the study of Scripture and Archaeology, he will teach at Dunwoodie Seminary, New York.

**Honors**

At St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, the prize for the dogmatic essay was awarded to Theodore J. Szulc, '10.

Gabriel J. Kraus has received his diploma as a physician from the University of Pennsylvania.

**New Doctors** Among the University of Pittsburgh's graduates in medicine this year are three old Bluffites, Andrew Dzmura, Cyril Lauer and Clarence M. Straessley.

A near-doctor at the medical school of the University of Valparaiso, Ind., is our old friend John Zaremba.

Carroll V. Halleran, '04, was quietly married in June.

**Hymeneal** The marriage of Miss Nora Josephine Dixon, sister of John Dixon, to Francis G. Cawley, son of our first graduate, and a graduate himself, is announced for the present month.

M. J. Relihan, '04, was a frequent visitor during the summer. Mr. Relihan is making a successful professor of Chemistry and Physics at D'Youville College, Buffalo.

Charles J. McLaughlin, whom many remember as the hero of "Louis XI.," called as the representative of the H. J. Heinz Co. He is one of their best salesmen.

Another actor and elocutionist, Clement L. Staudt, of Canton, Ohio, spent an afternoon with his old professors. For several years he has been a representative of the Royal Union Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, in his home town. We have just learned of Mr. Staudt's marriage to Miss Emma King, which took place on September 24. The newly married couple will reside in Dayton, O. Congratulations!

A contemporary of the last named, John O'Hare of Boston, was the guest of his uncle, our Very Rev. President, for about a week in mid-September. Distance and time seem to have no effect on John's old-time loyalty.

Alexis Szabo, artist with the brush and on the gridiron, called at the University September 20, before sailing for Europe, where he will continue his art studies. He will return for a while to Paris, and later go to Munich. He tells us that his

brother, Nicholas, will shortly be ordained priest in Austria; and that Dennis is a third year medical student at the University of Pennsylvania.

Rev. S. A. Dura, '04, died August 20, a victim of tuberculosis, contracted whilst ministering to his scattered flock last Christmas in far-off Wisconsin. His class-mates, Rev. J. F. Malloy, '04, Rev. E. J. Knaebel, '04, and Rev. J. A. Pobleschek, '05, officiated at the obsequies, August 24, at St. Stanislaus' Church. *R. I. P.*

The MONTHLY extends sincere sympathy to Thomas Coyle on the death of his mother, who was buried from St. Paul's Cathedral, September 17.

Miss Johanna Walsh, sister of the late Rev. John Walsh, the first of our graduates to become an African missionary, and aunt of John T. Walsh, now a student, died a saintly death on September 20. *R. I. P.*

Edward J. Misklow, last year's editor-in-chief, has gone to St. Vincent's Seminary to prepare for the holy priesthood. This determination, while not previously announced, did not surprise anyone who knows Ed. All at Duquesne look for great things from him.

Clarence A. Sanderbeck is also at St. Vincent's. The MONTHLY extends to him its cordial good wishes.

George Angel, John F. Corcoran and James J. Tysarczyk have entered upon their Theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. We are confident these young men will succeed.

G. A. Baumer and M. J. Yesko have taken up Philosophy at the Diocesan Seminary. Baumer will be remembered—who could forget him?—as our star batter and outfielder of the 'Varsity base-ball team. Perseverance and success to these two in the career of their choice!

Ray Marlier will continue his studies at Tech School of Architecture.



Albert Brown is now working at the Park Bank, Penn Avenue, East Liberty.

Thomas J. O'Keefe has secured a position with the Bessemer Steel Co., Homestead.

William Lightner writes from Rochester, N. Y., that he has offered his services to McCurdy & Norwell Co., of that city.

Ralph J. Criste is doing well as a stenographer with the Interior Lumber Co., Keenan Building.

Three of our commercial graduates, Leo. F. Brennan, Egidius C. Bechtold and L. J. Maciejewski, have taken up other courses at the University.

J. E. McNAMAMY, '13.



## ATHLETICS.

Once again, after an idleness of several months, the University campus is the scene of many a spirited struggle. Only a few short weeks ago, baseball occupied the whole stage of sportdom; but now, encouraged, as it were, by the cool October breezes, the "horse-hide" has once more given way to the "pig-skin," and from now on until Thanksgiving Day, the gridiron enthusiasts will hold complete sway.

Prospects for football in the University are at present brighter than for many seasons past. Since the rules have been so modified that much of the danger which formerly menaced the football player has been eliminated, the Faculty has signified its intention of supporting a team, provided the students show the necessary interest in the game, and coöperate in making it a success. To date, great enthusiasm has been manifested in the team, both by the students and by the players themselves, and in view of this fact we may readily predict a bright season for the eleven.

On September 12, an official call for candidates was announced. At first only a few men reported, but the number has been steadily increasing, so that at present there are about twenty-five men out for the team. Daily practice is now being held, and all the men are showing such splendid form that it will be a most difficult task when the time comes for choosing the regular lineup. Of the old guard very few remain, O'Keefe, Kenny and Heinrich being the only old men in the fold. However, a host of new material has reported, which, from present indications, gives promise of producing some excellent players.

Kenny is again out for centre. At present writing he seems to have the position cinched, as so far no one has appeared against him.

For guard positions McDonnell, Davies, Zitzman, Mosti Monkiewicz are putting up a struggle. All are very heavy men and from the quartet, at least one pair of classy guards should be developed.

Carlin, Sorce, McDonough and Heimbuecher constitute the

tackle candidates. So far all have shown up well and little anxiety is felt regarding these positions.

At the ends O'Keefe, Cleary and Ubinger are fighting it out for a regular berth. All are fast men and sure tacklers, so the team will be well fortified in this department.

At quarter, Burns seems to have everything his own way, as he has little or no opposition. It is a case of the right man in the right place.

Of all departments, the backfield shows the greatest strength this fall. In Cartwright, Baum, McGregor, Smith and Heinrich, the team has a quintet of backs, who have already demonstrated that they possess the speed and weight requisite for a fast college eleven.

The team this year will be under the supervision of Father Roehrig, who has just recently returned to the University. Father Roehrig is an old-time football star, and his experience is proving a very valuable asset in coaching the team.

Mr. Rowe has kindly consented to act as business manager, and he is now at work arranging a very attractive schedule, which will include some of the fastest high and normal schools in Western Pennsylvania.

### The Minims.

True to the tradition of past years, the Minims were the first team of the University to begin the season. Although a call for candidates was issued scarcely two weeks ago, yet Saturday, September 21, found the Minims ready to open their season, which they did in a most auspicious manner by downing the Carlton A. C. in a fast and interesting struggle, 37 to 0. Considering the fact that it was their first game of the year, the team showed remarkable speed and strength, which was in itself a great evidence of careful coaching on the part of Messrs. Egan and Rowe. A week later they defeated a much heavier team, the Highlands, by the score of 14 to 2.

Last season the Minims claimed the championship of their class in Western Pennsylvania, having met and defeated all aspirants to that title. This year they are ready to defend their



laurels, and judging from the manner in which they have set to their task, little hope is held out to their opponents.

The team has already been chosen and consists practically of all new men. However a few of the old heads are back in the squad, and their experience is aiding wonderfully in building up the team. The team has the advantages of possessing very efficient coaches, and to this fact is due, in a great measure, their success.

Father Baumgartner again holds the managerial reins, and the duty of captaining the team has fallen to the lot of Mulvihill, last year's star end. "Muggsy" McGraw is again at his old position of quarter, and his presence in the line-up lends great confidence to the rest of the team.

The following is a list of players and their positions: Mulvihill, L. E.; McSorley, L. T.; Drengacz, L. G.; Connelly, C.; T. Nee, R. G.; Miller, R. T.; Obruba, R. E.; McGraw, Q.; McGillick, L. H.; D. Nee, R. H.; Snyder, F.

Substitutes—Gurley, Mosti, McLaughlin, O'Connell, Crandall and White.

EDW. A. HEINRICH, '14.



## DUQUESNICULA.

HOWDY, fellows! How do you like the heading? We may as well tell you its derivation. After much research we have found that it comes from a Hebrew verb, for which the printer has no type. If you don't believe us, look it up in the Hebrew dictionary.

SPEAKING of a dictionary, let us tell one on a member of the Junior Class. The Professor of Philosophy asked Baumer the meaning of the word *forma*, as used in Logic. "*Shape*," responded the lad from the land of the Kaiser.

If you want to gain a position on the 'Varsity take this to heart:

Early to bed, and early to rise  
Maketh a fellow of foot-ball size.

SIZE—don't mention it! Listen to this: After putting figures on the board until it resembled a Chinese menu card, the Professor asked the class what the answer was. Silence prevailed. Then a Junior yelled out, "I got it, infinity plus one."

HE is still living, and so is the individual who wrote this as a motto for the Juniors:

The earlier to bed,  
The better one thrives;  
The more one studies,  
The sooner one dies.

A CHAP, who comes from too respectable a family to have his name mentioned, defines a *net* as a bunch of holes tied together, or, in more refined English, a reticulated fabric, decussated at regular intervals. And he also is allowed to live! Suppose all the guns are on the Mexican border.

(With Apologies)

' 14—Did you ever hear the one about the *three* holes?

' 15—No.

' 14—Well, well, well.

FLORENCE UBINGER is a candidate for the 'Varsity this fall.

Let no one accuse us of conducting a co-ed institution on the Bluff. Even if the name "Floss" is a sort of feminine, the boy himself is very much a man.

MUELLER—What is a dry subject?

BURNS—One that is dusty.

*And it's not three weeks since he began logic! How wonderful!*

HERE is one that happened on the gridiron the other evening. The Captain, closely guarded by two of his teammates, was coming down the field at a ten-second gait, when he was tackled around the neck by a recruit. "Why don't you tackle lower?" said the Captain. "Ah! Gwan," said the recruit, "how could I tackle lower when there was (sic) two men between me and lower." And the Captain said *nil*.

SPECTATOR: "Has your team its own yell?"

MINIM: "The subjects that we practice on do the yelling for us."

*That's no joke.*

NUF-CED for this stuff. All hands are paid off, and we have nothing to do until next month.

H. A. CARLIN, '14.





## EXCHANGES.

A hearty welcome and greeting to all our literary friends, old and new ! We are always glad to see our old friends, the college magazines, recommence to come into our sanctum, because they bring with them an odor of freshness and novelty, and a sense of old friendships renewed and strengthened.

In the trying position of critic in which we shall often find ourselves placed during the coming year, if our judgment does not conform with that of others, we request these latter to refrain from rash and hasty condemnation out of consideration for our inexperience.

With so much as preface, let us come down to business. One paper that impressed us especially was the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, dated September 21. This is one of the very best papers that has made its appearance here for a long time past. And what makes its excellence all the more remarkable is the fact that it is a weekly. We congratulate the editors and managers upon their skill and success. The articles entitled "Robert Louis Stevenson" and "Imogen and Cordelia" are first class, though a little more conciseness and precision would not be amiss. The contribution, however, that especially attracted us was the small, inconspicuous poem called "Coming," and we regret that the name of the author was not appended.

F. J. M., '14.



## LAW NOTES.

On Monday, September 23rd, 1912, the Duquesne University Law School opened its doors for its second year, which promises to eclipse, in success, the previous one. The entire first year's class has returned, while a new class fully as large, if not larger than, the first class is already assured. Owing to his absence from the city, Judge Swearingen, the Dean, was unable to attend the opening ceremonies, but most of the other Professors were present. Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., made his appearance the next day, and immediately began his excellent lectures on Jurisprudence. Among the Lecturers to make their début this year in the role of Law School Teacher will be the Hon. A. B. Reid, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County. His subject will be "Pleading and Practice," devoted to the practical end of trying lawsuits. Also it has been seen fit by the authorities to add an additional instructor in the person of J. Frank McKenna, Esq., whose subjects will be "Real Property," "Equity," and "Orphans' Court."

The Duquesne Law Club, which had such a successful season last year in promoting social and intellectual activities outside the school hours, will probably meet the second week of the term, to begin its operations. A new set of officers, elected at the last meeting of the preceding term, will be inaugurated. The new officers are as follows: President, Harry J. Thomas; Vice-President, B. J. McKenna; Secretary, Paul J. Friday; and Treasurer, F. B. Cohan. It is also expected that the membership of this organization will be doubled at this meeting. Debating will again be one of its regular features, and Father McDermott has again consented to act as Censor of Debates.

H. J. T. (Law) '14.

## V A R I A

### Looking Backward

The Catholic journals of the country gave glowing accounts of the Ninth Annual Convention of the **The Educational Catholic Educational Association**, held in this city, June 24 to 27. It was indeed a notable gathering. The people of Pittsburgh were certainly impressed by the presence of so many scholarly men and women, by their utterances, so full of high purpose and noble striving, by the report they brought from every section of the country of the substantial progress achieved.

A goodly number of our students were employed by the local committees; and for them this occupation was in itself highly educational.

The University, besides being well represented on the committees and among those who read papers, entertained a number of the delegates as guests. Among them were the following: Brother Austin and Brother Leo, of St. Joseph's College, Detroit; V. Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C., President of Holy Cross College, Washington; V. Rev. D. M. Gorman, LL. D., President, and Rev. James G. Craney, S. T. B., Secretary, of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa; Rev. F. W. Howard, LL. D., of Columbus, Ohio, Secretary General of the Association; Mr. Patrick J. Lennox, Litt. D., of the Catholic University; Rev. D. J. McHugh, C. M., of De Paul University, Chicago; Rev. Augustine Miller, S. J., President of Canisius College, Buffalo; Rev. P. F. O'Brien, M. A., of Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.; Rev. M. J. O'Sullivan, of Houtzdale, Pa.; Rev. M. A. Purtell, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore; and Rev. John A. Van Heertum, O. Pr., of St. Norbert's College, West de Pere, Wis.

Our Very Rev. President, after serving as President of the College Department for a term of two years, retired in favor of V. Rev. J. F. Green, O. S. A., President of St. Rita's College, Chicago. The delegates extended a vote of thanks to Father



Hehir for his very efficient work as President; and in seconding the motion the Rev. P. F. O'Brien paid him a graceful tribute, which some one had the happy thought of noting down on the spot.

"One of the speakers at last night's public meeting [College Night] remarked that Duquesne, of which Dr. Hehir is the head, is the youngest of our Catholic universities. If so, it has a very wise head on its juvenile shoulders. That wisdom has been the asset of the past two years of this department as well, and has just crowned the most inspiring sessions we have hitherto had.

"But the test of a president of this department lies deeper than any dignified deportment or tactful equity in the chair. It means alertness and enthusiasm in the silent months which roll between one annual meeting and another. It means correspondences, adjustments and balancings between the eclectic East and the enterprising West; it means a prudent steering between the Scylla of the parochial department and the Charibdis of the Seminary; and in this steering, we of the College Department recognized the mastership of a Ulysses in our course, and the loyalty of a Palinurus at our helm.

"I have said that this has been our most inspiring gathering. This is owing in goodly part to the palatial setting of these halls; but this Association would never have thronged Carnegie Institute in the hollow, were it not for the fact of Duquesne University on the hill. This latter institution, new as a university, but mature as a college, was at one time, the highest edifice in Pittsburgh. Let us hope that in learning, if no longer in brick and mortar, it will continue to hold its pride of place '*inter fumum opes strepitumque Romae.*'

"Dr. Hehir is a very modest, because a thoroughly priestly man; he has been truly efficient because zealously interested; and to-day he can lay down his wand of office with the self-satisfaction of a high position honorably fulfilled and with the genuine esteem of this, the oldest as well as the most critical wing of our Association. To those of us who had the privilege of being his guests he has been as kind a host as in his chair of office he is an unswerving umpire; and if we look forward to future gatherings elsewhere with the eye of hope, it is because this hopeful vision

is built upon the educational faith of which the retiring president has been a bearer and a bulwark."

Early in the long vacation, bands of dark-robed Sisters were seen daily wending their way to the Bluff between  
**The Summer** the hours of seven and half-past nine, and return-  
**Session** ing in the afternoon at intervals after three o'clock. Their regular appearance excited some surprise and curiosity until it became generally known that they were attending summer sessions inaugurated for the purpose of giving them opportunities to prosecute High School and College Courses. The various orders were represented by about fifty Sisters, located in Pittsburgh, Baden, Cresson, Titusville and Wheeling. Four hours daily were devoted to classes, lectures and laboratory work; the subjects taught, to suit the requirements of the communities, were Latin, Greek, English, Logic, Chemistry, Physics, Algebra and Geometry. The following Professors were in charge of the classes: Rev. P. A. McDermott, Rev. H. J. McDermott, Rev. A. B. Mehler, Dr. W. H. Glynn, and Professors P. Cronin, M. J. Connolly, J. J. Quinn and T. J. Norris. Lectures on various phases of mental development and on the best methods of conveying instruction in language, literature and history, were delivered by experienced teachers of pedagogics.

Lunch and dinner, served in the students' dining room, elicited very favorable comment on the culinary department.

It is gratifying to note that the efforts to meet the needs of the sisterhoods were deeply appreciated, and that, at the end of the sessions, the Very Rev. President, after announcing the requirements to obtain degrees, was the recipient of general and enthusiastic expressions of most favorable comments on the methods of instruction and the substantial, sterling progress made during the four weeks of the summer school.

As the sessions were opened with a special Mass, followed with an address of encouragement by Right Rev. Bishop Canevin, so they were brought to a happy termination with solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

It is proposed to begin earlier next summer and prolong the courses to a five or six weeks' duration.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* for September 12 gives the results of the annual Intermediate Examinations in Ireland. This report is a strong proof of the widespread interest in classical studies in Ireland, and the very real progress made in them from year to year. It is indeed pleasant for us to note that our sister colleges, Blackrock, Rockwell and Rathmines, have maintained the high rank that has been theirs for many years back. Out of sixty-six colleges, Blackrock was second in the total awards of various kinds, Rockwell fourth and Rathmines tenth. Rathmines was first among all the day colleges. Rockwell got the largest number of Exhibitions, *i. e.*, free bursas given by the government. Blackrock students were awarded the greatest number of Composition Prizes in the various languages.

"These results" (we quote the *Freeman*) "show not only the numerous and brilliant distinctions gained in the Exhibitions, Prizes and Honors, but also a magnificent all-round success, giving clear proof of sound general teaching in the colleges."

We have reason to be proud of these records made by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost in Ireland.

### Looking Forward

The Debates will soon be inaugurated by the members of the Senior and Junior Classes. The latter, particularly, are anxious to enter upon the oratorical arena, as they feel that they have been well equipped and trained during the past year under the painstaking and scrupulous direction of their Sophomore Professor, the Rev. J. A. Dewe. Indeed, it may be well said that Father Dewe did an excellent and admirable work by the way in which he trained the young speakers of his class, when it was their turn for the Sunday Evening Debates.

THE LOCAL EDITORS.



## Some Doggerel for the Minims.

### I.

There were eleven boys,  
 And then some more (you hear?)  
 Who played the game against  
 All teams that might appear  
 Tall teams, scrawny teams,  
 Broad teams, brawny teams  
 ' Fore this crew  
 Met their Waterloo.  
 Beardless teams, bearded teams  
 Tried this tide to stem,  
 Till on them  
 Began to dawn the belief  
 That brawn and beef  
 May be met, indeed,  
 And upset by the speed  
 And the skill, and the will  
 Of the Minims !  
 Oh, a Minim  
 Has in him  
 The stuff,  
 The stuff,  
 The stuff !  
 That's no bluff !

### II.

There were eleven boys,  
 Besides the rest (you get me?)  
 Who kept their laurels fresh—  
 I'll name them, if you let me,  
 There's Captain Mulvihill,  
 Whose end-runs send a thrill  
 Up your spine—  
 Oh, they're fine !  
 There's Muggsy, with the head  
 Of a general born and bred.  
 'Tis a joy, you'll agree,  
 Just to see  
 Gurley punt—  
 McGillick, too.  
 And the brunt  
 Of the crew

Coming through  
 The line  
 Is sustained  
 And restrained  
 By Drengacz and Tommy Nee.  
 The centre, Connollee,  
 Blocks a kick  
 Like old Nick,  
 And our "Dud,"  
 With a thud  
 Sends them sprawling  
 And a-bawling.  
 Oh, the class of  
 The foward pass of  
 Obruba can't be beat !  
 And the running  
 It is stunning  
 Of McSorley, lithe and fleet.  
 Miller stops them  
 Or hops them  
 As need be;  
 Snyder plunges  
 And lunges  
 To victory.  
 And the subs  
 Are no dubs.  
 Before Murray  
 They scurry  
 And Mosti and "Whitey"  
 Are two midgets mighty.  
 Muchlbauer  
 's a tower  
 Of strength;  
 While of length  
 Sully hasn't a deal  
 Still he makes them all feel  
 That a Minim  
 Has in him  
 The stuff,  
 The stuff,  
 The stuff !  
 That's no bluff !

J. F. M.

# Duquesne Monthly

Vol. XX.

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No. 2.

## My Trust.

Around me and within me, Lord,  
Are myst'ries deep and unexplored :  
A drop of dew, a grain of sand,  
Are more than I can understand.

How came I here, how I subsist,  
How from this world shall be dismissed—  
Why passions thro' my being surge,  
Joy's paeans hard on sorrow's dirge—

And wherefore poverty its meed  
Of bread must ask from haughty greed—  
All this, dear Master, 'neath a shroud  
Of myst'ry hides, deep as a cloud.

Of one thing I can certain be;  
Around it hangs no mystery:  
There's ne'er a time, whate'er betide,  
When I can not in Thee confide.

LUKE O'BYRNE.

## Freedom of Education.

HON. JUDGE AMBROSE B. REID, PITTSBURGH, PA.

We make no apology for giving space in our MONTHLY to some important and highly instructive extracts from the speech delivered on the closing night of the Catholic Convention by the Honorable Judge Ambrose B. Reid, of this city, who is an active member, not only of our University Advisory Board, but also of the Law School Faculty.

From the days of the catacombs until the present time, no sufferings, toil or sacrifice have been too great for the Church or her children in the cause of Christian education, that virtue and intelligence might go hand in hand in the training of the young.

I therefore unhesitatingly affirm that the Church is now, and always has been, the tender, fostering Mother of education. She to-day yields to none the palm proudly borne throughout the centuries for unselfish, intelligent and successful education, not only religious, but secular. Nor does she seek by her instruction merely to fit men for the world to come. She is also willing and anxious that her children be prepared for useful existence in the secular world, that they may, as citizens of whatsoever land claims their allegiance, be virtuous, patriotic, intelligent and upright.

It was not by chance or as the result of human policy or design that the Church took upon herself the right and consequent duty of teaching. Her Divine Founder had given her authority to preach, and had also explicitly charged her—"going, therefore, teach all nations."

There is no doubt that the Church from the earliest ages interpreted this command to include not merely the instruction of the nations in the doctrines of Christianity, but also the education of youth. Consequently we find, almost in Apostolic times, and certainly in the days of persecution immediately following them, the institution of catechetical schools, (which were not limited to religious instruction), for the reason that the schools of pagan Rome were dangerous to the faith and morals of



the Christians of that day. Following these came the monastic schools, in which the Church had direct charge of religious teaching, and these formed the only means of instructing the young in the profane and secular learning of the day, of the civilization then past or rapidly passing, and without which letters would have perished from the earth.

Then with the establishment of stable governments and the organization of episcopal sees, came the institution of cathedral schools, the forerunners of the parish or public schools, that sprang up side by side with the churches erected by returning civilization and the winning of the barbarous European tribes to the Church—the turning of their wandering and warlike hands into the peaceful paths of agriculture and industrial pursuits; and, finally, the establishment under the auspices and direction of the same great teaching Church, of those splendid universities, which then and since spread light throughout the world and were the models for their successors, in the field of education down to our own times.

The religious bodies which, consequent upon the Reformation, separated themselves from the Mother Church, yet claimed and retained the right to teach, and took upon themselves and preserved for centuries, the control of the schools. This predominance continued as a matter almost of course, until comparatively recent times.

In them, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, religious instruction went hand in hand with secular education, and the necessity for this union was recognized by all, no matter what particular creed might be professed by those in charge of the training of youth.

Guizot, the eminent French Protestant writer says of the necessity of religion in education :

“In order to make popular education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious. . . . It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place or a certain hour; it is a faith and a law, which

ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our mind and our life."

The statesmen who drafted the "ordinance of 1787" which gave civil government to the great empire west of the Ohio, realized the importance of the freedom of conscience, the value of morals and religion, and the necessity for education. The preamble of that new "Magna Charta" reads thus :

"And for extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, which form the basis whereon these republics, their laws and constitution are erected; it is hereby ordained and declared that the following articles shall be considered as articles of compact between the original states, and forever remain unalterable unless by common consent :

"Article 1. No person demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments in said territory.

"Article 3. Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and means of education shall forever be encouraged."

A distinguished prelate has well said religion is a power "which, more than all others, makes for righteousness, which makes possible faith in the whole human brotherhood, in the face even of the political and social wrongs which are still everywhere tolerated. To exclude religion is to exclude the spirit of reverence by which the barbarians have been civilized, by which woman has been uplifted and ennobled, and the child made sacred."

The secularization of schools was due not so much to the differences of creed existing between various bodies of Christians, as to the doctrines tending to separate religion from education, arising before the French Revolution, crystallizing in that period, and since receiving wide recognition—resulting in a system of State education from which religion is rigorously excluded.

We Catholics are not quarreling with the schools thus existing. We realize that in this country wherein our fellow citizens, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, agnostic or infidel, are entitled to equal rights, it would be unfair and contrary to the established

and salutary principles of our government, that any religious creed or dogma should be taught in the public schools which would be offensive to any citizen of this republic.

We recognize the right of freedom of conscience and have no wish to aid in (but repudiate as un-American) any attempt to coerce or control that right, whether connected with the school system or with any other feature of national, civic or religious life. We, however, are firmly convinced that religious training cannot and should not be divorced from the education of youth. How, in the last analysis, this union is best to be effected that all the children of the land may share in the boon attainable by the teaching of religious principles with secular education, is yet to be determined.

We are not alone in believing that denominational schools will not only give children an education to fit them for the affairs of life and enable them to become good citizens, but will insure their faithfulness to the principles of Christianity and the virtues of honesty, sobriety, purity and obedience, without which culture and intellectual attainments will be but mockeries.

Thousands of our non-Catholic fellow citizens are of the same opinion—and they, like ourselves, maintain at their own expense schools which fill their requirements for a religious training accompanying a secular education. They, like ourselves, contribute to these denominational schools, while they also, as good citizens, pay their share to maintain the public schools. I believe I am warranted in saying that they are not the enemies of the public schools.

We are not the enemies of those schools notwithstanding repeated charges to the contrary. It would be unfair to seek to deprive of instruction children whose parents are satisfied with the present system of public schools, and who are unable to provide any other form of education. We wish all the children of this land to have every opportunity for an education suited to their needs, and would consign to endless infamy the man who would prevent them from obtaining it.

On this subject the great Archbishop of St. Paul has said: "I protest with all the energy of my soul against the charge that the schools of the nation have their enemies among Catholics.

Not one stone of the wondrous edifice which Americans have reared in their devotion to education would Catholics remove or permit to be removed. They would fain add to its splendor and majesty by putting side by side religious and secular instruction, neither of them interfering with the other, each of them borrowing from the other aid and dignity."

Bishop Spalding thus expresses his views upon the importance of the country's schools: "Public education is a people's deliberate effort to form a nobler race of men. It is of paramount importance."

It may be asked why we discuss freedom of education when in the United States there is no restraint on the schools or system of education of any church or creed; when, so far as such schools do not seek to attack the government, the moral or physical welfare of the people, or transgress any law, they are as untrammelled as the air?

We answer, that the world may know that we stand for the liberty of the parent and the family, in connection with and under the wise guidance of the Church, to educate our children. We claim this as a natural, indefeasible and inalienable right, to be exercised without impairment or interference by the State or State enactments.

We recognize, however, the right of the State to establish and maintain a system of education; to provide schools for the people and see to it that no child shall be neglected or deprived of such secular education as will fit him for the duties of life. In consequence of this right, should the parent fail to fulfil this obligation, the State may punish him, require the attendance of the child at a proper school, or, if abandoned, and without natural protectors, take charge of the education of such child.

This right and the relative duty of State intervention, is, however, to be exercised in such a way that the natural right of the child to the religious belief of his parents, recognized, for example, under the laws of our Commonwealth, shall not be interfered with.

It is true, that the greatest freedom of education at present exists, and that no one seeks directly to interfere with our schools. Yet there is a tendency to claim for the State an almost



exclusive right over the care and education of children, inclining toward the socialistic doctrine that they belong to the State, to be reared and educated as were those of Sparta, regardless of the prior natural rights of the children and the parents, and ignoring entirely the proper authority of the Church.

Our own land has not to any appreciable extent been affected by this doctrine, but in certain European countries the State claims and exercises the right to control the schools, and government officers and bureaus of education interfere with or direct every form of education, primary, secondary and higher, excluding the parent and the Church from any voice in the matter.

We claim this to be un-American, contrary to the principles of natural right and justice, contrary to recognized laws of the States of the Union which place the children under the dominion of the parents, and which welcome the beneficent guidance of the authority of the Church as an efficient aid to the preservation of natural virtue and good government.

In this connection I use "the Church" as including every organized religious body whose ministers seek the moral advancement of our people, and whose influence has to such a great extent entered into both the home and national life of the republic. We do not claim for the Catholic Church any part in the education of our Catholic children which we are not willing, freely and unqualifiedly to concede to every other religious body in conserving and directing the welfare of those coming under its spiritual guidance.

We stand for the right of every parent to educate his own children without interference by the State, except in so far as good government may not only require, but compel, every man to provide for his own household by furnishing to his offspring clothing, sustenance, care and suitable education.

We recognize the great zeal of the State in furnishing a system of popular education, and I have already shown how far it is from our purpose to interfere with or oppose this system. We recognize the right of the State to provide proper care and education for the dependent and neglected ones of the community, who, but for such fostering protection, might become

menaces to the good order, peace and happiness of the Commonwealth.

We wish our schools to continue to be free from State interference in the future, as in the past, that this land may always be worthy of the eloquent tribute to its freedom and justice pronounced by Pope Leo XIII., who, in the encyclical "*Longinque Oceani*," speaking of the great progress of the Church in the United States, said:

"But, moreover (a fact which gives pleasure to acknowledge) thanks are due to the equity of the laws which obtain in America and to the customs of the well-ordered republic. For the Church amongst you, unopposed by the constitution and government of your nation, fettered by no hostile legislation, protected against violence by the common laws and the impartiality of the tribunals, is free to live and act without hindrance."



## HIS WATERLOO.

Dr. Waltham paced restlessly up and down the floor of his luxuriously furnished office.

He was a tall, powerfully built man of commanding mien, so that he might more appropriately be called a Hercules than "the greatest eye specialist in America."

At present he was gazing absently at a letter he held in his hand. It was an invitation from the Board of Medical Directors of N. Y., asking him to address that body the following evening. He regarded them as inferiors, yet, being a member in name, he could not see his way to do otherwise than accept.

He was awakened suddenly from his trend of thought by a timid knock at the door.

"See who is there," he said bluntly to his secretary, who sat writing at a desk nearby.

Miss Norton went out to the waiting room, and was confronted by a thin, shabbily dressed woman. She was the janitress of the doctor's apartments, though he did not know.

"Have you asked him about Margie yet, Miss Norton?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Arnold, he has been so busy and so cross, that I dared not ask him anything, lest I should be a victim of his wrath."

The doctor was, indeed, a hard man to approach, and at times the least annoyance caused his temper to become uncontrollable.

"Oh, if you would only succeed in getting him to see her," pleaded the woman, "how grateful I would be! She cries all day, saying she will be good if taken out of the dark."

"Well, I will try at the first opportunity that arrives. Believe me, my dear Mrs. Arnold, I am as much interested in the child's cure as you are."

The woman thanked her, and slowly made her way to her rooms in the basement.

Miss Norton reentered the office, and to her great surprise, the doctor was awaiting her.

"Who was that woman?" he asked.

Long had the secretary been awaiting this opportunity; now it had come at last!

"Why doctor," she said, "that was the janitress. Her little girl has been stricken with a strange malady and has completely lost the sight of her eyes. She asks if you would examine the child." The secretary, in her haste, piled the words one on another, lest he should stop her before she was through.

"Did she, indeed?" snarled the doctor, "does she think I can attend all the brats around the neighborhood?" With that he turned on his heel and stalked over to his desk.

The poor secretary sighed, and turned once more to her work, convinced that her pleading had been in vain.

The doctor sat at his desk preparing his lecture. He was grumbling to himself and was not in much humor for anything. A cold had sharpened his temper considerably within the last few days.

Everything annoyed him. A frolicking fly playing about his nose, a stray sunbeam reflected from the paper into his eyes, a slight screech from the secretary's desk caused him untold

annoyance. But a loud crash coming from the waiting room to the troubled brain of the doctor was the last straw. He jumped up from his desk and tore open the door of the waiting room, closing it with a loud bang.

He was confronted by pieces of plaster scattered everywhere.

His Hippocrates ! The Hippocrates he had had so long, the Hippocrates he used as a model for his life, now lay in a thousand pieces at his feet. The doctor, spite of his frenzy, saw the moral embedded there.

His eyes now rested upon the form of a tiny girl that hitherto had escaped his notice. It was Mrs. Arnold's child, who had strayed from the basement to the doctor's waiting room, and upset his bust of the Father of Medicine.

"You little ninny, what do you mean by coming in here and breaking up my house?" he bellowed.

A pair of blue eyes looked abstractedly out of their sockets.

"Its dark, I tan't see," said the child in a trembling voice.

"Come here," he said in a somewhat milder tone.

Two tiny hands reached out, fluttering uncertainly before their owner.

He caught her in his big arms and drew her to him.

"All dark, is it?" he asked, tilting the little chin. He lifted one eyelid, then the other.

The secretary, wondering what was keeping the doctor, noiselessly opened the door and crept into the waiting room. There a most astounding sight met her eyes. Scattered about the floor were a thousand pieces of plaster; and seated in the middle of it was the doctor, stroking the golden curls of a little child, and examining two baby eyes, looking blankly at him. How soft were the lines in his face, how delicate the touch of his hand !

He heard her step and turned.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" he shouted, "that this child—this child—should be so neglected —." He could go no farther. He jerked out his handkerchief, and blew his nose suspiciously.

Miss Norton looked upon him in wonderment.

"Why are you staring at me?" he bellowed.



"I tried to tell ——."

"Don't waste time in idle words, but cancel that beastly invitation, and have this child at the hospital in less than an hour."

Miss Norton sat at her desk pondering over the strange turn in the doctor's manner, who but a few minutes before was as unapproachable as a lion, and now fell before the merciless assault of an innocent child.

JOHN C. McDONOUGH,

Fourth High.



## The Character of Macbeth.

The genius of the immortal Bard of Avon has created characters so life-like, so vividly individual, that students have come to discuss them and to compare opinions about them, as if they were personages of real history. Thus it has come about that there are several schools, widely divided in their views, about Hamlet's sanity. Thus also, Macbeth, more legendary than real, has been the subject of numerous discussions.

The chief features in the character of Macbeth are of such a kind as, viewed in *ensemble*, form a picture of the main idea of the whole play. Just as the play portrays in some of its parts the noble and the good, and in others the wickedness and violent passion, of human nature, so also does it present the individual character, Macbeth. The tragedy, as a whole, is characterized by covetousness, madness, rapidity of action, wildness, temptation, crime, remorse; all of these features are mirrored in Macbeth himself.

However, we must not be one-sided or hasty in our judgment. We must not confine ourselves entirely to thinking of the crimes and misdeeds of the man. Let us seek below the surface of his guilt for his better nature, his good qualities. At the very outset of the play he appears as the hero of a bloody conflict; he immediately impresses one as being brave, courageous, a man of honor. His merit is recognized by Duncan,

who confers on him the title of the thane of Cawdor, who had been killed in battle.

At length, however, he is tempted in a very strange way. The three witches, grotesque, terrible, repellent in appearance, unnatural in manner, cunning in their malignity, confront him and deliver their ominous speeches. Macbeth was human; he was by nature ambitious. Hence he can not be condemned for being especially interested in the prophetic remarks of the three wierd conspirators. This was the first link in the chain of circumstances, which grew to such proportions that it eventually surrounded him and caused his downfall.

His wife, who would naturally have great influence over him, incites him to action. After the manner of her sex, she appeals to his vanity, to his ambition; then she artfully lets fall the word coward, which lends "the spur to prick the sides of his intent."

His crimes are well known. One is a stepping-stone to another. He kills his guest Duncan. Then, remorse takes possession of him, and he tries to forget it in the planning and the perpetration of other crimes. Every misdeed goads him on to worse ones, until he becomes entangled in their meshes; and his good nature and benevolence become lifeless within him. He becomes a plague that sweeps all before him; nothing seems able to stop him in his mad career of crime. All throughout the play there is wildness, even in the scenery, and Macbeth harmonizes well with such a setting.

Although he seemed invulnerable in his many deeds of violence, nevertheless he suffered in the moral side of his life, and in a way was doing penance even while in the act of planning and performing crime. He was constantly harassed by visions of his victims and of the circumstances and scenes of his misdeeds. His sleep was a sleep of trouble, his night was one long nightmare. Blood, daggers, all that is terrible, loomed up before his eyes, but his violence went on unabated. The thought of the three witches and the counsel of his wife held him in his path of destruction.

Why should he falter, when that prophecy of the witches is ever ringing in his ears: "Fear not, till Birnam wood do come

to Dunsinane"? These actions, however, must reach their climax. His crimes could not go on forever, and at length Birnam wood began to move. We know his tragic end. It is another example of the vanity of worldly glory. He won "sway and masterdom" at great expense, only to lose all. Unlike that other famous character in Shakespeare's works, Richard the Third, he was led on to cruelty by temptation: it was not his nature; it was not an innate feature of his character.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



### **Impressions of the Holy Name Parade.**

An edifying spectacle was witnessed in Pittsburgh on Sunday, October 13, when thousands of members of the diocesan Holy Name Society paraded through the streets to testify publicly to having registered a promise that for their own fair name, as well as for the higher motive of our Lord's interests, they will strictly abstain from all irreverent reference to Him. Americans and foreigners, white and colored, composed the parade, and thousands of spectators lined the route which it traversed. Pittsburgh papers were so appreciative and described the parade so vividly and so beautifully that we prefer to use their words rather than our own in giving an account of it. *The Pittsburgh Dispatch* comments as follows :

"Analyzed in any way, the procession exercised a profound influence upon its human components and upon the seemingly illimitable concourse which stood patiently while it moved from Liberty and Fifth Avenues to the Cathedral at Fifth Avenue and Craig Street."

In another paragraph the same paper remarks :

"From the artistic viewpoint, perhaps, one would recognize strongly verified the canon that grandeur is simple. Massiveness has no need of baroque. There was no attempt at uniform, but just the ordinary dress of the citizen. Not a note of band was

heard, and only at intervals did the choirs of the many parishes lift up their voices with hymns."

A short distance from the Cathedral was erected the reviewing stand, where Bishop Canevin left the line of march and greeted his guest, Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, Iowa, the honor guest of the occasion. Together they stood before the people, surrounded by the lesser clergy, while the procession marched by—standing for more than two hours. The following sentences we extract from the *Gazette Times* in further description:

"From the North, from the South, from the East and the West gathered the clans of the Holy Name Society. Through the long, sunny afternoon they steadily trod beneath their banners, always with the Cathedral as their goal, there to kneel and receive in the gloaming the potent benediction of their creed. Through all the diocese the word had gone forth. From all parts of the diocese came its children in answer to the call, and at the last, under the standard of the Holy Name had gathered 30,000 of the loyal. Pittsburgh has staged great movements in the cause of religion, but never was staged a greater. It was the response of her children to the Church's challenge to profanity. And when the 30,000 had tramped through the line of march they gathered at the Cathedral, but only the great arch of heaven could cover all the multitude. Only 4000 of the faithful filed silently down the dim recesses of the great edifice. . . . A dying sun that barred the West with gold, flung back for a moment the coming mantle of night, while Bishop Regis Canevin with all the power and dignity of the Roman Catholic ritual, stood in the gathering twilight to pour forth upon the kneeling children of the Church gathered under the gray walls of the massive St. Paul's Cathedral, that ancient blessing, the sacramental benediction. . . . So ended for another year the mighty demonstration of a mighty cause launched in the name of the Church against an evil of the times."

M. J. H., '14.





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## EDITORIAL.

### *Influence of an Ideal.*

There is a necessary connection between prevalent ideals and public opinion. If the barometer of ideals is high, the atmosphere of public opinion will be correspondingly sane; and the popular judgment of current events and of the conduct of public men loses in value in proportion as the prevailing moral standards fall lower and lower. Sound theories beget correct practical judgments.

If the influence of ideals on groups of men is easily seen,

how much more marked is their influence on individuals! A vicious man is spoken of as a man without principles, without ideals. To the indifferent, they are also an unknown quantity: the desire of pleasing, of making an impression, may goad him on to action temporarily; but the want of a guiding star, a high and definite aim, will not be long in showing itself.

Night is not more unlike noon-day than the conduct of the two foregoing classes differs from that of a man of high ideals. Noble motives move him to action; he has well-defined principles, and a clear perception of the fact that he has a work to do in this world.

A student without a very definite and very high ideal is indeed a misfit; he is out of place in a college. There is strenuous work to do every day, and no motive to induce him to embrace it heartily. It is no difficult matter to single out those who are aiming high. Barring occasional slips, they are paragons of good deportment; they vie with their fellows in assiduous application to study: they are ever striving after better things, realizing that, whatever progress they may have made, they are still far from the attainment of their ideal.

Thank God, there are many such among us! May their tribe increase!

L. P. G.



### ***Failure a Stepping-stone to Success.***

Oft times we are inclined to forget that there is an element of failure in success, and that it is only after many disappointments that success crowns our undertakings.

The many little complications met with on the road of our endeavor are but several tests of our moral stamina; they prepare us for higher things: and when we overcome one obstacle, the better fitted we are for encountering the next.

The successful man is not averse to temporary failure; he knows it needs must come: he understands that failure is not wreck, and with renewed energy he attempts to surmount it and become master of the situation. His is the time honored slogan: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!"

We all have our little trials, when everything seems to go wrong, when no one else understands; it is then we are tempted to take the easy panacea against failure, non-exertion. Stick to it! There is self-satisfaction in earnest endeavor. The great men of the world encountered the same difficulties. *Per Aspera ad Astra.*

L. P. G.



### ***Freak Professors.***

It is to be expected that college professors should not be immune from the temptation to seek notoriety. That some of them should yield to the temptation is pardonable. But that any should yield to it in the manner noted by the *Catholic Standard and Times* is beyond the beyonds.

"One professor gets up coolly to recommend encouragement for the habit of using slang by having it taught to school children rather than the accepted forms of the English language," says that estimable journal.

"No doubt, on the utilitarian principle, the suggestion has something to commend it. It is not every professor that cares to take the trouble to teach the mysteries of the subjunctive mood, the past participle, the perfect and the pluperfect tenses, when there is a 'royal road' always available as an alternative." But the truth is that there are at large many exemplary libertines in language, and it is not necessary to send children to school to have them learn slang. This vulgar element of our speech is often a means to moral deterioration; what are we to say, then, of scholastic acknowledgment of words that count their duration by days instead of decades, and have nothing but a whim to justify them, inducing debasement of an ancient and honorable medium of expression, in which many of the literary master-pieces of the world are enshrined!

Another professor comes forward with the suggestion that the art of composing love-letters be taught to young persons in the budding stage of life! In regard to this advocated instruction in the art of writing these passionate epistles, as well as to the professorial recommendation of having children taught slang in

school, our view coincides with that of the cognizant and unapproving paper mentioned above, which would still like to have schoolmasters able to be looked up to as the guardians of youthful propriety and linguistic purity.

M. J. H.



### ***Memorable Moral Influences.***

The routine prevailing in the University since the beginning of the school term was interrupted on October 8 with the opening of our retreat. For four days the ship was in harbor, that her little scars, sustained on the stormy seas, might be mended, that she might be rigged anew and have topsail set for a winter voyage. We shall not soon forget the unction of the retreat-master, Father Kelly, who indicated to us the locations of life's shoals and showed so much solicitude for our spiritual welfare.

On Sunday, October 13, followed the Holy Name Parade, which, for us who were able to participate in it, was, to our retreat, a consummation devoutly to be wished. To the community at large this impressive procession was a most edifying spectacle. Profanity is evidently diminishing; still, it is yet quite an ordinary exercise for American lungs. Noisome and senseless oaths leap forth spontaneously from the mouths of drivers and other men on the street; while in shop and home every hour in the day the virulent malediction still sends up its empty challenge. But let us hope that this sermonizing demonstration of honor to the Holy Name of God may serve to reclaim many from the habit of profanity and help to keep the unaddicted from exercising this license of the tongue, which is not only morally iniquitous but positively stupid.

M. J. H.





## CHRONICLE.

### Professor Slifer.

A valuable addition to the staff of the Scientific Department is Mr. William P. Slifer, a graduate of Lehigh University, of the Class of '02. Mr. Slifer was associate engineer in the construction of the New York and Philadelphia subways and subsequently practiced engineering in Pittsburgh.

### V. Rev. Father Hehir.

Although enjoying his usual robust health, the Very Rev. President, who had, even during the holidays, scarcely been able to find enough of leisure for a real vacation, selected the week preceding the annual retreat for a short sojourn at Mount Clemens, Mich. While enjoying the quiet and the change of air, he kept in close touch with the University. Every one was pleased to see him return refreshed and vigorous.

Towards the end of the month, Mr. Edmund Hehir, brother of the Very Rev. President, was a welcome and honored guest of the University. He had been living in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, for the last thirty-six years, and was returning thither after a visit to his old home in Ireland.

### The Retreat.

During the second week of October the annual retreat was held, and the boys were treated to a delightful and inspiring series of instructions by Rev. Michael Kelly, C. S. Sp., a member of the Holy Ghost Fathers' Missionary Band. He is an eloquent speaker, and his subjects were well chosen and treated in captivating style. In his opening sermon, he told the students that our Lord comes to them seeking fruit, as he sought it on the barren fig-tree; terrible should be their fate if he should find none. In a subsequent instruction, the preacher gave a very vivid description of the Passion of our divine Redeemer, accompanied with telling reflections, which left a visible impression on his auditors. The closing instruction, on the text, "Son, behold thy Mother," treated of our mother the Church, our Mother Mary, and our mother-land; it served as an appropriate preface to the three solemn acts, which, with lighted tapers in uplifted

hands, the students made: renewal of baptismal vows, consecration to our Lady, pledge of total abstinence.

Throughout the retreat, the conduct of the students was most edifying. On Friday, October 11, there was general communion, and on the same day at noon the retreat closed with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

#### **October Devotions.**

During the month of October, devotions were held every evening in the University Chapel. The Rosary and Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary were recited and this was followed by Benediction.

#### **Singing.**

Of late, the singing of the students in the chapel, shows a remarkable improvement. There are many good singers among the newcomers, and they are not afraid to use their voices in praising God.

#### **New Students.**

Many more new students registered during the past month. The increased attendance can best be noted at noon hour, when the campus is filled with moving throngs.

#### **Work in the Classes.**

All dreams of vacation joys are now over, and the boys have once more settled down to work. But the first exams come on apace, and woe to those who lingered too long dreaming of vacation days when they should have been at work !

#### **C. T. A. U.**

The C. T. A. U. of the Pittsburgh diocese celebrated the silver jubilee of its foundation on October 20. A public gathering was held at the Grand Opera House, and on the stage were seated, along with the clergy, many prominent men.

Rev. John G. Beane, President of the local Union, acted as Chairman. During the course of the evening, addresses were delivered by Mr. Irons, representing Mayor Magee, who was unavoidably absent, Very Rev. M. A. Lambing, Very Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., of Chicago, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin.

During the intervals between the addresses music was rendered by the University Orchestra, and the praise awarded their efforts by the newspapers speaks well for the coaching of Mr. Weis and the abilities of the players.

Mr. Irons, in a speech which was a model of style, lauded the work of the Union and pleaded so eloquently in the cause of temperance that Father Beane remarked that he should be a regular lecturer in this cause.

Very Rev. Father Lambing expressed it as his opinion that no drunkard ever really reforms. He believes, however, that moral suasion and legislation would remove the temptations to drink.

Father O'Callaghan spoke next and declared that no devil has so many emissaries as the demon Intemperance. He pleaded for leaders in this movement to come forward. "What we need," he said, "in both the temperance work and politics is more bosses. People must be bossed; they must have a leader, and leaders need not necessarily be corrupt." He scored unmercifully the selfishness of those who receive benefits from the Church, but are not willing to give of what they have received. He lauded the efforts of our Rt. Rev. Bishop in this movement, and said the Union could not but succeed with such a leader.

Bishop Canevin's address was a beautiful word-painting of the life of Father Theobald Mathew. He followed this wonderful reformer from his birth down through the years until his death. He depicted Father Mathew taking the great pledge himself with that memorable prelude, "Here goes, in the name of God!" He showed him melting the heart of the cynic Carlyle with the pathos of his plea. We saw him received into the home of our President an honored guest, and welcomed by the civil authorities in all the towns he visited in America. Then we finally saw him die the death of a saint, giving the pledge to some humble penitents with his dying breath. The Rt. Rev. Bishop ended his address with some moving words on the misery brought about by intemperance, and he denounced saloons as a nuisance. He said Father Mathew politically would have been a Prohibitionist.

This address came as a very pleasing climax to the other speeches, and with it the meeting came to an adjournment.

On Monday, October 21, the closing exercises of the jubilee were held, and the celebration ended in a banquet at the Fort Pitt Hotel. This was also a huge success. Our Rev. Spiritual Advisor was a member of the General Executive Committee that planned these celebrations. The students attended in large numbers.

### First Sunday Concert.

On Sunday evening, October 27, the first of the Sunday entertainments was held. A large crowd assembled to hear the pleasing programme, prepared by the members of the Senior and Junior classes. The stereopticon, cleverly manipulated by James Burke, added considerably to the evening's enjoyment, and the orchestra was in mid-season shape. The programme follows:

Overture	Golden Wedding	<i>Isenman</i>	Students' Orchestra
Essay	The Lesson of Tragedy		Francis J. Mueller
Novelette	Idiotic Rave	<i>Allen</i>	Students' Orchestra
Quarrel Scene from Julius Caesar		{ Cassius, James J. O'Connell { Brutus, L. Desmond McNamamy	
Illustrated Song	I Want to Be in Dixie		Seniors and Juniors
	Accompanist, Francis S. Clifford		
Song	Kingdom of My Heart	<i>Reeg</i> (of Pittsburgh)	Students' Orchestra
Humorous Reading	Powder to Kill Fleas		F. M. Ubinger
Vocal Solo	The Rosary	<i>Nevin</i>	Professor F. K. Boyle
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe		
Rag	Everybody Two Step	<i>Herzer</i>	Students' Orchestra

Debate:—"Resolved, That a Republican Victory in the Presidential Election Would Be Beneficial to the Country."

Chairman, Leo F. Lavelle

Affirmative, Joseph A. Burns and Leo P. Gallagher

Negative, Henry A. Carlin and John Leger.

The debate, on so timely a subject, proved spirited and interesting. To judge by the applause, the sympathies of the audience were rather with the speakers on the negative side. But the members of the Literary Union, who acted as judges, basing their decision on the merits of the speeches, awarded the palm of victory to the affirmative.



This was the first public debate, but many class debates had preceded it; and those who witness only these comparatively rare appearances of the speakers, marvel at the progress achieved. It is the result of hard and consistent effort.

#### **Condolence.**

We were shocked to hear of the sad death of a brother of Egil Steiner, of the First High. The young man's premature taking off was the result of an elevator accident. We offer our condolence to the grief-stricken family.

#### **Sodalities.**

The Sodalities will be organized and the officers chosen within the next few weeks.

#### **The Thanks of the Editor.**

The call issued last month for boosters was well received and many came forward to aid the team. The editor wishes to thank those who did so and would like to see more come out to uphold the team. It has proven itself a good one and is well worthy of your support.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '14.



## **ALUMNI.**

Dr. Charles Duffy, who is remembered as one of our famous first basemen, has opened an office on Atwood Street., in the Oakland district. We wish him every success and feel sure it cannot but come his way. Dr. Duffy is the only Catholic doctor in his district.

Dr. James McLaughlin is chief surgeon in the New Providence Hospital, Beaver Falls. The Sisters in charge are very proud in displaying some of the great work of our old friend Jim.

Dr. Chester Sierakowski, of Helena Street, McKees Rocks, has purchased a new Maxwell car. Our friend of the Class of 1907 has built up a very successful practice.

Mr. William B. O'Hara of the Commercial Class of 1905, is

Traveling Inspector of Accounts of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Mr. Charles Boyle, of the Class of 1892, and one of the famous old "Boyle Battery," is still connected with the Pittsburgh Post Office, in the responsible position of Register Transfer Superintendent. We are always glad to hear Charlie sing "When Ireland is Free, Mother Dear."

Our old friend, John F. Casey, '87, captured three of Pittsburgh's largest contracts this year, among which was the new Cottage Hill Reservoir. John is famous for his great work on the City Filtration Plant.

Mr. James J. McGonigle was given a city appointment during the past month in the Bureau of Construction. James is one of last year's Benedicks.

The Rev. Edward F. Jackson, '07, of the Cathedral parish, Davenport, Iowa, paid his home city a visit during the month of August. Those who heard him preach at Sacred Heart Church were delighted to see that his olden talents as an elocutionist have developed normally and are being put to noble use in the furthering of God's kingdom.

At an election held October 3, Major E. L. Kearns, '91, one of our good old gridiron stars, defeated Major R. G. **Honors** Woodside in the contest for the lieutenant-colonelship of the Eighteenth Regiment, N. G. P. Major Kearns was ranking Major of the Second Brigade, and followed Colonel Roosevelt, as a Rough Rider, up San Juan Hill. We are pleased to note this evidence of the Major's popularity.

Rev. Ralph L. Hayes, '05, D. D., for the past year assistant at Holy Rosary Church, Homewood, has gone to Washington, D. C., to take a post-graduate course at the Catholic University.

Raymond McVean, '04, made a brief call at the University on his way to Georgetown, D. C. He has entered on **Visitors** his final year's work at Georgetown Law School. Youngstown will have another fine Catholic lawyer next year. They are needed, Ray, so success to you!

Frank Hartigan, '03, with his little son, Frank, Jr., was

a recent visitor. During his college years Frank and his brother Hyacinth were associated with the orchestra, the former as cornetist, the latter as clarinet player. Frank, Jr., sang a song or two while here, and before long, we expect, will be playing his father's instrument.

Pleasant memories were called up by the visit of another former member of the orchestra, Frank Stack, '07. "When I came up the old familiar streets to the Bluff," said Frank, "it seemed like returning from a walk in the good old boarding days." Mr. Stack is now one of the rising attorneys of Lorain, Ohio.

Albert Neeson, also a '07 man and an attorney, dropped in to take a look over the old place. We are glad to hear that things are coming his way.

No one who was here between the years 1903 and 1908 can forget John Millard from New Castle. He paid us a flying visit on his way east, whither he was returning after a brief vacation. John has a good position with the New York State Electric Railways, under the Public Service Commission.

Rev. James R. Cox, '07, is a very active and successful manager of that many-featured institution, the Pittsburgh Lyceum. He has been especially fortunate as a coacher of plays. On October 15 and 16 the Lyceum Dramatic Club gave a splendid rendition of D'Ennery's old favorite, "The Two Orphans."

Another of our old Thespians, Eugene Ley, '10, is likewise putting on plays. A few months ago, St. Andrew's Dramatic Society, under his direction, played the farce, "The Other John Smith," to crowded houses.

Captain John J. Wilson, '89, died on September 25, of pneumonia. From 1893 to 1896, Mr. Wilson served in the State Naval Militia, and, since his honorable discharge, had belonged to Company D, Eighteenth Regiment, N. G. P. He served successively as first lieutenant, captain, battalion adjutant on the staff of Colonel Frank I. Rutledge, and finally captain and

#### Deaths of Two Alumni

adjutant. He was his father's partner in the Hotel Wilson, Smithfield Street, until the latter's retirement, three years ago, when he became proprietor. He was a respected member of the Church of the Epiphany, from which he was buried September 28. Rev. H. J. McDermott attended the obsequies.

Captain Wilson is survived by his widow, one son, and his parents, four sisters and six brothers, one of whom, Edward, is also a past student. We assure them of our sincere sorrow in their bereavement.

Christopher J. Enright, '06, died October 2, fortified with the sacraments of the Church. Since his graduation he had been in the employ of the Crucible Steel Co., until ill-health forced him to retire. He was buried October 5, from the Church of the Epiphany. At the Solemn Requiem Mass, Rev. H. J. Goebel represented the Faculty. The MONTHLY extends sincere sympathy to his sorrowing parents and sisters.

Cornelius J. Mahony, '12, one of last year's best pitchers, has entered St. Bernard's Seminary,  
**The Class of '12** Rochester, N. Y.

Francis S. Clifford and James P. Haley are continuing their studies at the University, and John V. O'Connor has joined the professorial staff.

John Lappan has a clerkship in the Bureau of Highways.

Frank Joyce and Walter Schmid have registered as first year medical students at the University of Pittsburgh. At the same institution, Vincent Ratajczyk is in his second year of medicine, and Stanley Makowski, in his third.

Leonard Strub is a student in the medical department of Valparaiso University, Ind.

Harry Cuning will soon finish his course at Notre Dame Law School.

J. R. McK.  
E. W. McN.





## ATHLETICS.

Although the football season is scarcely half completed, yet there have already taken place on the University campus, some of the fastest and most interesting gridiron battles seen here in years. The University is represented by only two teams this year, but the wisdom of limiting them to this number has already been shown, although the season is yet quite young; for, whereas in former years, quantity in football seemed to be the main object sought for, quality is now given the first consideration. Both the Freshmen and the Minims began their season earlier than usual, this year, and in consequence many contests have already been staged; and, while the teams have shown strength, still it is apparent that there is great room for improvement, and that there is much latent ability in many of the players that must be developed, if they are to have a successful season.

### **Freshmen.**

Although the Freshmen lost their first game on September 28, to Tareneum H. S. 14-0, it by no means discouraged the eleven, but on the contrary, it renewed their spirits, for it demonstrated to them the evil results of over-confidence, and also proved to them conclusively, that they must buckle down to work all the more seriously if they wished to win at least a majority of their games. The following week enthusiasm along football lines rose to a high pitch, when it was announced that Dr. Budd, late star quarterback of U. of Pitt., had been secured to coach the team. For the past three weeks the eleven has been under his care, and the results which he is achieving with the host of raw material at his command speaks well for his ability. To date the team has played four games, two of which have resulted in victories, one in a defeat, and the other in a tie.

### **Tarentum H. S. 14      Freshmen 0**

On Saturday, September 28, the Freshmen opened their season with the strong Tarentum High School. The boys from up the Allegheny proved a great surprise to the locals, who expected a comparatively easy contest. Although outclassed by their opponents the home team played a great defense game,

holding the visitors to two touchdowns. The playing of Tarentum gave evidence of much careful coaching, for their great team work was apparent throughout the whole game. The locals' defeat was due in great part to the fact that, previous to this game, they were without the service of a regular coach, as it was only the following week that Dr. Budd took charge of the team. Since then it has been steadily improving, and has yet to lose a game. Burns, Baum and Cartwright did the best work for Duquesne. The line-up:

## FRESHMEN

## TARENTUM

Cleary.....	L. E.....	Markwell
Mosti, Sorce.....	L. T.....	Kremer
Zitzmann.....	L. G.....	Craig
Kenny.....	Center.....	Stark, McCafferty
McDonnell.....	R. G.....	Frieling
H. Carlin.....	R. T.....	Love
Ubinger.....	R. E.....	Lindquist
Burns.....	Q.....	Kesner
Cartwright.....	L. H.....	Dyer
Heinrich.....	R. H.....	Morrin
Baum.....	F.....	Hatch

Touchdowns—Kesner 2. Goals from touchdowns—Kesner 2.

## Lecrone 0 Freshman 0

On October 5th, the campus was the scene of a bitter struggle when the Freshmen tried conclusions with the fast Lecrone Team of Hazelwood. The game, while hard fought, was uninteresting and tiresome, owing to the ceaseless wrangling of the visitors. Fast work was impossible on account of the many interruptions. The only feature of the game was the great stand made by the Freshmen on their one yard line, when they withstood three attempts of their opponents to place the oval across the line. Excepting this one occasion, neither side was ever in danger of being scored upon, and when the smoke of the battle cleared away, no goal had been registered. Drew and Burns played great ball on the offense for Duquesne. Cleary and Snyder also stopped many attempted end runs by their clever tackling. In the third quarter Baum sustained injuries which necessitated his leaving the game. The line-up:

## FRESHMEN

## LECRONE

Cleary.....	Left End.....	T. Hudson
Carlin.....	Left Tackle.....	White
Callahan.....	Left Guard.....	Morse
Kenny.....	Center.....	Caldwell
R. Drew.....	Right Guard.....	Ryan
McDonnell.....	Right Tackle.....	Albright
Burns.....	Quarterback.....	McCabe
Cartwright.....	Left Half.....	W. Hudson
Baum.....	Fullback.....	Lenhart
T. Drew.....	Right Half.....	Fay

Substitutions—Zitzman for R. Drew, Sorce for McDonnell, Kane for Burns, Burns for Cartwright. Referee—Manley. Umpire—Jackson. Linemen—Cullen and Ubinger. Time of quarters—10 minutes.

## South Side H. S. 0      Freshmen 13

In the next game, on Wednesday, October 16, the Freshmen, showing a great reversal of form, downed the speedy High School Team of South Side by the score of 13-0. The locals showed great improvement in all departments, and completely outclassed their opponents. Time after time great gains were made by the heavy line-plunging of the Freshman backs, and it was due mainly to this style of play that two touch-downs were registered against the visitors. The feature of the game was the great individual playing of Gross for South Side, whose long end runs put the visiting rooters in high enthusiasm. In addition to the consistent ground-gaining of the backs, Duquesne's victory was due also to fine work of the linemen who presented a stone-wall defense to the enemy. Kenny and R. Drew did fine work in this respect.

Touchdowns—T. Drew, Heinrich; Goal—Cartwright. Referee—Manley. Umpire—Gallagher. Head Linesman—Healy. Time Keeper—Cullen.

## Oakdale H. S. 0      Freshmen 7

The next victims to fall before the prowess of the Freshmen was the eleven hailing from Oakdale H. S. This team, which was twice trounced by the Freshmen last season, came with the express intention of wreaking vengeance, but they soon found it a harder task than they had anticipated, for before five minutes of play had elapsed, the locals had scored a touch-down on a beautiful forward pass via Burns to Snyder. Although the

Freshmen scored but one goal, nevertheless they outclassed their opponents; and were it not for a few unfortunate muffs of forward passes, they would have scored at least two more touch-downs. Only once was their goal in danger, and that on the third quarter, when Oakdale had the ball on Duquesne's two-yard line with four downs to place it over. Bracing up in sheer desperation, the line held firmly, and resisted all attempts of the visitors to cross the goal, and thus made one of the greatest stands seen on the campus in years. McDonnell and Carlin distinguished themselves by their many fine tackles throughout the game. The line-up:

FRESHMEN	OAKDALE
Cleary-Sorce.....	L. E.....McLaughlin
O'Keefe.....	L. T.....Keenan
Callahan-R. Drew.....	L. G.....Herbert
Zitzman-Kenny.....	Center.....Leiter
McDonnell.....	R. G.....Kennek
Carlin.....	R. T.....Gealy
Snyder.....	R. E.....Messler
Burns.....	Q. B.....Herron
Cartwright.....	L. H.....Hogan
T. Drew.....	R. H.....Dodds
Heinrich.....	F. B.....Dickson

Touchdown—Snyder. Goal—Cartwright. Referee—Manley. Umpire—Ryan. Head Linesman—Healy. Time Keeper—Cullen. Time—10-minute quarters.

The following is the schedule for the remainder of the season:

October 26—Park Institute Alumni  
 November 2—Mt. Washington Lyceum  
 November 9—Tarentum Scholastics  
 November 16—Oakdale H. S.  
 November 23—Canevin Club  
 November 28—Mt. Washington Lyceum

Games are pending with Tech Scrubs, Pitt Freshmen and Duff's College.

### The Minims.

So far the Minims have amply justified all predictions made concerning them at the beginning of the season. Not only have they succeeded in winning all the games in which they have



participated, but, what is still more remarkable, they have held all their opponents scoreless, except for a field goal scored during the game with the Sacred Heart Team. In all they have won eight games and rolled up a total of 141 points to their opponents 3, a record of which any team might justly feel proud, especially since the season is scarcely half over.

The great success of the Minims seems to lie in the one word *unity*, for when it comes to team work they are far superior to anything in their class. The one phase of the game in which they are most adept is the forward pass, and it is due to their great skill in manipulating it, that they have been so often able to overcome teams much superior both in weight and years. If anybody wishes any "pointers" on it, please watch the Minims in action.

This great showing, however, has not happened merely by chance, but is only the result of careful coaching by Messrs. Egan and Rowe, in which the Minims have proved very apt and willing pupils. The team has quite a large number of games still left on their schedule, and if they only keep up the good work achieved so far this season, they will undoubtedly possess at the end of the year one of the finest records gained by any team in the institution.

It is regretted that limited space will not permit a description of all the games played by the Minims, yet two or three of the most important contests will serve to show the great article of ball put up by the team.

#### Holy Rosary 0      Minims 9

On October 1 the Minims placed a great victory to their credit, when they downed the Holy Rosary Team by the decisive score of 9-0. Although outweighed by the visiting team, the Minims proved their superiority by working the forward pass to perfection, due to Gurley's fine passing. Drengacz and Miller did some excellent tackling. The line-up:

MINIMS	HOLY ROSARY
Obruba.....	L. E.....F. Donohue
Miller.....	L. T.....Hilley
T. Nee.....	L. G.....McFalin
Connelly.....	C.....Spinioit
Drengacz.....	R. G.....Styslenger
McSorley.....	R. T.....Tyler
Mulvihill.....	R. E.....Phillips
McGraw.....	Q.....R. Donohue
Gurley.....	L. H.....Keally
D. Nee.....	R. H.....Lambertson
Snyder.....	F.....Miller

Touchdown—Mulvihill. Field goal—Gurley. Referee—Manley. Umpire—Kenny. Linesmen—Sullivan and Folan. Time Keeper—U. Crock. Time—10-minute quarters.

### Hurricanes 0      Minims 7

In one of their hardest games of the season October 13, the Minims proved themselves an able foe for the speedy Atherton Hurricanes, by defeating them in an interesting game 7-0. Snyder and McGillick gained consistently for the Minims while McGraw showed great judgment in handling the team. The line-up:

MINIMS	HURRICANES
Obruba.....	L. E.....R. Larkin
Miller.....	L. T.....Agy
T. Nee.....	L. G.....Augustine
Connelly.....	C.....O'Donnell
Drengacz.....	R. G.....Risch
McSorley.....	R. T.....Brann
Mulvihill.....	R. E.....Braun
McGraw.....	Q. B.....McDonough
McGillick-Gurley.....	L. H.....J. Larkin
D. Nee.....	R. H.....Kane
Snyder.....	F. B.....Flinn

Touchdown—Mulvihill. Goal—Gurley. Referee—Manley. Umpire—J. Kane. Time Keeper—Zitzmann. Linesmen—Kenny and Weis.

### Winebiddle 0      Minims 12

In a well played game the Minims downed the Winebiddle Indians, scoring 12 points to their opponents' nothing. Mulvihill, Obruba and Connelly starred for the Minims. The line-up:

MINIMS		WINEBIDDLE	
Obruba.....	L. E.....	Kramer	
Miller.....	L. T.....	Braun	
T. Nee.....	L. G.....	Fridently	
Connelly.....	Center.....	Nickel	
Drengacz.....	R. G.....	Ferkany	
McSorley.....	R. T.....	Hohman	
Mulvihill-McLaughlin.....	R. E.....	Stewart	
Murry.....	Q. B.....	Larkin	
Gurley.....	L. H.....	Kreav	
McGilhek.....	R. H.....	Augustine	
Snyder.....	F. B.....	Smith	

Touchdowns—Mulvihill and Obruba. Referee—McDonnell. Umpires—Urban, Crock. Time Keepers—Weis and Flinn. Linesmen—Mosti and Ackerman.

We give in succinct form the story of the remaining games played.

- September 21, Carltons 0—Minims 37
- September 28, Sacred Heart Team 3—Minims 14
- October 3, Ormsby 0—Minims 24
- October 5, Lawrenceville 0—Minims 19
- October 15, Leerone II., 0—Minims 19

EDW. A. HEINRICH, '14.



DUQUESNICULA.

THAT Hebrew word again ! Oh, well, it means the same as it did last time.

SECOND (edition) and eight (to go).

THE above would be the referee's description of the situation at the present stage of the game. We are gaining, slowly but surely, one point every month, and by July we hope to cross the goal. But in order to win the game we need help, and everyone who has any funny suggestions is earnestly requested to transmit them to the editors, and we will undoubtedly give them space.

No, we're not confessing a "plentiful lack of wit." Don't

you dare to dub us Polonius, O you naughty boy Hamlet! We are only anxious to give everyone a chance—especially some.

IF a proof is wanted, how is this? One young man tells us that his professor moved his seat from the rear end of the classroom to a position near the *sedes sapientiae*, in order to quell the obstreperousness of his enthusiastic disposition. All of which goes to show that said professor is interested in said student, or said professor wouldn't have said student so near him.

TALK about legal phraseology! No, we are not taking law—we were born that way.

SAY, is it any wonder some fellows get moved? Listen to this. The professor asked Goralski for an example of a concrete idea. After some hesitation, Eddie replied, "a cement wall." The class was moved—but not with admiration.

HE is not the only member of the class who has displayed a remarkable knowledge of Logic. He divides honors with O'Connell, who affirmed that a judgment is called *analyticum* because it comes from Geometry.

JIMMY is a total abstainer, so please don't misconstrue such sparkling, genius-labeled answers.

A MEMBER of the football squad was asked to decline the Latin word for *same*. He promptly replied "eat 'em, at 'em, eat 'em." That might go on the gridiron, but it would bring you "minus nothing" on exams.

IF you want any more proof of our devotion to Cicero's language, here it is:

Student of Prep. School.—"What does '*multum in parvo*' mean?—you're studying Greek."

Student of High School.—"*Multum in parvo*, my young friend, is Latin, and means—ah-er-well, haven't you ever noticed Tony Ross in that suit he bought last May? He weighed only 198 lbs. then."

MUSZYNSKI is writing poetry. Now the Seniors want to know who put the muse in Muszyinski. Don't ask foolish questions.



DID someone say foolish questions? Here is foolish question No. 9,673,496:

PROF.—Connelly, translate.

CONNELLY—Ah-er-ah, will I begin where we left off?

SPEAKING of translation, here is a good one, and it didn't come from a "pony" either:

A bright young chap in one of the German classes began his exercise with the following: The evening of April the eight had just dawned.

THE word "pony" reminds us of transportation, but this time, on a more substantial vehicle.

It is reported that McSorley boarded a street car and asked the conductor to let him off whenever his nickel ran out.

'Tis needless to say that the car emptied part of its human freight at the next stop.

"ALL's well that ends well," said William Shakespeare. So here goes. The muse of one of the editors has been working overtime and this is the result:

My pen is getting feeble,  
The hour is growing late;  
I think I'll stop this nonsense  
Until a later date.

H. A. CARLIN, '14.



## EXCHANGES.

The *Collegian* comes all the way from Oakland, California, and it is certainly a welcome visitor. There is a completeness and a maturity about it that commends it to every thoughtful reader. The editors are to be congratulated, as they have struck the happy medium between a whole magazine of deep, philosophical essays, and one composed entirely of fiction. We must feel grateful to the editors for the insertion of the "Address to the Class of 1912." It is a piece of sound, practical advice to young men on the threshold of the world. The address

runs the gamut from a eulogy of the Christian Brothers and their work, on the one hand, to a condemnation of cigarette smoking, on the other. "The Call of the Bleachers" shows a treatment of an eminently popular subject different from any we have before seen. It is a serio-facetious description of Baseball. "Twenty Years After" is a short story with an unusual theme. The editorials, written by an avowedly cautious editor-in-chief, are on practical subjects like Street-corner Socialism, Hatpins, and Charity.

The best article in the *Villa-Sancta-Scholastica* is that entitled "Steel." The most favorable criticism that we are able to pass on the article itself, and in particular on the authoress, is that she has a masculine grasp of the subject she undertakes to treat; there is nothing in it of the vacillation and instability which we are so used to ascribing to feminine writers, and as a result, her article is at once instructive and entertaining.

In the *Loretto* the poems "What is Happiness?" and "Our Te Deum" are excellent, while "A Lover of the Cross" is a splendid piece of fiction.

In *St. Mary's Messenger*, the poem entitled "Our Lady's Nativity" is excellent; "A Shadow Lifted" is better than the ordinary run of stories; and the "Appreciation of Andrew Lang" and "The Law of Change" are first class.

In the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, the "Life and Works of Samuel Johnson" is good, but rather brief when the wide scope of the subject is considered in comparison with what is said. However, it is probable that this brevity was necessary in the present issue of the *Scholastic*.

A word about our worthy exchange, *St. Vincent's Journal*. The prose in it does not seem to come quite up to the high standard set by the poetry, but this is not a capital crime, since to demand that it do so, would be perhaps to ask too much. In the special columns, the exchanges especially are well written.

We most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of many other magazines which only lack of space prevents our mentioning.

F. J. M.

# Duquesne Monthly

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## The Lesson of Tragedy.

Everyone admits that, in our day especially, the means of education and instruction are abundant. In fact, their name is legion. Among them all, experience is the best and most efficient. But of the various kinds of experience, tragedy imparts the most striking and lasting impression. An event which has brought us pleasure we may possibly forget, but one that has caused us grief and sorrow we can never forget. A lesson may be assigned, so to speak, by any of the other modes of instruction; but it is disaster, grim, terrible disaster, that brings it home to the minds of those directly concerned, and but little less strikingly to the entire world.

Many of the world's greatest inventions are the direct result of some tragedy which called the attention of the world to the lack of means to prevent its repetition. Instances of this are to be found on all sides; they are present in every branch of human endeavor. Take for example, navigation in general, and trans-oceanic navigation in particular. The life-boat is the first contrivance to attract attention. This indispensable adjunct of maritime travel may justly be attributed to disaster and its after-effects. Does it seem reasonable to think that the life-boat would ever have been invented, if the need of it had not been impressed upon the minds of the world by accidents and loss of life, in a word, by tragedy? The good resulting from this invention has been so great as to be incalculable; and if it has not altogether prevented accidents similar to that which shocked and horrified the world last spring, it is not because of the intrinsic

incompetency of the life-boat itself, but rather because of the criminal carelessness of those in authority in supplying boats of inferior grade and woefully insufficient in number. It is to be hoped that one of the lessons imparted by the sinking of the *Titanic* will be the enforcement of stricter legislation in regard to life-boats.

And the life-boat is in reality but one among many. The life-belts and other kinds of life-preservers, the breeches-buoy, the search-light, and charts of rocks and shoals, are all improvements that have contributed their share toward making ocean travel safe, and they can all be traced back to their first cause in some disaster.

There is yet another invention that was called into being primarily by a desire to lessen the toll taken yearly by the sea. I refer now to wireless telegraphy. When Guglielmo Marconi, who had been derided and scoffed at by all the world or as much of it as knew of his purpose, first succeeded in sending messages through space by means of electrical waves, a gigantic stride was made toward the millenium of perfect safety in oceanic navigation. How many lives have been preserved and how much property saved from that day to this, only Infinite Wisdom can tell. Recall again the sinking of the *Titanic*. The mind shudders to think of the outcome that would have been inevitable had she not been equipped with the wireless. Without the wireless, that ship, with all her precious freight of human souls, would have gone down under two miles of water, and no man would have known for certain what had become of her. Thanks to the wireless, humanity was spared the total consummation of such a catastrophe.

Leave now the sea with its silent horrors and come to scenes little, if at all, less terrible and heart-rending. If there is any one branch of man's activity on land that stands out conspicuous for the lessons it has gained from disaster, it is probably the railroads. We shall mention only two improvements that have been prompted by the loss of life due to railroad accidents, and those which we select as typical of the rest are the air-brake and the automatic switch and signal system. Again one is constrained to say that nobody can tell the number of accidents that



have been prevented and the number of lives saved by these and similar devices. Once more the question forces its way to the fore: "Would these improvements have been made if Tragedy had not called attention to their need?"

We have dealt so far only with what is mechanical; let us now enter the realm in which the intellect is the dominant note, and again we shall confine ourselves especially to the preservation and prolongation of human life; that is, to the domain of medicine and surgery. The first great invention to be noted is that of antiseptic surgery. While some of the most common antiseptics, such as pitch and salt, had been used as early as the times of the Romans to prevent decay, it was not till the last generation that antiseptics were applied to surgery by the late Doctor Lister of Edinburgh. Since then the practical results have been wonderful. It has been said that antiseptic surgery has saved more lives than the wars of the Nineteenth Century destroyed. Operations are now being performed upon the human body that would not have been dreamed of before the last decade. If a medical man who had been in the Great Beyond for forty years were to come back to earth, he would be astounded at the operations attempted and successfully performed by surgeons to-day. Eyes are removed and replaced; there are even a few authentic cases on record of the grafting of animal eyes into a human head with successful results. The organs of the body, if diseased, may be removed and repaired without disastrous effects. Abdominal wounds which were certainly fatal before the days of antiseptic surgery are now commonly cured. Then there are the marvelous, delicate, cranial operations, such as trepanning, which are frequent nowadays, but were not even attempted formerly. There are the wonderful operations known as the transfusion of blood and skin-grafting. All these and innumerable other instances are progressions in the world of surgery that are traceable to the lessons of Tragedy.

In the sphere of medicine, the advances have been at least as great. Mere mention of some of them will suffice here. The use of the Roentgen rays, the cure of diphtheria by anti-toxin, prevention of small-pox by vaccination, modern treatments of pneumonia, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, cancer and other

diseases, and the use of oxygen as a stimulant in extreme cases; all these are grand examples of cases in which humankind has benefited by the lessons of Tragedy.

But aside from the preservation of life, there is yet another lesson to be gleaned from disaster, and it is one, alas! which is only too often overlooked in this materialistic day of ours. It is the lesson of the inferiority and subordination of man to his Creator. In thus reminding man that he is not lord and master of all the visible creation, Tragedy performs its most needed duty and imparts its most needed lesson, because it lowers the pride of man and recalls to his mind the necessity of subjugating his puny abilities and talents to the Infinite, the Omnipotent, the Creator and Master of the Universe.

F. J. MUELLER, '14.



## Winning More Than the Game.

Thanksgiving Day dawned clear and bright and very cold. It was an ideal day for the great football game between the two rival academies, Hooper and Standford.

The schools were situated in the village of Pennington, on the banks of the Tusquehalla River. The game was to be played on Hooper's grounds, and was for the championship of southeastern Pittsylvania.

The doors were thrown open at 2:30 o'clock; but the crowd was so large that, by the time the game started, at 3, there was not a vacant seat in the large grandstand.

Captain Starke of the Standford team won the toss, and chose to defend the west goal. Captain Archer, of Hooper, then took the ball and placed it in the center of the field, preparatory to kicking it.

"Are you ready?" The referee's whistle blew shrilly, and the ball floated to the waiting hands of Standford's fullback, Gray.

A peculiar thing then happened. Gray stood still, while his fellow players formed a hollow square around him.

A groan came from the Hooper rooters, as they knew that this defence was almost as impregnable as the Macedonian Phalanx of old.

The "Phalanx" started up the field, and would have advanced far into Hooper's territory, had not Fox, the tall athletic quarterback, taken a run, leaped over the foremost Stanford player and tackled the fullback before he had gone ten yards.

The cheering that rewarded this act was never before heard in the Academy.

Gray was terribly disappointed, and seemed to take this check as a personal injury. Fox got many a hard knock from him thereafter.

The teams were so evenly matched, that, though they put all their strength into play, neither team could get a goal; and thus the first half ended.

\* \* \*

In the second half the Stanford team put in new players, and forced the Hooperites back over their goal for a touch-back. Gray was exultant; but Fox bore his taunts like a man.

If Stanford could only prevent Hooper from scoring, the championship would be theirs. But Hooper seemed to have trebled their strength; and, though the Stanford captain pleaded and threatened, Hooper made continual inroads on his territory.

First Little, the end, went down the field for twenty yards, and Clare, the fullback, went through for ten more.

Then Fox tried an end run. He raced down the field. Thirty yards away was the goal. He raced on. Twenty yards! The goal seemed to be coming to meet him. He had passed all but Gray, the fullback, who was standing ten yards from the goal, with blood in his eye.

Fox came to the fullback and turned to one side. Gray tried to tackle him, but succeeded only in catching him by the foot.

With a crash, Fox came to earth. Something snapped, and he lost consciousness.

\* \* \*

When he awoke, he found himself in the school infirmary.

He was a very much bandaged fellow, and Doctor White was bending over him. He saw, too, with some surprise, that Gray was with the medical man, solicitude written in every line of his face. Fox tried to rise and shake hands.

"Hold still," said the doctor, "It's a bad break, and if you should get up, you'd irritate it."

"That was a dandy game, and you deserved to win," broke in Gray. "You're a sport, and I want you to forgive me for hurting you. I'm a fiend while I'm in the game," he added, apologetically.

"Oh, that's all right," said Fox, "but *did* we win?"

"Why, you won, *of course*. You must have been going pretty fast, for when I caught you, you went through the air, and the ball was five inches over the line when you were picked up." And, he added, as the doctor motioned him out, "I almost forgot to tell you that you have been elected captain for next year. And I hope to play against you again."

Then they shook hands.

JAMES KERNAN,

Third High.



## PARODY.

Parody, like lightning, attacks that which is most exalted. Poems among the very aristocracy of verse have been critically parodied. Authors have sometimes objected to having the poetical pedestal turned into a pillory. On the other hand, some parodies delighted even those they victimized. Tom Hood, Jr., parodied his own father's poem, "I remember." Self-mockery is seen in Byron, Southey, Coleridge, and Swinburne.

Satire is licit warfare, and parody, the most potent weapon in its armory, should not be cried down. Parody is a preservative. A good parody helps us to remember the original work and leads us to know it more thoroughly. Parody is also a compliment, since it stamps a work with the recognition of its popularity; for parody is a plant of parasitical growth and



we find it flourishing only when works become well-known in a country.

Moreover parody is inevitable where sense is sacrificed to sound. In fact, it is opposed to every kind of untruth. Pretenses, bombast, and extravagant folly constitute its legitimate prey. Its aim is a reforming and a purifying one. Where parody plays the part of an iconoclast, the images it breaks are those of false gods. Parody acts upon the homeopathic formula that like cures like, and its critical powers are indeed very great. "O Jemmy Thompson! Jemmy Thompson, O!" was a more effective blow at the line it mimicked than any amount of serious critical argument. When a statue was to be raised to the Duke of Wellington, the likeness finally selected, according to which the features were chiseled, was from a cartoon of "Punch." Parody is comparable to just such an admirable caricature which reveals more of the real man than it would be possible to gather from a serious portrait.

It is true that a good parody is rarer than a good poem, and that parody has often been put to malignant use. The keen insight, the calm analysis, the firm judgment necessary to genuine parodic creation have often been lacking, and there are many parodies which can claim little but the dubious wit of corrupt orthography. There were times, too, when profane and licentious songs of the day were turned into devotional hymns, and, conversely, when devotional hymns and sacred phrases of divine worship were turned to vile uses. Thus we find unquotable litanies and parodies of the Credo and of the Beatitudes. Public sentiment has justly ranged itself against satire cast in scriptural or religious mold; for although temperate biblical parody appealed to such writers as Burke and Scott, and has been enjoyed by many other eminent people whose attitude towards religion is not one of irreverence, such parodies cannot be encouraged to any extent by those who realize that God is the author of every genuine portion and text of the Holy Scriptures.

There are several kinds of parody: the simple change of single letters or words; the correct quotation, but malicious application, of a well-known passage or verse; the treatment of a trivial or incongruous subject in the style and spirit of a

well-known writer; and, lastly, the substitution of a commonplace motive for a lofty one, while preserving closely the original style, meter, sentiment and phraseology.

Nursery rhymes and jingles have been frequently parodied, sometimes very contemptibly, especially that most didactic of all, "How Doth the Little Busy Bee." The pen of the parodist, too, has reset many of our songs. The following, called "The Last Cigar" is one of three verses of a lyrical parody which, if not the best, is at least one of the best known.

" 'Tis a last choice Havana  
I hold here alone  
All its fragrant companions  
In perfume have flown.  
No more of its kindred  
To gladden the eye,  
So my empty cigar case  
I close with a sigh."

Of poetry proper, "The Raven," Gray's "Elegy," "Locksley Hall," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Psalm of Life," and "The Burial of Sir John Moore" are some of the favorite molds into which the parodist has poured his mimetic matter. The last named poem, especially, has been most mercilessly mocked. How far the death of a brave soldier is a suitable target for parody is a question that need not here be discussed; but one of the parodies, "The Burial of the Bachelor" has attained great popularity and, perhaps, the relation between marriage and death is not untrue after all. That the parody is a clear echo of the original will be seen by glancing at the opening stanza.

"Not a laugh was heard, not a frivolous note,  
As the groom to the wedding we carried;  
Not a jester discharged his farewell shot  
As the bachelor went to be married."

Of all the poets, Tennyson probably has been parodied the most; followed closely in this respect by Poe, Browning, Swinburne, Walt Whitman; then Moore, Wordsworth, and Longfellow. Shakespeare is rarely parodied, except in one or two of his hackneyed speeches. His soliloquy, especially, finds favor with literary jesters as a theme to work upon. 'Toothache,' a meditation on an abscessed tooth, by an unknown mimic, is

a fair specimen, and its opening lines may be here offered—with apologies—to the reader.

“To have it out or not. That is the question—  
Whether 'tis better for the jaws to suffer  
The pangs and torments of an aching tooth,  
Or to take steel against a host of troubles,  
And, by extracting, end them? To pull—to tug!—  
No more: and by a tug to say we end  
The toothache and a thousand natural ills  
The jaw is heir to. 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished! To pull—to tug!—  
To tug—perchance to break! Ay there's the rub,” etc.

‘The Bachelor’s Soliloquy—“To wed or not to wed, etc.,” likewise anonymously written, is a similarly clever burlesque, as is also “The Whist Player’s Soliloquy,” by Carolyn Wells, in which the question is whether to trump or not to trump.

A few words about the essentials of good parody before concluding. The work parodied should be well-known and likely to remain so. If the model is lost to sight half the humor of the parody, that of contrast, is also lost, and the parodic work must then stand by its own strength, which it can rarely do. Parody, though, should not deliberately debase or vulgarize a famous literary production. It should be an addition to literature, not a subtraction from it. It should increase our insight and should not lessen our literary enjoyment. Good-natured humor should heal the sting of its satire. Parody should neither discourage adolescent, nor mortify adult, talent. Its province is to criticize and to amuse, but not to disfigure and to debase.

From what has been said regarding the requisites of the art, we should not expect to find great poets writing good parody. The stronger and more original their own writing, so much the less would be their powers of imitating the work of another man and of saturating it with that other’s personality. The great poet would not be able to divest himself of himself. But, in view of the qualifications necessary to parodic creation, we should certainly expect to find young American aspirants to literary fame, with their natural wit, tact, ambition, and quick intellect, electing to labor in this department of letters and striving after the ungathered laurels of an American Catherine Fanshawe.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.

## The Exile's Farewell.

O Erin, dear Erin, farewell evermore—  
The cry of an exile when leaving thy shore.  
My heart I bequeath thee in token of love  
With the blessing of Him who reigneth above.

Without His consent not a sparrow doth fall,  
The God of our nation, who rules over all.  
Then why should I worry, or why should I moan,  
As if He had left cherished Ireland alone?

Ah no, my dear Erin, before thy heart faints,  
Remember thou still art the Island of Saints  
And of Doctors, farfamèd in learning and lore,  
The light of whose wisdom shone brightly of yore.

Though critics may chide thee and strangers deride,  
At home and abroad thou hast friends on thy side.  
The traitor and foe thou couldst always defy  
When the Red Hand of Ulster was lifted on high.

Then the shrilly clan-cry that was heard on the hill  
Was a herald to warriors, their rough ranks to fill;  
And, with pikes and with claymore advancing in throngs,  
Their rights they enforced and amended their wrongs.

But wherefore forsake thee, all sad and forlorn,  
As if thy dark night, dear, must ne'er see the morn?  
No, rather than leave thee in sorrow and tears,  
To thee I'll return in a few passing years.

Whenever the thought of thy clear, sparkling streams  
Shall pass o'er my spirit in sweet, soothing dreams,  
I'll sigh for my country, her valleys and mountains,  
Her placid, pure lakes, and her forests and fountains.

But, as the brave Spartan, at trumpet's loud call,  
Bade boldly adieu to his friends and his all;  
With hope fixed above, but heavy at heart,  
I'll say, Farewell Erin, for now we must part !

P. O'B.



## "Peace Hath Her Victories."

In our times, the question, war *versus* arbitration, has been much debated. It is hoped that, from the historical viewpoint, the following facts will elucidate the view, that nations, in order to settle their disputes, should resort to arbitration instead of war.

Already, among the ancient Greeks, international arbitration existed; *e. g.*, five Spartans in the time of Solon represented the Spartan State, which was called upon to settle a dispute between Athens and Megara, over the possession of the Island of Salamis. In the year 416 B. C., Argive judges acted as arbitrators on a question of disputed ownership between the Cimolians and the Melians.

Leaping a chasm of more than a millenium, let us cite more recent events. As far back as 1770, Benjamin Franklin said, "We make daily great improvements in Natural Philosophy; but there is one I wish to see in Moral Philosophy, the discovery of a plan that would induce *and oblige* nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats." These words show us that, although many men like Franklin do their best to defend their country, yet they wish that there were no such thing as war.

The decision of the high tribunal in the Bering Sea controversy, while upholding the resistance of Great Britain to certain claims of exclusive right in the Bering Sea, has framed such regulations as practically put an end to pelagic slaughter and its destructive results.

After these great object-lessons in international arbitration, it is idle to talk of insurmountable obstacles in the way of promoting peace. If the United States could condone the depredations of the *Alabama*, and Great Britain could pay for them as she did, arbitration must be easy. But it was never so easy as it is to-day. Against war the whole civilization of the age has ranged itself. Its intelligence and learning, its science and its art, its greater tenderness for human life, its love of the beautiful, its commercial interests, all these are coöperating in harmonious endeavor to drive war from the face of the earth. The world knows too much to put its faith in war.

Public men have come forward and joined hands to condemn

war. The Parliamentary League, so called, is gaining constant acquisitions to its membership. Only a few years ago, in 1887, forty members of the French and English parliaments came together in Paris as "friends of peace." The outlook was not encouraging. All Europe was, as it now is, armed to the teeth, and war seemed imminent. In October, 1891, the congress was held at Rome, and in those four years, the forty had reached fourteen hundred, all of them occupying a more or less conspicuous position in public life.

There is no more formidable obstacle to causeless international conflict than the newspaper, provided the soldier can read it,—which, in our country at least, he generally can do. True, the newspaper sometimes indulges, for temporary purposes, in wordy effervescence, and seeks to stimulate the fighting spirit for no wholesome end; but, on the whole, the influence of the press is an influence for peace.

A free press is the foe of war, not only when it raises its voice directly against violence between nations, but also when it faithfully portrays the horrors that were never realized until men were brought face to face with them.

When Napoleon sent off his couriers to announce to his people that he had carried a new victory to the nation's credit, that he had captured thousands of prisoners and hundreds of flags, dating his bulletins from Vienna, Berlin, Madrid or Moscow, the people shouted for joy, canons roared, *Te Deums* went up from Notre Dame, and little thought was given to the heartache of the mother who waited so anxiously, through long weeks and months, to know whether the brave boy that she loved had given his life, with so many others, for another feast of glory. To achieve these things, men must die. "I have grown up on the field of battle," said Napoleon to Metternich. "A man like me cares little for the lives of a million men."

War, logically speaking, is an anachronism. It belongs to other ages than those in which we live. Its brutality, cruelty, and injustice jar against the humanizing tendencies of the twentieth century. We are growing accustomed to look elsewhere than to the hazards of the battlefield for the solution of international problems, and have learned that there are better

and cheaper methods of settling controversies than those which depend upon heavy artillery and needle-guns.

"War is hell," said General Sherman, and this monosyllabic description can scarcely be improved in brevity and truth. He had seen it at its worst, and had emerged from it one of the idols of his people; but he knew, because he had seen, that the horrors that we imagine as the accompaniments of perdition may alone give an adequate idea of the horrors of real war.

We may conclude in the words of Mr. Foster: "In the present stage of the world's progress most wars may be avoided; and, if the powerful nations will unite in compulsory arbitration, all aggressive wars may be prevented."

E. J. NEMMER, '16.



## The Mother of the New World.

Spain! land of deadly romance, country of moonlight serenades, center of intrigue, royal scandals and petty quarrels! Ay, Spain is all this, and more, to the romantic young American. Although but a mere shadow of her former self, Spain is yet a land of ideals to the youth of our land. Ah, could these happy boys and girls have but lived in the long ago, when Spain was not only a nation of might and power to castle-building, dreaming youth, but in reality, the queen of the world, the beacon which cast its light of learning and greatness upon her humbler sister-countries!

Long, long ago, about the eighth century, the country was invaded by the Moors, who remained masters of the entire southern portion till the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. This worthy pair, who ascended the throne in 1479, soon drove the Moors back into Africa. It was just about this time, and under the aegis of Spain, that Columbus unknowingly discovered a new continent; and soon Spanish missionaries and explorers, such as Cortez, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Coronado and De Soto, were spreading over the new world, facing untold perils and hardships in civilizing the simple natives and bringing them under the protection of the Catholic Church.

And to what purpose?

To-day, the once proud and mighty Spain does not possess a square foot of surface on the continent of North America. Just to think of it! Spain, who, in the wonderful reign of Charles V. and his son, Philip, had not an equal among the nations of the world, cannot now boast of a particle of land in this wonderful new world which she brought to light and started on the path to civilization.

Still, all will be clear, if one takes time to consider the fact that from 1700 until the latter part of the nineteenth century. Spain was one vast bubble of wars and revolutions, and that, after being pushed and pricked and tossed about, the bubble burst; and Spain sank and sank, until to-day one can scarcely connect her with that enlightened and progressive nation of four hundred years ago. If one will but think of the way war drains upon the prosperity and staying power of a nation, he will then see the reason for Spain's sad downfall.

But, although it was through her own indiscretion and folly that Spain fell from her proud place as the most powerful of nations to a place among the lowest, no true American should taunt her with the fact; for, had not Spain accomplished what she did for America, the United States would probably never have existed, and this land of ours might still be a vast, unexplored wilderness, peopled by none but wild beasts and equally fierce, blood-thirsty savages.

JAMES S. MURRAY,

First High.





## A Fortunate Collision.

It was in the year 1932 that Jack North and I started on an *aéroplane* trip to San Francisco.

I had never been to that city since I was a small chap, back in 1915, during the celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal. I can remember how far away it seemed from Pittsburg, and how long it took (over four days) to reach it. I often look back with a smile to the time when, seated in one of the parlor cars, then considered so luxurious, I used to look at the passing fields and cities, and marvel at the wonderful speed of sixty miles an hour!

But to return to earth—or should I say air?

Our *aéroplane*, the “Swallow,” was the latest model, and the pride of our lives. It was driven by an electric motor generating over three hundred horse-power, which received current from two powerful storage batteries slung below the deck. Being built for pleasure purposes, it did not make extraordinary time, but it was easily able to go 270 miles per hour, though we seldom went more than two hundred; as Jack remarked: “There is no use going too fast while we are on a sight-seeing trip.”

The cabin was completely enclosed by plate-glass windows and doors and contained, excluding the motor, two bunks, an electric stove, a writing table, many scientific instruments, and in fact everything needed for the comfort and safety of the passengers.

Well, we left the hangar of the Pittsburg Aero Club on Wednesday, July 23rd, after having promised to bring home some freshly pickled oranges for the club's table.

Within an hour we were above the city of Cleveland. We did not stop, but Jack called up a friend on his wireless telephone, and made a business appointment for the next week, on his return.

He smiled at me condescendingly, but I grinned and said, “Never you mind, old scout, I'll use that 'phone when we get to Denver.”

A little later we passed over Detroit, once the “City of

Automobiles," but now the "Flying City." We landed in Chicago at five-thirty o'clock—"just in time for the 'eats,'" as Jack put it. After landing we steered for the nearest restaurant with the intention of cleaning up the condensed meat stockyards!

When we had been seated a menu appeared through a slot in the table. After we had decided what we wanted, I telephoned the order to the kitchen below. Instantly, the first course appeared through a trap-door in the table.

We had reached the dessert when Jack exploded with, "Say, Tom, do you know this stuff is getting on my nerves. I can stand condensed meat, condensed milk, soup tablets, and even condensed sugar and butter, but when it comes to condensed pie and pudding, I quit!"

"You're right, Jack. Do you remember the good old days when we could have real milk and butter and everything else, not forgetting an accommodating waitress, instead of these trap-doors?"

Jack laughed, and answered, "About the only good feature of these trap-doors is that you don't have to tip them. But that is made up for in the bill. Here it is now!"

A tray suddenly appeared, through the trap, with the bill upon it. Jack placed the amount on the tray, and as it disappeared a voice said, "Thank you!"

"That's the only human voice, outside of yours, that I've heard in here," I commented.

An hour later we were in the air once more, headed for St. Louis. Soon after we left the ground a fog enveloped us. It rapidly became dark, so "Captain" Jack groped for the electric light switch.

Suddenly there was a loud crash and a sound of falling glass.

"Great Ceasar's ghost!" cried my profane companion.

"'S'matter?" I queried.

"Ill be a water-logged sea-cook!" was the luminous answer.

"What's happened, you boob?" I called impatiently.

"I've knocked that confounded wrench onto the compass and sent it to compass heaven."

"Holy smoke, but we're in a nice fix now," I groaned.

"Turn on the lights anyhow, and we'll examine it."

When the cabin was flooded with light his assertion was verified. Our only compass was a wreck, and on the floor lay the "wrecker."

We were now without any means of finding our position, but it was about time for us to be near the Mississippi River.

"We could land now if I wasn't afraid that we'd get a muddy bath. Well, we don't have to stop at St. Louis anyway. It is too bad we haven't an extra compass, but it won't hurt to keep on going until this fog clears up. Then we can see where we are," said Jack. "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way!"

We continued to advance for about three hours more. The oppressive silence was unbroken, except at intervals, as Jack gave out the barometer readings; and I was lulled into a half-doze by the steady purr of the motor that was driving us forward with lightning-like velocity.

I had not dozed long when a terrific jolt sent us both to the floor—and—then we began to sink.

"Beat it, quick!" Jack yelled. "Grab the cylinders!"

We rushed out onto the deck and grasped the aerial life-preservers. These were steel cylinders filled with elaphrogen, a recently discovered gas, one hundred and thirty times lighter than hydrogen.

The "Swallow" fell away beneath our feet and landed with a crash below. As we slowly followed it, through the fog we could dimly see a tall white shaft.

Despite our danger, Jack called out, "I'll bet its a cemetery! I thought the time was past when aviators usually landed there!"

We landed, too, but in an even less dignified manner. As luck would have it, the only thorny hedge in the place happened to be under us.

With scratched faces, torn clothes, and shattered tempers we climbed out. Not far off lay the "Swallow," with one wing gone.

We examined it hastily, and then started in search of a hotel. As we were leaving, I looked about to find the shaft we had seen. It was on a small hill in the centre of the grass

plot where the "Swallow" lay. Its height made it look familiar, and I exclaimed, "If it wasn't that Washington, D. C., is over a thousand miles away from here, I would bet a nickel to a sick sausage that *it's* the Washington Monument!"

"Say, Tom, I believe you're right!"

"Well, where the Washington Monument is, Washington city is. Come on, let's hunt a hotel."

"Maybe we can stay at the White House," grinned Jack.

"I don't care where, just so I can find a bed," I answered.

We found a hotel, and also discovered that we really were in the "Capitol City." When we told the clerk that we had tried to knock over the Monument, he laughed and said, "Never mind, you will be all right in the morning. What were you taking—highballs or straight?"

Jack retorted, "We don't ask you to believe us. Just give us a good room."

The next morning we hurried back to the scene of the wreck, and to our surprise we found everything as we had left it.

"Maybe it's because the Senators have gone home," I remarked.

"Or perhaps the policemen have reformed here," grinned Jack.

We found that the *aéroplane* could soon be repaired, and, two days later, we were in the air headed for Pittsburgh. "I don't yet understand how it was that we landed in Washington when we started for San Francisco," Jack observed, when we were well on our way.

"Maybe it was this way," I answered. "I was steering when you broke the compass, and likely during the excitement I let the wheel slip until we were pointing east."

"You may be right—but anyhow that was a fortunate collision, because I would hate to land in the Atlantic ocean even worse than in the Mississippi River!"

FRANK P. ANTON,  
Third Scientific.





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## DUQUESNE MONTHLY.

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## EDITORIAL.

### *Thanksgiving.*

Lest we forget! Every year, the President of our country issues a proclamation declaring a day of general thanksgiving. In making this day an *annual* legal holiday, we differ from the other nations of the world; yet, ages before the advent of our Pilgrim sires, the idea of returning public thanks was oft expressed in the old world.

Gratitude to God is a feeling that wells up spontaneously in the heart of every believer. The sacrifice of Noe, the thank-

offerings of the Jews, are some of the instances of it that Scripture affords. "I'm well, thank God," is quite a common reply to an inquiry after a person's health. And all this is as it should be. Considered from a social view-point, gratitude to our fellow-men is part and parcel of human society. Every man owes a debt to humanity in return for the coöperation afforded him by the other members of the human family. Following his natural bent, he must make manifest his interior feelings of gratefulness. Every civilized language contains expressions of thanks, whose very form testifies to their antiquity and the constant use made of them. Now, if man shows his appreciation of assistance tendered by a fellow-man, how much more urgent is the public acknowledgment of the bounty of God, the source of all that he possesses! Life itself should be one long Thanksgiving.

A vast proportion of our suffering is the result of our insatiable greed for what this world affords of comfort and luxury. Were we to contrast our lot with that of our less fortunate brothers, instead of envying those blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, there would be more peace and contentment, more evident cause for thanksgiving.

In the final analysis, we have much to be thankful for!

No war has devastated the land, no famine has left desolation in our domain; but the country we love is at the height of advancement and prosperity, which we all share in varying proportion.

For these blessings we are thankful.

L. P. G.



### ***Criticism.***

We are always liable to some correction. Whether we drudge along with the care-free crowd, or carry the heavy burden of solicitude and responsibility, there is room for improvement; and its need will infallibly become the subject of caustic remark.

Not infrequently, too, are the least apparent defects noted by an unsuspected observer, who penetrates them with the keenest scrutiny. Likewise, cynic delvers into others' lives are always bringing the actions of the latter before the public pillory, where

they must stand the ribald jeers of those who never attempt anything, but indulge in a good deal of "talk."

It is this very element, in every walk of life, that has created the world's greatest men.

They braved the taunts of the mob; the boldness of one attempt stimulated originality in another effort, and added zest to fresh and renewed endeavor.

The scathing remark and bitter innuendo are a species of proof-readers in the work of any man who knows that he must experience rebuff, would he look to improve. They serve him well; the man who stands their fire never retreats until he is defeated, and even then he is not finally vanquished.

L. P. G.



### ***Some Views on the Election.***

The old adage, "The pen is mightier than the sword" seems to have won again at our last Presidential election; Woodrow Wilson, the scholar, defeating Theodore Roosevelt, the soldier.

Our newly-elected President will go into office with the greatest number of electoral votes that were ever cast for a President, while on the other hand he received a minority of the popular vote. Mr. Wilson was particularly fortunate in having as opponents two factions of the Republican party pitted against one another, as he did not receive nearly as many votes as did Mr. Bryan after any of his three nominations.

The chief issue of the campaign was the high tariff, and the people have decided by a large majority that there should be a downward readjustment of it. Does this mean that because Governor Wilson has been elected by the Democratic party that another panic is imminent? Far from it.

The business situation at present is a matter of universal congratulation. Mr. Wilson would be a most eccentric person indeed, if he did not feel keenly the desirability of continuing present business conditions, and even further improving them if possible. It would be a great disaster to his administration if it

became involved at the very outset with commercial and industrial depression, especially if that depression could be charged to any act or threat of the new administration itself.

In determining to call an extra session of Congress to deal with the tariff, President-elect Wilson has carefully considered the question of an extra session's commercial and industrial effect. He assures us that under his administration tariff will be for revenue only. But when we consider that our Government needs something like \$300,000,000 a year to run its various branches, we find that "tariff for revenue only" is still a tolerably high tariff, and therefore there is absolutely no ground for fear that another panic is due. On the contrary four years of commercial and industrial prosperity are before us.

J. J. O'C.



## Thanksgiving Lay.

Hark ! the joy-bells' notes are swelling  
From the chapel's lofty tower :  
List the message that they're telling  
In this frosty morning hour.

"Thanks to God for harvest golden,  
Thanks for plenty and for peace;  
Blessings new and blessings olden  
He has lavished without cease."

Feast we then, our songs rejoicing  
Blend in one exultant lay,  
To the Great Provider voicing  
Glory, this Thanksgiving Day !

LUKE O'BYRNE.



## ATHLETICS.

As the football season of 1912 is fast drawing to a close, with both of the University teams showing their true form, the strength of the teams can be readily estimated.

Judging from their records we can safely say that both the Freshmen and the Minims have amply fulfilled all predictions made concerning them at the beginning of the season, and that both aggregations may justly boast of a very successful season.

### The Freshman Team.

Dr. Budd's assistance to the Freshmen as coach has been invaluable, and much credit must be given to him for the fine showing made by the team; although its success is also due in a large measure to the great earnestness of the players themselves, who were always willing to receive instructions, and equally zealous to put them into action; and the manager, Father Roehrig, has done much to maintain their spirit and enthusiasm. Since last edition, the Freshmen have played five games, all of them, except one, resulting in victories. Without a doubt the team has shown remarkable strength and improvement, over the form displayed at the beginning of the season; and with only three more games on its schedule, it is expected that the eleven will go through the remainder of the season without a defeat.

**Fifth Ave. High School 0      Freshmen 35**

On Wednesday, October 30, the Freshmen tackled the fast eleven from Fifth Avenue H. S., and succeeded in walloping them by the very decisive score 35-0. The result, however, does not belittle the work of the visitors, but on the contrary should be taken as an indication of the aggressive playing of Duquesne. Before the game had fairly started High School was pushed behind their line for a safety, and a few minutes later, on a delayed pass, the ball was carried over the line for the first touchdown. Towards the end of the half the locals scored again on a beautiful forward pass which was caught by Cleary behind the goal-line.

Cartwright, Burns and Drew, were the best ground-gainers for Duquesne. The line-up:

FRESHMEN		HIGH SCHOOL
Cleary—R. Sorce.....	Left End.....	Claire
Carlin.....	Left Tackle.....	Atkinson
Zitzman—Callahan.....	Left Guard.....	Friedman
Kenny.....	Center.....	Hunter
R. Drew—Ubinger.....	Right Guard.....	Campbell
O'Keefe.....	Right Tackle.....	Price
Snyder.....	Right End.....	Orbin
Burns.....	Quarterback.....	Beatty
Cartwright.....	Left Half.....	Smith—Grove
T. Drew—A. Sorce.....	Right Half.....	McCabe
Heinrich.....	Fullback.....	Mason

Touchdowns—Heinrich 3, Burns, Cleary. Goals—Cartwright 2, Heinrich. Safety. Referee—Manley. Umpire—Sorrel. Head linesman—Healy. Timekeeper—F. Cleary. Time 10-minute quarters.

#### Mt. Washington Lyceum 10 Freshmen 9

The campus was the scene of a very spirited struggle on November 2, when the Freshmen tried conclusions with the heavy Mt. Washington Lyceum, and were defeated by them by the close score of 10-9. The game, although interrupted several times by disputes, was nevertheless very interesting throughout. At the very first kick-off the Freshies threw the Lyceum back for a safety, and followed it a little later by a trick forward pass, on which Snyder scored. This ended the scoring in the first half.

When play was resumed in the third quarter Lyceum received the ball and started down the field on a series of line bucks. The suddenness of their attack bewildered the Freshmen, so that the visitors had a comparatively easy time pushing it over the line for their first score. Later, a neat field goal by Mackey placed them in the lead, 10-9. Snyder played a grand defensive game, while Drew, Burns and Kane, advanced the ball very consistently. The line-up:

FRESHMEN	MT. WASHINGTON	
Snyder.....	L. E.....	Danburn
Carlin.....	L. T.....	O'Brien
McDonnell.....	L. G.....	McTighe

Kenny.....	Center.....	Wudgasson
Callahan.....	R. G.....	Burns
O'Keefe.....	R. T.....	K. Beethold
Cleary.....	R. E.....	Wilson
Burns.....	Q. B.....	Mackey
Sorce-Kane.....	L. H.....	Bloom
Drew.....	R. H.....	Fedigan
Heinrich.....	F. R.....	Jeremys

Touchdowns—Snyder, Fedigan. Goals—Heinrich, Mackey. Field goal—Mackey. Referee—Manley. Umpire—Foley. Linesman—Isherwood. Timekeeper—Cleary. Time—10-minute quarters.

### Tarentum Scholastics 7      Freshmen 14

In their next contest, on November 9, the Freshmen downed the heavy Tarentum Scholastics, 14-7, but only after sixty minutes of the hardest kind of struggling. Duquesne started off like winners, Burns intercepting a forward pass and going over for a touchdown. In the second quarter another goal was registered by Callahan when he caught a short forward pass behind the line.

The Scholastics came back strong in the second half, and by a wonderful spurt, took the ball down the field on line plunges and pushed it over for a touchdown. This ended the scoring. Callahan's individual playing featured the game. McDonnell, Carlin and O'Keefe, all played a great defense game, and more than once repulsed the terrific onslaughts of the opposing back field men. The line up:

FRESHMEN		TARENTUM
Snyder-Kane.....	L. E.....	Cunningham
Carlin.....	L. T.....	Goldinger
McDonnell.....	L. G.....	Yenney
Zitzman-Kenny.....	Center.....	Bonner
R. Drew-Zitzman.....	R. G.....	McCullough
O'Keefe.....	R. T.....	S. Smith
Cleary.....	R. E.....	Glink
Callahan.....	Q.....	G. Smith
Cartwright.....	L. H.....	E. Smith-Koontz
T. Drew.....	R. H.....	Hay
Burns.....	F. B.....	Flannigan

Touchdowns—Burns, Callahan and Hay. Goals—T. Drew 2, Hay. Referee—Manley. Umpire—Healy. Timekeeper—Isherwood. Time—10-minute quarters.

### Iron City College 0      Freshmen 49

The Iron City College aggregation was the next to make its appearance on the University campus, November 13th. The Collegians were no match at all for the Freshmen, and when the smoke of the battle had cleared away, the locals had rolled up a total of 49 points.

The visitors were rather light, yet they played a very plucky and consistent game. The Freshmen gained continually by the use of the forward pass and line plunges, battering down their opponents' defense at will. Final score, 49-0.

### Amity Club 0      Freshmen 42

In a very interesting, yet comparatively easy contest, the Freshmen downed the fast Amity Club of the East End on November 16. The game was featured throughout by the great team work of Duquesne. Despite the large score, Amity played a very consistent game; yet it was of no avail, as the Freshmen showed better form in this game than at any other time this season. Thanks to the excellent drilling of Coach Budd, the locals executed some very clever forward passes, which Cleary and Snyder were always on hand to receive. The heavy line plunging of Duquesne also figured materially in the victory, Burns, Kane and Drew, starring in this respect. On the line, Kenny, Zitzman and Mosti, by their good work held in check all attempts to advance the ball through their territory. The line-up:

FRESHMEN	AMITY CLUB
Cleary.....L. E.....	McDonald
O'Keefe.....L. T.....	McGraw
Mosti.....L. G.....	McDonnell
Zitzman.....Center.....	McCarter
McDonnell.....R. G.....	Maher
Carlin.....R. T.....	Teemer
Snyder.....R. E.....	McNamara
Burns.....Q. B.....	Dunbar
Cartwright.....L. H.....	Ward
T. Drew.....R. H.....	Blythe
Heinrich.....F. B.....	Loughney

Touchdowns—Snyder 2, Heinrich, Cartwright, Drew, Burns. Goals—Cartwright 2, Drew, Snyder. Safety—Carlin. Referee—Manley, of Kansas City. Umpire—Healy. Linesman—Sorce. Timekeeper—Butler. Time—15-minute quarters.

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.



### The Minims.

The Minims continue to keep up their fast pace. As yet they have not lost a game, although the majority of their opponents have been much heavier. This great handicap has been overcome by a most successful use of the forward pass, end runs and various trick plays worked out with surprising rapidity and precision. Time and again, when line rushes were hopeless, touchdowns have been scored by this open style of play. Their great success with the forward is due to the superb passing of Gurley and McGillick, and the speed of the ends, Obruba and Mulvihill.

For the past year the Minims have held the Junior championship of the city, both in football and baseball. This year they have the best claim of any team in the city to the football championship; and from the material on hand the prospects look bright for a winning baseball team in the spring.

The spirit of the boys is admirable. Faithful practice under the eyes of their manager, Father Baumgartner, and of one or other of their coaches, has wonderfully developed their individual gifts, and taught them to work in as perfect harmony as the parts of an intricate machine. It is no matter of surprise, therefore, that their games are so well attended.

The following are the two most important games played the past month by the team:

#### Library Reserves 13      Minims 23

For the first time in the season the Minims saw their goal line crossed in the game with the Library Reserves of Hazelwood. In the first half, aided by fumbles on the part of Drengacz and Obruba, the Reserves made two touchdowns, working the crisscross and rushing the line; Hanson and Clydesdale carried the ball over and McNeil kicked goal. Score 13-0.

In the second half the Minims came back strong. Out-classed in point of weight and age, they more than compensated by their speed, skill and perfect team work. Long passes by Gurley to Mulvihill and Obruba netted three touchdowns after exciting foot races to the goal line by both pursuers and pursued. Gurley kicked two goals from touchdowns and one field goal.

McGraw showed great generalship in the choice of plays, and McGillick distinguished himself by line plunges. Connely, besides breaking frequently through the line and getting the runner, effectively foiled an attempted place kick. At the end of the game the score stood 23 to 13 in favor of the Minims. This is how the forces were drawn up:

MINIMS	LIBRARY RESERVES
Obruba.....	L. E.....Phillips
Miller.....	L. T.....Rodgers
Nee.....	L. G.....Murhanasan
Connely.....	Center.....J. Murhanasan
Drengacz.....	R. G.....Connely
McSorley.....	R. T.....Hanson
Mulvihill.....	R. E.....Miller
McGraw.....	Q. B.....Jenkins
McGillick.....	L. H.....Clydesdale
Gurley.....	R. H.....Lovey
Snyder.....	F. B.....McNeil

Touchdowns—Obruba 2, Mulvihill, Hanson, Clydesdale. Goals—Gurley 2, McNeil. Field Goal—Gurley. Referee—Bowen. Umpire—Burton. Linesmen—McAfee and Folan. Timekeeper—Cleary. Time—20-minute halves.

### Geneva Eagles 0      Minims 6

On Saturday, November 9th, the Geneva Eagles put up a brilliant game against the Minims. The forward pass was the cause of their downfall. Gurley scoring the only touchdown after receiving a long pass. The line-up follows:

MINIMS	GENEVA EAGLES
Murray.....	L. E.....Kramer
Miller.....	L. T.....Johnston
Burns.....	L. G.....Kear
Connely.....	Center.....Nickels
Drengacz.....	R. G.....Voith
McSorley.....	R. T.....Hohman
Mulvihill.....	R. E.....Byrnes
McGraw.....	Q. B.....Ewart
McGillick.....	L. H.....Price
Gurley.....	R. H.....Vandergrift
Kelly.....	F. B.....Grief

Touchdown—Gurley. Referee—Bowen. Umpire—McGuigan. Linesmen—Weaver, Walsh. Timekeeper—Murphy.

Space unfortunately permits us to give only a tabloid version of the other victories achieved by the prowess of the Minims.

October 19, Winebiddle Indians 0—Minims 12

October 22, St. Mary's H. S. 0—Minims 32

October 26, Margaretas 0—Minims 80

November 2, E. E. Liggets 6—Minims 50

November 12, Superior Juniors 3—Minims 18

November 14, Stevenson Tigers 0—Minims 39

November 16, Forbes Indians 0—Minims 41

A. J. GAYNOR, '17.



## CHRONICLE.

All Hallows' Eve was duly solemnized by the boarders. A delightful supper was served; and the dishes **Hallow'en** having been removed, a pleasant half hour was spent in cracking nuts and telling stories. After supper the older boys were given permission to go into the city to observe the doings of the "Mummers." Indeed, the evening was spent in much the same manner as at home and the only thing missing was the faces of parents and relatives.

On the first two days of the month All Saints' and All Souls' days were celebrated. On each day a Solemn **Feast Days** High Mass was sung, the ceremony on All Souls' Day being particularly impressive.

The various classes held their elections recently and the following were elected as presidents of the various

### **Class Officers** classes:

Senior, Albert F. Yunker

Junior, Edward A. Heinrich

Sophomore, Vincent S. Burke

Freshman, Francis M. Hoffmann

4th High, Herbert C. Mansmann

3rd High Div. A, Leo F. Brennan

3rd High Div. B, Raymond Baum

2nd High, Michael F. Obruba

1st High Div. A, James S. Murray

1st High Div. B, Emmett H. Ricards

2nd Preparatory, Eugene C. Mosti

1st Preparatory, Pressly D. Tracy

3rd Scientific, Thomas W. Kenney

2nd Scientific, Cornelius J. O'Rourke

1st Scientific, John J. Satow

Advanced Commercial, John J. Lyden

2nd Commercial, Daniel V. Boyle

1st Commercial, Thomas P. Connelly

Preparatory Commercial, Fred Stebler

The announcement that Father Goebel, our genial Treasurer, was to be sent to Sharpsburg to take Father Spannagel's place was received with great regret by the students and Faculty.

After his ordination and consecration to the apostolate in 1899, he served one year as secretary and treasurer in St. Joseph's House, Philadelphia, gaining experience by meeting all classes of people, and contributing by his pains-taking efforts and intelligent line of action to the financial standing of the establishment. In 1900, he became a member of our Faculty, and interested himself, not only in his classes, but in everything connected with the well-being of the students, in whose games he showed himself a manager of exceptional ability, and to whose athletic fund he added considerable increments through the annual euchre and dance, which has become a most popular feature of the winter entertainments. In addition to his other duties, he acted as assistant treasurer.

Since the departure of Father Griffin to Philadelphia, five years ago, Father Goebel has been treasurer at the University. The hearty good will of both students and Faculty follow Father Goebel into his new field of labor.

The first term examinations were held during the week of November 4, and on Tuesday, November 12, the results were proclaimed, and honor cards were distributed. One hundred and twenty-seven of these cards were awarded. Those attaining first place in their classes were: (College Department) Senior, A. F. Yunker; Junior, F. J. Mueller; Sophomore, W. C. Heimbucher; Freshman, J. D. Hannon: (School of Commerce) Advanced English, A. C. Leinweber; Third English, L. D. Yunker; Second English, L. D. Wetzel; First English, J. A. Brinker: (Scientific Department) Third Scientific, J. E. Mauch; Second Scientific, M. H. Wagner; First Scientific, E. J. McGrael: (High School Department) Fourth High, P. Buchmann; Third High, W. J. Fritz; Second High, J. M. McCarthy; First High, L. F. Cook: (Preparatory Department) Second Class, J. A. Funk; First Class, N. J. Weaver.

During the reading of the notes, the following excellent programme was rendered:



Medley	Rag	Orchestra
Recitation	Death of Benedict Arnold	Richard J. Bowen
Waltz Song	Killarney, My Home O'er the Sea	Orchestra
Chorus	I Want to Be in Dixie	Seniors and Juniors
March	The Honey Man	Orchestra

On Sunday evening, November 17th, the Sophomore Class held a concert and debate. The large audience present was well pleased with the selections rendered. The programme was as follows:

March	Inspection Day	Hersom	Orchestra
Recitation	The Baron's Last Banquet	Joseph D. Hensler	
Piano Solo	Selection from Faust	Leo A. McCrory	
Recitation	Casey at the Bat	Francis M. Gregory	
Waltz	El Torero	Hildreth	Orchestra
Recitation	The Mustard Plaster	Edward J. Nemmer	
Chorus	The Spanish Cavalier	Sophomore and Freshman Classes	
Instrumental Trios	(a) Schwedisches Volkslied, No. 2	Stevenson	
	(b) Magdelones Dansescene	Nielsen	

Rev. J. A. Dewe, Prof. C. B. Weis, Francis S. Clifford.

Debate:—Resolved, That Voting Should Be Compulsory  
Chairman, W. C. Heimbuecher  
Affirmative, L. A. McCrory and V. S. Burke  
Negative, V. S. Stancelewski and J. N. Diegelmann

The debaters proved that they had studied their subject thoroughly by the number and strength of the arguments advanced on both sides.

The decision, rendered by the members of the debating society, went to the negative speakers.

On Monday evening, November 18, in the University Auditorium, a highly entertaining and instructive lecture, illustrated with a large number of stereopticon views, was given by Mr. Henry Hornbostel, Ph. B., of the firm of Palmer & Hornbostel, Architects, and Dean of the School of Applied Design in the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The subject was "A Journey Through Yucatan." The lecturer described his experiences in that little known country as "a lark of three and a half weeks' duration," and led up to it with some excellent views of Mexico and her old-world churches, *plazas* and people. He exhibited many scores of views of the wondrous

cities, pyramids and temples, that testify to the very advanced civilization which existed in Yucatan as far back as the epoch of Egypt's and Assyria's greatness. He showed how that ancient people had developed, not only a style, but a method, of building all their own, just as rational and as beautiful as the lintel of the Greeks or the arch of the Romans—a sort of cantilever construction in stone. Over a dozen slides representing the very perfect sculpture and the highly developed hieroglyphic writing of those ancient Americans, were shown. Interesting reflections on the history, the ethnology, the economics, the religion, as well as the art, of that far-off age, interspersed the lecture. Mr. Hornbostel is a scholar as well as an artist, and his discourse was quite worthy of his reputation as one of America's foremost architects. We hope, with him, that Yucatan will be explored by our learned men before the wealthy have a chance to despoil it.

On Wednesday morning, November 20, the Annual Memorial Mass of Requiem for the repose of the souls of deceased alumni, teachers, and special benefactors of the University, was celebrated in the chapel at 10 o'clock, in presence of the Faculty, visiting priests, students and numerous relatives of the deceased.

Celebrant, Rev. John Martin, '92; Deacon, Rev. Joseph D. Hagan, '02; Sub-Deacon, Rev. Charles F. Febrenbach, '07; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. James R. Cox, '07; Sermon by Rev. John F. Enright, '99. The students sang the Mass with remarkable ensemble and devotion.

All the students, and this especially applies to the Boarders, are eagerly looking forward to the Thanksgiving vacation. There is no class held on Friday, November 29, so the boys have a very nice vacation. This short respite will give all the impetus to return to studies with greater zeal.

J. A. BUENS, '14.

## ALUMNI.

ON October 28 last, Rt. Rev. Alexandre Le Roy, superior general of the Holy Ghost Order, conferred the unction of the holy priesthood on Rev. Eugene N. McGuigan, '06, at Chevilly, near Paris. Father McGuigan's memory is still fresh at Duquesne, where his prowess in the gymnasium and on the diamond in student and prefect days are a household word. We hope ere long to see him expending his great energy in the battle for souls.

WALTER C. DULLARD died November 17, after a protracted illness. Walter will be remembered as one of the University's best athletes about 1902. The MONTHLY extends sincere sympathy to the members of his family. He was buried from St. Mary's Church, November 21. *R. I. P.*

THE campaign, whereby \$100,000 was raised for that most worthy object of charity, St. Regis Home for Working Girls, owes much of its success to two members of our Alumni. Rev. Father Lawrence O'Connell, '92, the Rector of Epiphany Parish and Director of the St. Regis Home, organized the campaign and ably conducted it. Mr. Eugene Reilly, of E. S. Reilly & Co., was chairman of the workers' committee, as well as the donor of \$1,000 to the fund.

OUR old friend, James Donovan, is still representing the Alpha Portland Cement Co., in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio. We are glad to hear Jim is still getting his fair share of the business.

WILLIAM J. McELLIGOTT, '01, is one of the responsible men of the Pittsburgh Meter Co., East Pittsburgh. William is also Secretary of the Allegheny County Federation of Catholic Societies, and President of the Holy Rosary Lyceum.

DR. RICH. MARONEY, Dentist, who formerly was located in Aliquippa, Pa., has moved his offices to Pittsburgh. He now has his place of business at Craig Street and Center Avenue. We hope his move will be beneficial to him in every way.

EDWARD A. BUTLER, '11, visited his *Alma Mater* recently. Ed tells us he is Private Secretary to Mr. John Lawler, Superintendent of Carnegie Steel Co., Homestead, Pa. Ed has not forgotten his old pastime, football, and holds a position on the Canevin team. John McGraw, another of our old students, plays with the same eleven.

J. M. McK.  
J. E. McN.

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## OBITUARY.

REV. J. M. DANGELZER, C. S. SP.

On Sunday, November 3, at St. Francis' Hospital, Pittsburgh, there passed away a former treasurer and professor of the University, a stalwart, big-hearted sexagenarian, whose life was devoted to the attainment of noble ideals, and crowded with deeds of beneficence.

Rev. John Michael Dangelzer was born in Alsace in 1851. He entered the Holy Ghost Order while young, and was ordained priest at Paris in 1874. After his profession, in 1875, he taught successively at the College of Langogne and at Blackrock College, Ireland. In July, 1884, he came to the United States, and for the last twenty-eight years he labored with zeal and success in various charges. The first year he spent teaching in this institution. In 1885, he became pastor of St. Joachim's Church, Detroit; from 1891 to 1895, he held in this University the important offices of treasurer and director of the brothers; during the next eight years he was rector of St. Joseph's Church, Bay City, Mich. Since 1903, he had been pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Millvale. After paying off the debt of the Church, he collected funds, and had plans drawn and approved, for a new structure to accommodate the rapidly growing congregation. However, in the designs of Providence, his earthly labors were ended, and he was called to his reward.

On Tuesday, November 5, in presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, the Office of the Dead was chanted. Requiem Mass followed, the officers being V. Rev. Eugene Phelan, C. S. Sp., Prov., Celebrant; Rev. L. M. Spannagel, C. S. Sp., Deacon; Rev. J. P. Iehlen, C. S. Sp., Sub-Deacon; and Rev. Francis Schabel, C. S. Sp., Master of Ceremonies. Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin pronounced the final absolution, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Theophile Meyer, C. S. Sp.

J. F. M.

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## DUQUESNICULA.

THE quarterly exams are over. We felicitate those who were successful. Good resolutions are now in order for the others. If you ask them why they failed they are unable to give the reasons. Probably the following genius-labeled answers will throw some light upon the matter :

PROF. OF GEOLOGY—What is a volcano?

STUDENT—A volcano is a mountain which spouts up like a fountain. Great things—geologic or poetastic—are expected from this chap.

PROF. OF PHYSICS—In what states is matter found?

STUDENT—In Ohio, Texas, Oklahoma and a few other states.

PROF. OF LATIN—Give an example of *Oratio Obliqua*.

STUDENT—Conversation over the telephone.

PROF. OF GEOGRAPHY—What is the chief export of the South?

STUDENT—Yellow fever. He might have answered "Ty Cobb."

THE unexpected *will* happen. Who ever thought that Ed Heinrich would be guilty of the following?

"Order, order," cried the Professor of Mathematics as he came into class.

"I'll have a beer," replied Ed.

And Ed comes from a dry town.

Needless to insist that the beverage was not forthcoming.

PROF. OF GREEK—Zitzman, translate.

ZITZMAN—I can't translate, I don't think.

PROF.—You may be sure you can't translate if you don't think.

Thinking too little is as bad as thinking too much. Read this:

PROF.—Give the dates for the life of Horace.

HEGERICH—He was born in 65 B. C. and died in 108 A. D. Probably Mike thought he was speaking of Mathusalem.

A MEMBER of the Senior Class reading the headline of a morning paper chanced to see "Employees of Union Station express their regrets." To which he replied, "I wonder if it would not be easier to mail them."

P. S.—Don't forget the Euchre's coming! January 22nd is the date.

H. A. C., '14.

## De Profundis.

Dark night spreads its pall o'er the city;  
No moon sheds her light from on high.  
The bustle and din have subsided;  
'Tis quiet, save Auster's sad sigh.

It sounds like a requiem plaintive  
For the spirits departed this life;  
And I think of one now in God's acre,  
Who fought well in this mortal strife.

From the hill-top a clear bell is pealing,  
It is calling the friars to pray:  
Their prayer, "*De profundis clamavi*,"  
'Fore the Throne some bright angel will lay.

L. P. G., '13.



## LAW NOTES.

The sincere thanks of the Faculty and of the members of the Law School Department are tendered to Mrs. R. T. McElroy, the widow of our late lamented Professor of Criminal Law, for the generous and timely gift of a large number of valuable books from the Library of her gifted husband.

The Law Library is receiving almost daily additions, and so complete and attractive is it proving to the students that, outside of class-hours, it is rare to find it devoid of a goodly number of earnest young men who love to come there even on Saturdays and Sundays for deep and earnest consultation.

The end of the first month of the present school term found the Law School well along in its work. All the classes were in good swing. On Monday evening, October 28, the Duquesne Law Club inaugurated its activities for the year on the following question: "Resolved, that an unrighteous Judge should be subject to the recall, which recall should be exercised by a majority of the popular vote." Mr. H. J. Gelm ably upheld the affirmative, and Mr. E. M. Murphy, the negative. Besides the speeches of the two debaters, remarks were made by Messrs. F. B. Cohan, B. J. McKenna, and P. J. Friday. Rev. P. A. McDermott, Censor of Debates, made some valuable criticisms and instructive observations on the work of the respective speakers. This organization has several very important ends in view, and every member is endeavoring to make this year's programme even more successful than the previous one. Most of the members of the Freshman Class, to whom a cordial welcome has been extended, were present on the occasion.

## EXCHANGES.

As a preface to our remarks in this column this month, we would wish to say that the order in which the magazines are mentioned here is not meant to be necessarily that of merit. Although it may often happen that the first paper mentioned is, in our opinion, the best we have received for the month, yet the order is dictated almost entirely by chance. We make this statement because of the feeling which, as we have become aware, exists in certain quarters, that the magazine that heads the list in this column is meant to be recommended as the best of the lot. Allow us to repeat that we have no such intention in view.

The first thing that attracts our attention in looking over the exchanges of this month is the contrast between the various covers. It is indeed true that there are many simple, artistic covers, but the fact remains that the majority of them lack simplicity, and in our humble opinion, simplicity is an essential to art. In this respect, the *Loretto Magazine*, the *Fleur de Lis*, the *Mount St. Joseph Collegian*, and the *Loretteine*, are in the front rank for merit.

Taken in its entirety, the *Fleur de Lis* is the best magazine we have seen this month. The article entitled "The Catholic Church and Labor" shows a keen insight into present conditions and a thorough knowledge of the relations existing between the Church and organized labor. The author shows his good sense by his reluctance to give unqualified approbation to Unionism. "A River in Harness" is good, but a little too freely interspersed with technical terminology to be interesting to the average reader. The best contribution, however, is the collection of stories grouped under the heading of "Vacation Sketches." There is a wealth of good description in them and incident is not lacking.

The best feature of the *Holy Cross Purple* is the column headed "Under The Rose." We wish to express our hope that this column will be maintained with the same standard of excellence throughout the year.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* continues to maintain its reputation for excellence. We should be surprised, not to say worse, if the editors should send out a poor number. The number at hand is indeed a tribute to the skill and industry of the editors of this weekly. "The Alamo" is a vivid and interesting description of the battle fought within the walls of that historical building. "A Drawn Battle" and "Berenson's Boy" are good, interesting stories. The short poems "Recompense" and "Reverie" uphold the record of this journal for excellent poetry, and this is the highest praise we could give them. F. J. M., '14.

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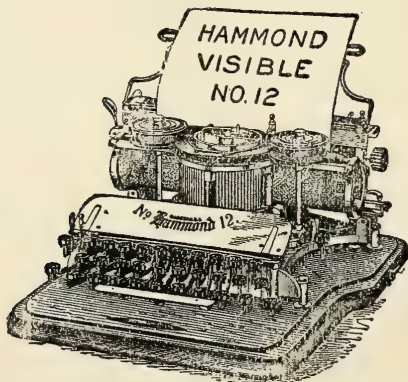
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# Duquesne Monthly

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No. 4.

## Carol.

Joy and happiness this morn !  
Christ the Lord to us is born !  
God, descending from His height,  
Cometh as an infant mite.

Not in majesty and power,  
Cradled in no royal tower.  
He, eternal King of ages,  
He, the wisest of all sages,

With the low, unlearned slave  
Comes to tarry, comes to save.  
Peace He bringeth to each nation,  
Love to men of every station.

Hark the countless angel choir  
Sing His anthem, swelling higher :  
Glory to the Holy One,  
Tender Father, Spirit, Son !

Leo P. Gallagher, '13.

## MISTS.

At this time of the year it is not an exceptional thing to wake up in the morning and find the earth shrouded in a cloak of mist.

How sad and silent it makes the world feel ! The fog is like an enclosure in which everything hangs ever so lightly, with no sound penetrating its feathery walls. The leafless branches of the trees seem to be held in the air by some unseen hand as they peep out from beneath a cloak of grey. The ill-defined gables of the houses, the veiled tops of the buildings and the blanketed steeples of the churches, throw over all that inexplicable mystery, which, ever and anon, material things are able to communicate to our spiritual faculties.

To my mind, a foggy morning recalls the cold grey notes of the "*Dies Irae*." How mysterious, how difficult to put into words is the feeling conveyed to the soul by that shrouded, unfathomable song of wrath and shrinking, wailing fear. That same grey feeling is contained in the message of the fog.

But gradually the dim golden ball, seen faintly in the heavens, grows brighter, and its beams more penetrating. Then the fog, fanned by a gentle breeze, slowly rises heavenward, leaving the earth bright and cheerful once more. Little beads of moisture on the grass and fallen leaves glisten and sparkle like millions of diamonds, while a wet little sparrow sends out his faint chirp from a fence by the road.

And so it is with everyday life. We suddenly find things about us dark and dreary, according to the mood of our minds. A mist seems to shroud us as the fog shrouds the earth, and our thoughts seem to be clothed in dark grey cloaks. We are very pessimistic indeed. Perhaps it is the mist of tears, evoked by some untoward chance of fortune, some slight of erstwhile friend or insult of ruthless foe, that clouds our vision of the bright realities beyond. Perhaps it is the vagueness of doubt or the gloom of conscious guilt that weighs like a pall on our heart, powerless to rouse itself to the full vigor of its wonted cheerfulness.

Then, like a beam of light, some act of gentle kindness

chases away the vapors of our discontent, and all the landscape within the reach of our mental vision is in its place again. Or, if it is doubt that harasses us, some friend, sent, we must believe, by God or our angel, clears away the fearsome obscurity, and once more our brow is serene. Or, if the numbness and dejection that bears us down proceeds from the deadly miasma of our own evil deeds, the sun of divine mercy, alone capable of dispelling it, breaks through at last and conquers the resistance of the prison-laden mist that envelops us.

A sudden brightness seems to rise, like the lord of day bursting the barriers of the fog, and gradually, by the grace of God, the mist lifts, and we find ourselves back in the bright old world as before.

J. J. McDONOUGH,  
Fourth High.



### Elegy of the Turkey.

The gobble of the turk is heard;  
The farmer's heart is glad;  
He seems to say, the strutting bird,  
I'm sad, I'm sad, I'm sad.

He knows that Christmas time is near,  
He would it had not come,  
For he'll be killed, and then, 'tis clear  
That you and I'll get some.

Misgivings in my bosom lurk;  
I end with mournful sound:  
For we'll get very little turk  
At sixty cents a pound.

J. F. K.

## HIS FIRST CASE.

"Well, Pat, who's this you have?" asked big, kind-hearted Judge Ryan as Pat Murphy stepped into the court room. Pat was the "Big Irishman," on "Dago Beat," as the Fourth District was called. He was followed by an Irishman, whose clothes, though patched and threadbare, were neatly brushed; and an Italian grocer, whose violent gestures betokened his inward agitation.

"It's Terence O'Mahony, sir," said the officer, "and I hated like the deuce, sir, to pull him in, sir; but what could I do, with this dago a-yellin' to have him pinched?"

"He swipa da bread, judge, he swipa da bread; he no pay; he swipa——."

"Silence! Wait till you are asked for your version, now," turning to the prisoner, "we'll have your story."

"He swipa da——."

"Silence!" roared the judge. "Go on," he said to the prisoner.

Before the prisoner could relate his story, a clean, rosy, red-faced boy, with large blue eyes, slipped by the policeman, and stood beside the judge.

"Please, sir——"

"Well, my little man, what is it?"

"Please, sir, we was hungry, and ain't got no money, and papa can't find no job, and the baby was cryin' 'cause it didn't have anything to eat, 'n' we didn't have nuffin', 'n' papa says he couldn't stand it any more, 'n' he was gona get mama somethin' to eat even if he was killed dead gettin' it, 'n' I follered him, 'n' when he got the bread in th' store, th' ole dago started to holler 'n'——."

"What is your name?" interrupted the judge.

"Terence O'Mahony, number two, sir; but everybody calls me Terry."

"Well, Terence, how old are you?"

"I'll be five tomorrer, sir, on Christmas, 'n' mama says that Santa Claus ain't gona come to our house this year 'cause we ain't got no money to give to him f'r the toys. And we ain't



gon a have a Christmas tree or nuffin," he blurted out, as he laid his head in the judge's lap and started to cry.

The old judge looked down upon the sobbing boy, and ran his fingers through the boy's long curly ringlets. He blew his nose suspiciously two or three times, and wondered why he was affected by the little boy's story. Perhaps he thought of his little grandson whom he loved so dearly, and whom he had seen placed back in the caressing arms of Mother Earth such a short time before.

His voice was husky as he muttered, "The prisoner is found guilty of stealing a loaf of bread, and is sentenced to bring himself and his family to my house to-morrow and eat the best Christmas dinner he ever tasted." And, turning to Terence, Jr., "maybe Santa 'll come to your house after all."

"He swipa da bread, judge, he swipa——."

"You take this dime and get out of here, or your Christmas dinner will be of bread and water, and your banquet hall, a cell in the police station."

Then taking the little fellow by the hand, he led him to a store marked "Santa Claus's Headquarters." Here he shook hands with Santa and told him what he wanted and what Baby Tommie wanted and what mamma wanted. "And don't forget to get papa a job," he added, as he left Santa. Santa certainly did come that night, and with all his toys he hurried over to the judge's house.

A few days later Terence, Sr., received a position, and is now living comfortably in the residential section of the city.

Terence, Jr., is now studying to be a lawyer under the careful supervision of Judge Ryan, and bids fair to become a great statesman, having won his first case at the age of five.

JAMES F. KERNAN,  
Third High.



## The Domain of Geography.

Every geographical topic of discussion may aptly be compared to Janus; it has two faces, one turned toward nature and the other toward man. In this respect, Geography is superior to almost all the other branches of science, in as much as these latter, in the majority of cases, regard either one or the other of these two subjects, while Geography is the bridge connecting the two greatest of all real studies, Nature and Man. It considers the one in its variety of relations to the other.

The question would naturally arise, "What is Geography?" At first glance, this question seems ridiculously easy to dispose of, but after a little reflection, one is forced to admit that it does contain something approaching the difficult. Certain it is that the limits of many a science cannot be precisely determined, because not one of the sciences stands absolutely alone and independent of the others, but each comes in contact with many others seemingly apart. In this respect, Geography is pre-eminent. To the truth of this last statement, The International Geographical Congress, held in Geneva in 1908, gives testimony. This Congress was divided into fourteen sections, eleven of which had to deal with the subject proper of Geography. The eleven sections are the following:—

1. Mathematical and Cartographical Geography.
2. General Physical Geography.
3. Vulcanology and Seismology.
4. Glaciers.
5. Hydrography.
6. Oceanography.
7. Meteorology and Climatology; Terrestrial Magnetism.
8. Biological Geography.
9. Anthropology and Ethnography.
10. Economic and Social Geography.
11. Explorations.

In this list, which admittedly looks like a condensed science dictionary, the exceedingly frank way in which Seismology, Anthropology, and the like are included within the proper sphere of Geography, is remarkable. And this is not all. Botany may

be included as one of the contributing units of Geography in as much as the botanist makes use of a map to show the area of distribution of a plant; and in like manner with Zoology. And by a process which resembles hair-splitting, Geography may be said to come in contact with History, Economics, and Politics, because no student of any of these three sciences can afford to disregard the influence of geographical environment.

If we thus study the relations of Geography to the other sciences, we shall inevitably be brought to conclude that Geography is not a unit of science in the sense in which Geology, Astronomy, and Chemistry are units, but in a sense entirely apart; and also, that one of the first and most important functions of Geography is to popularize the work of geodesists, geologists, and climatologists, and to provide a common meeting-ground for them.

On the other hand, opposed to this broad and elastic use of the term "Geography," is the strict, narrow sense in which it is, or rather used to be, defined in the primary school text-books on the subject, viz., "the study of the earth's surface." But this aspect of the subject is being departed from, even in the primary school books, more and more as years roll on, and the real status of Geography as the veritable "mother of sciences" is being recognized.

Whatever definition of Geography is adhered to as the true one, (though to declare adhesion to the restricted signification is to express either ignorance of or disregard for the consensus of opinion on the subject), it is universally admitted that the main purpose of Geography is the study of the earth as the habitation of man.

There are four great main divisions of Geography commonly admitted, viz., Comparative, Mathematical, Physical, and Political Geography. The first of these traces the history of discovery, and records the changes that have taken place in land and sea within the pale of historic time. This is one of the most fascinating of the chapters of the Book of Knowledge, and has always had many devotees from the times of the first explorers and discoverers, the Phoenicians, down to the present-day Peary

and Amundsen, whose discovery, respectively, of the North and South Poles has written FINIS to the chapter of Discovery, because there is no part of the world's surface unvisited to tempt and allure adventurous spirits.

Mathematical Geography, the second of the grand divisions, explains the figure, magnitude, and motion of the earth, teaches how to determine accurately the position of points on the earth's surface, and shows how the whole or any part of the earth may, on the principle of projection, be delineated upon a map or chart. In this branch, there has been no lack of progress, until to-day, all that we know of this planet on which we, like microcomes on a ball of mud, whirl through space, tends to confirm the theory held by some of the ancient philosophers from the very daybreak of history, that the earth is round, or, to be precise, spheroidal.

Physical Geography, the third of the main divisions of the whole science, includes the study of the earth in its cosmical relations, the investigation of the atmosphere, the consideration of the ocean and land, and the treatment of the problems of plant and animal distribution.

Political Geography regards the earth as divided into countries and deals especially with the nations inhabiting those countries.

As regards the utility, nay, the necessity, of the study of Geography, these are manifest from a consideration of the immense vista of knowledge which it opens out and spreads forth before the eyes of the investigator. Yes, Geography is necessary, so necessary in fact, that no one can truthfully call himself educated without a thorough knowledge of the most composite, the most diversified, of the sciences, the "*Genitrix Scientiarum*."

F. J. MUELLER, '14.





## The National Bird.

On the last Thursday of November the American people not only render a common thanks, but partake of a common food; at Christmas, likewise, the nation uniteth in celebrating our Saviour's advent, in gift-making, and in turkey-eating. On those two nights many of us lie down to take our repose, fully assured that we did our part in the solemnity, because our jaws have waxed tired from gnawing the poor creature's bones.

What experiences the Thanksgiving turkey must have! Every time the bleak November days come round, they spell doom for the poor criminals, and a month later a second knell soundeth for those that may have escaped the first. The farmer, their warden, holdeth a consultation with himself, passeth the sentence of death upon the miserable wretches, who have the misfortune of being too proudly plump, and then they are sent away to enjoy the privilege of being executed. But in order that this distinction may be fittingly celebrated, each one is first given a very satisfying dinner.

Then the guilty culprit receiveth its first train ride. And how enjoyable too!—just like a wedding trip. Were it not a sin against the laws of politeness, the turkey would bubble all over with joy.

But when he beginneth to consider his position from other view-points, he realizeth that it is not so nice after all. For he is a real prisoner, in a real cell. How he must peep through the bars of the cattle car! How he must envy the querulous guinea-hen on the hill-side, and the little fly that disports in and out of this prison-coop as it listeth. Then Mr. Turk wonders where those other turkeys are coming from, and what crimes they committed, to be locked up like himself. But alack! nobody seemeth to care what they cogitate, or what they cast their weary eyes upon. The train rolleth on and on, the sun squinteth through the bars, and imaginary beings stalk through the car.

Finally the turkey reacheth the city. Its head now becometh bewildered by the novelty, (later, by the ax). It is hurried to the wharf to await developments. And the poor turkey

waiteth. It marvelth why everybody is hurrying about, and if it will ever be rescued from the old coop.

Yea, relief is in sight! The hero appeareth. The turkey is released. And what a heroic hero he is! He looks like a creature whom nature had made and made in vain, and then was sorry for it, and asked forgiveness. He looks as if he had been living on the interest of the accumulated savings of a five-dollar-a-week salary. His emaciated form is surrounded by a coat, which is buttonless, and seems to say, "Pardon me, it doesn't belong to me, but I happen to belong to it."

With one hand, which seemeth to be attached to an arm, so long that he knoweth not what to do with it, he seizeth the turkey. He scrutinizeth it very minutely. The poor turkey thinketh he is counting the feathers, or calculating, from its shape, how many relations it hath. He regardeth its eyes, as if to see, whether the turkey is sober. Then he looketh into its mouth to see whether its tongue is coated. Then he summoneth up all his courage and buyeth.

The morning of execution dawns. The turkey is about to pay the penalty for having lived; for having whetted the appetite of that elongated and protracted individual. There he standeth, with that endless arm extended to its extreme length, and his digits clutching the handle of the deadly weapon. It looketh like a railroad sign,—Stop, Look, Listen! The turkey stoppeth, looketh—then listeneth no more.

The turkey is prepared to do the honors at the table. How appetizing it is as it comes out of the oven. The hero, that wasted-away member of the human family, grows stout just from looking at it. And when it cometh upon the table, how he doth devour the helpless beast! He goeth at it in the spirit of "I've got you at last." When he breaketh his tooth upon the turkey's wish-bone, he never stoppeth to consider such a minor detail, but only wisheth he had another turkey to celebrate the festival. But since he hath no other, he only curseth the poor turkey's remains.

This, dear reader, is veracious contemporary history.

JOHN N. DIEGELMAN, '15.

## PARTY GOVERNMENT.

The presidential election is over, and the respective candidates have retired to the back-ground. A new party will soon go into power while the old party will soon withdraw. Now the question arises, is party government a benefit or a hindrance to our progress? The last Presidential campaign was marked with bitter attacks of one party upon the other. Was all this mud-flinging and hair-splitting an obstacle in our advancement?

We shall first consider the evil effects of party government. The question may now arise whether our political parties are necessary. To my mind they are, for citizens honestly differ on many subjects of public importance. The object of every political party should be to pass laws and administer the government in the way they believe to be for the best interests of the whole people. But here is where the first fault creeps in. Political leaders invariably profess to seek the public interests, but alas! too often private ambition is being sought.

The second evil effect of party government is the tendency to create what is known as a political boss. These men, to pacify those who can command numerous votes, oftentimes make concessions that are detrimental to the public interests. As long as parties depend upon contributions from large industries, the people will suffer from the rule of such men. No people can be free who do not maintain the privilege of paying their own bills.

The third evil effect is that independent thought and action are killed in a majority of cases by this form of government. A son is reluctant to leave his father's party. He takes it for granted that the views of his father are correct and consequently good enough for him. In this way men become little more than mere voting machines blindly following some leader.

Again, when a new party comes into power, it changes the old customs and installs new officers, as in the case of the President's cabinet. Would it be profitable for a big corporation to turn away all its experienced employes every few years and employ new men?

But while we are pointing out the objections against party government, we must not close our eyes to the fact that much good also results from this same form of politics. The first step of the victorious party is to find defects in the old form of government. Then it is that the searching lens of criticism discovers abuses.

Another thing that spurs the party in power is the knowledge that unless its pledges are fulfilled, it in turn will be succeeded by another party. The dread of being turned out of office is the greatest weapon the voter possesses, and is often the only means of making office holders exert themselves to comply with the wishes of the people.

The social side of party government is little appreciated by the outside observer. Men enjoy working for their friends, and so natural becomes this desire that it furnishes no more occasion for remark than does the fact that men like to eat when they are hungry. As a member of a political association, a man becomes more or less consciously linked to the mighty forces which control the world. Thus the social human instincts may contribute powerfully to the effectiveness of a party machine.

Finally one of the greatest services of the party system is its share in teaching the masses of the people to believe in their own power of political achievement. Party leaders of every name and rank emphasize that the will of the people is the one all-powerful factor in our government.

Having now seen both sides of this question, I think that although party government is accompanied with many defects, yet the good resulting far surpasses the evil done. Even as the unrest of the ocean keeps its waters sweet, so the constant change of political parties keeps the nation free from corruption and decay.

JAMES J. O'CONNELL, '13.





## A Letter From Dr. Lennox.

The following delightful and instructive letter was received by Father Patrick McDermott from Mr. P. J. Lennox, dean of the Faculty of English at the Catholic University, on whom our *Alma Mater* last June conferred the degree of Doctor of Literature. This distinguished scholar and courtly Irishman won the hearts of all that met him during his sojourn here at the time of the Educational Convention. We are grateful for the encouragement he gives our efforts at journalism.

Dear Father McDermott:

I am much interested in the DUQUESNE MONTHLY, which some kind friend (is it yourself?) sends me regularly. I think it is a high-class college magazine, and must be very beneficial to your students. In "A Fortunate Collision," in the current number, Frank P. Anton shows a fine imagination and some gleams of humour—rarest and greatly-to-be-prized-and-encouraged gift.

The article on "Parody," by M. J. Hegerich, interested me immensely. If that student were encouraged to make researches in that line, he might be able to produce a most interesting and valuable series of papers. I note that he has no reference to John Philips's "Splendid Shilling," which Addison pronounced to be "the finest burlesque poem in the English language." The feature about it is that Philips in his parody of Milton meant no disrespect to the great Puritan poet, whom he simply revered. Could anything be more truly Miltonic than the following lines?

Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size  
Smokes Cambro-Briton, versed in pedigree,  
Sprung from Cadwalader and Arthur, kings  
Full famous in romantic tale, when he  
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,  
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian <sup>1</sup> cheese,  
High overshadowing rides, with a design  
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian <sup>2</sup> mart,  
Or Maridunum, <sup>3</sup> or the ancient town  
Ycleped Brechinia, <sup>4</sup> or where Vaga's <sup>5</sup> stream

---

N. B. 1 Cestrian—of Cheshire  
2 Arvonian—Carnarvon  
3 Maridunum—Carmarthen

4 Brechinia—Brecknock  
5 Vaga—the Wye  
6 Ariconium—Kenchester (or perhaps Ross)

cf. Dec.  
pp. 78-

Encircles Ariconium, 6 fruitful soil !  
 Whence flows nectareous wine that well may vie  
 With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falcon.

Another celebrated parodist of whom Hegerich makes no mention is Isaac Hawkins Browne, whose booklet entitled "A Pipe of Tobacco," contains inimitably happy imitations of Colley Cibber; Ambrose Philips; James Thomson [whom Hegerich calls Thompson]; Edward Young; Alexander Pope; and Jonathan Swift. See how he catches the manner of Pope : —

Blest leaf ! whose aromatic gales dispense  
 To templars modesty, to parsons sense:  
 So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine,  
 Drank inspiration from the steam divine.  
 Poison that cures, a vapour that affords  
 Content more solid than the smile of lords:  
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,  
 The last kind refuge of the wise and good.  
 Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale  
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.  
 By thee protected, and thy sister beer,  
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.  
 Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,  
 While supperless he plies the piddling trade.  
 What though to love and soft delights a foe,  
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau,  
 Yet social freedom long to courts unknown,  
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.  
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,  
 And let me taste thee unexercised by kings !

Other great parodists whose names readily occur to mind are the brothers Smith ("Rejected Addresses"), Tom Hood, and, in my opinion, greatest of all, Charles Stuart Colverley. Did you ever come accross Colverley's "take-off" of Rossetti, or of Jean Ingelow ?

Moore easily lends himself to parody: in the dear dead days beyond recall I parodied him a lot myself, and I think I have bundles of such things lying around in manuscript.

\* \* \*

Yours very faithfully,

P. J. LENNOX.

## Ode to the Minims.

Anew sing to the Minims

Encomium of fame:

Not once were they defeated;

The laurels they retain.

Their machinations mystic

Outclassed the en'my's lore.

The crisscross and the forward

Amazing brought the score.

Herculean Tom Conn'ly

The center firm did hold,

Supported by Tom Drengacz

And Nee, our guard of old.

McSorley and Steve Miller

At tackle played their roles;

They smashed up interference,

For runners they made holes.

Obruba and the captain—

It's Mulvihill I mean—

Oh my! for end formations,

The like was never seen.

But look at the commander!—

His name is "Mugs" McGraw—

Of tricks, of combinations,

How timely is his draw!

Our cheerful Lou McGillick

And Gurley in the back

With Kelly in between them,

Made up a trio crack.

J. Sullivan and Snyder,

"Toad," Murray and Jim Burns,

Dud Nee, as well as Mosti,

In combats took their turns.

Those acrobatic Minims

Now catalogued and named,

You'll ask: Which are the triumphs

They fought for and obtained?

They scalped th' Winebiddle Indians,

The Forbes they tomahawked;

Geneva's Eagles were entrapped,

St. Mary's, too, they balked.

They mastered the Superiors,

Eclipsed the Bluff All-Stars.

The Hurricanes a-raging,

Subsided 'fore our tars.

The Lawrencevilles were slaughtered,

The Libraries put down,

The sanguine Tigers conquered

From famous Hazelton.

Now rose the winning Liggets,

The Margaretts, too,

But clashing with the Minims,

Alas! 'twas Waterloo.

To Margaret's school of tossers

A terrible dose they gave;

Toward Ormsby and the Carltons

They proved a danger grave.

They slumped the Junior Boarders,

The Homewoods and Lecrone.

The Sacred Heart Parochials

Went home to weep and moan.

Now welcome, Minims, welcome!

Now welcome to your crown!

Achieved in many a battle

Your glory, our renown.

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# DUQUESNE MONTHLY.

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## EDITORIAL.

### *Greetings!*

Before the successor of this issue is published, Christmas will have passed and the Twentieth Century will be in its teens. So, herein, to all readers and patrons, to all Christians and friends, and especially to those who realize the joy and blessing that come with having a place for Christ in the inn<sup>4</sup> of the heart, with not losing the holyday in the holiday; to those who feel glad that the Christmas-tide continues into January, and who would have the hand of a little Child to lead them across the threshold of another earth year, the DUQUESNE MONTHLY extends the old, familiar greeting: A Happy Christmas and a Blessed and Prosperous New Year!

M. J. H.



### *Peering Into the Future.*

We stand upon the threshold of a new year, about to enter into its mystic realms, and blindfolded, (as it were), we must take one step after another,—always unable to pierce the veil that enshrouds our fates.

It is one brief year that embraces the earliest throb with the parting pang, and so twelve months of the calendar constitute what we call Life,—that most comprehensive word of all our human speech.

Life,—the tunnel into which we enter from the secret realms of silence, unwittingly to bear our parts of passion, praise or service, to the predestined end.

Life,—the school of preparation, in which we frame our purpose, fashion our resolve, sharpen our weapons, and buckle on the armor, which we need in serious war.

Life,—the arena in which we win our battles, experience our defeats, gather our riches, suffer our sorrows, share our laughter, and shed our blinding tears.

Life,—the thing that we leave, protesting to the last lingering moment, when in the ante-chamber of the hereafter, we throw off our gaudy trappings, and in white shroud go silent and softly to meet the matchless mystery of Death.

And Life is what we make it. If we plan it in good cheer, weave it with kind acts, and color it with the red blood of human kindness, it will be the garb of fellowship and helpfulness, and happiness, as long as the thread remains; but if we pattern it on sneers, scant its proportions by our greed, wrinkle it with ill-temper, patch it with small envies, and dye it dark with selfish scheming,—then it will be cramped and shamed in a hideous garment of discontent.

Consequently, it is not only our duty, but our prerogative to be glad at all times, because God who gave us life has made it beautiful. For every fleck and shadow, He has given corresponding light. The dark nights are followed by days of sunshine, and the darkness is compensated by the radiances of the stars. Aurora is its queen.

He has given his clouds as shields to the sweltering heat, and

they gather their tears into the beneficence of rain. Every tempest that He sends is terrible, but it has its limit, as every storm has its rainbow.

We look cheerfully, therefore, into the future and we step forward into 1913, hopeful of adding one more golden link to the chain that will bind us more firmly, fellowman to fellowman.

F. K. B.



### ***Pittsburgh Artists' Exhibition.***

Though editorial limitations render impossible here an analysis of the recent exhibition of paintings by the associated artists of Pittsburgh at Carnegie Institute, we cannot resist a brief reviewing word about the artistic display which was sufficiently interesting to satisfy the most fastidious.

We come, first of all, to the paintings adjudged by the jury of awards as deserving the highest honors, remembering that the merits of many proved debatable, and that all of the pictures were not in competition, and so qualifying the supposed pre-eminence. A canvas called "Reflections," by M. Whitehead, received first honor, while second was accorded to a delicate work, by G. Brill, entitled "Vanity," painted in a light key, and showing a young girl standing in conscious pride before her mirror. A landscape, with the rather superfluous titular explanation, "Red Barns," and bearing the signature of H. McFee, was singled out from among its kindred for third award.

One of the most popular works in the exhibit, receiving honorable mention and appealing to artists and laymen alike, was a picture entitled "Lavender and Old Lace," having for its setting the garret of the Hetzel farm, near Somerset, Pa., and painted by a daughter of the late George Hetzel, whose works adorn the residences of many of our leading citizens, and who was, in his time, a prominent landscape painter. "The Coral Shore," by J. K. H., and "An Island Shore, N. S.," by M. K. D., also mentioned by the jury for particular excellence, deserve notice, among other things, for their perspective, the

declaration of the distance represented by the former landscape obtaining even without the aid of objects diminishing in size and force.

Still-life, the lowest department of painting, was represented by several undemonstrative canvases, capable, nevertheless, of holding their own in most comparisons for truth, color, and technical sagacity. "Cutting the Hump" and other unique local themes rendered the landscape element deeply interesting. The portraits, though rather painty in some cases, showed no evasion of the difficulties incident to coloration of the features by the dirty brown, nebulous background so frequently adopted to help improve flesh tints to a look of that which the artist could not paint. And not only upon the artists, but upon the committee of selection did the exhibit reflect credit. "The artist is known by what he omits from his picture," says Whistler; similarly the jury of selection, by what is omitted from exhibition. The exclusion of the nude and of incomprehensible daubs was agreeably apparent. In fact, discounting insignificant and inadvertent instances of flesh tints suggesting paint, flat skies lacking gradation, and mountain backgrounds looking diminutive instead of distant, the picture-laden walls were a veritable crescendo of wonders. Space does not permit specific encomium of the paintings, but to be generally complimentary, it is not too much to say that even few uncultured people could run the gauntlet of their exquisite beauties without pausing to gaze upon the canvases with a longing desire to absorb the sweet, elevating ministry they felt assured was there.

M. J. H.



## CHRONICLE.

The students' library, which was thrown open for the use of the boys, is the scene of much orderly activity during the noon hour. The students, under the supervision of Father Malloy, are pursuing a course in good reading, which will, without doubt, result in great mental development.

Since the Ice King has again taken hold upon the world, those students who do not wish to read congregate in the gymnasium. During the noon hour all is bustle and movement there. Some make use of the apparatus, others shoot billiards and pool, while still others amuse themselves with the less strenuous game of ping-pong.

On Thursday, December 12, the gym' classes were re-organized. Prof. Geber is again in charge, and although most of the boys are young, he will again, as he has done in the past, bring them to a very high point of physical development before the end of the year.

Since the Retreat, the Sodalties have been holding their meetings regularly, and not only the members, but those on probation, have attended. Prayer is common, the timely and earnest talks of the Directors, and mutual good example, make these associations what they are intended to be—nurseries of piety and manly virtue. The following is the list of the officers serving for the current year:

**SODALITY OF THE CHILD JESUS.**—Director, Rev. Leo J. Zindler, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Francis P. Sheridan; First Assistant, Joseph B. Passafiume; Second Assistant, Leo H. Howe; Secretary, Edward D. O'Connor; Treasurer, William F. Ferkany; Librarian, Joseph A. Funk; Standard Bearer, Eugene C. Mosti.

**SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS, DIVISION I.**—Director, Rev. A. B. Mehler, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Herbert C. Mansmann; First Assistant, Walter J. Fritz; Second Assistant, Joseph M. Ganter; Secretary, Louis J. McGillick; Treasurer, Arthur J. Gaynor; Librarian, Myron H. Wagner; Standard Bearer, John J. Conway.



**DIVISION II.**—Director, Rev. Edw. J. Knaebel, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Richard J. Bowen; First Assistant, Louis F. Cook; Second Assistant, Emmet H. Ricards; Secretary, James H. Shanahan; Treasurer, Aloysius H. Alder; Librarian, Edward J. McGrail; Standard Bearer, Vincent M. Snyder.

**SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.**—Director, Rev. J. P. Danner, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, William A. Curtin; First Assistant, Leo D. Yunker, Second Assistant, Clement J. Mueller; Secretary, W. F. Graham; Treasurer, Robert S. Murray; Librarian, Marcus P. Raehn; Standard Bearer, John J. Lyden.

**SODALITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.**—Director, Rev. Henry J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, John N. Diegelman; First Assistant, Joseph D. Szepe; Second Assistant, Thomas W. Kenney; Secretary, Joseph D. Hensler; Treasurer, Vincent S. Burke; Librarian, Ignatius V. Kennedy; Standard Bearer, John Urlakis.

**SODALITY OF THE HOLY GHOST.**—Director, Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, John R. McKaveny; First Assistant, Albert F. Yunker; Second Assistant, Joseph A. Burns; Secretary, Florence M. Ubinger; Treasurer, Leo F. Lavelle; Librarian, Edward A. Heinrich; Standard Bearer, Stephen Steranchak.

New members will be received into the Sodalties on February 2, Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

The following communication, addressed to the Very Rev.

President by the Secretary of the Pittsburgh  
**Praise for the** C. T. A. U., is self-explanatory:

**Orchestra**

Very Reverend and dear Father :—

The committee in charge of our Silver Jubilee have instructed me to extend to you and the members of your excellent orchestra, their sincere thanks, as well as those of our Union, for the delightful music furnished for the public meeting held in the Grand Opera House on that occasion.

Wishing success to every member of your great orchestra, I beg leave to remain

Respectfully yours,

P. J. O'CONNELL, Secretary.

On Sunday evening, November 22, the students were treated to a very interesting lecture by Professor William P. Slifer, C. E., of the Scientific and Engineering Department. His subject was "The Newlands Bill—the Conservation of our Country's Natural Resources." The lecturer showed an intimate acquaintance with this question, now so agitated by economists, and, with the aid of numerous views, showed how our forests, our coal supply, etc., are being depleted and what we may do to prevent their untimely exhaustion. European methods were touched on, and they were found far in advance of ours, notably in the matter of flood prevention. Previous to the lecture an excellent program was rendered. It follows:

Medley Overture	. . . . .	<i>Schiller</i>
Recitation	Skimpsey . . . . .	J. F. Kernan
Quintet, Valse	Lady of the Lake . . . . .	<i>Cobb</i>
	Rev. J. A. Dewe, Prof. C. B. Weis, F. S. Clifford, J. J. Koruza, R. J. Bowen	
Recitation	Regulus to the Carthaginians . . . . .	W. J. Kremer
Cornet Solo	The Lost Chord . . . . . Accompanist, F. S. Clifford	<i>Sullivan</i> P. P. Fidel
Vocal Solo	Till the Sands of the Dessert Grow Cold . . . . . Gabriel F. Gurley Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe	<i>E. R. Ball</i>
Recitation	Brother Watkins . . . . .	R. Baum
Violin Solo	Thais . . . . . <i>Massenet</i>	J. J. Koruza
Vocal Solo	I Hear You Calling Me . . . . . Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe	R. J. Bowen
Instrumental Quintets	{ (a) Intermezzo, Cavalleria Rusticana } { (b) Pizzicato Gavotte } <i>Mascagni</i>	
	Rev. J. A. Dewe, Prof. C. B. Weis, F. S. Clifford, J. J. Koruza, R. J. Bowen	

Brother Hieronymus and Brother Daniel celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking of their vows on Sunday, December 8. At the Solemn High Mass and Benediction many relatives and friends of the jubilarians were present. The Boarders were treated to a special dinner at which these

two Brothers were present. After the meal was over Edward Heinrich, on behalf of the students, presented each with a fine suitcase. Speeches were made by Father Hehir, Father Malloy, Leo Gallagher, and the two Brothers. Both were kept busy during the day receiving congratulations.

The School of Commerce held its first public debate on the evening of December 8. They also rendered a very well balanced program, the most interesting features of which were the playing of the orchestra, the rendition of "The Dying Alchemist," by Gabriel F. Gurley, and the "Vocal and Piano Solo" of Daniel V. Boyle. The debate was very spirited. The Board of Judges, after careful consideration, awarded the decision to the Affirmative. The program follows:

March	In the Conning Tower	<i>Brazil</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	Casey at the Bat		Francis M. Gregory
Trombone Solo	In the Kingdom of My Heart	<i>Reeg</i>	Prof. J. A. Habrowski
Vocal Solo	To Scenes of Peace Retiring	<i>Mozart</i>	Francis M. Hoffmann
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe		
Waltz	Foam Fountains	<i>Boehlein</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	Mark Anthony's Original Oration		Paul J. Cartwright
Zither Solo	The Tyrolese		Rev. James P. Iehlen
Recitation	The Dying Alchemist		Gabriel F. Gurley
Vocal and Piano Solo	Medley of 1912		Daniel V. Boyle
March	Golden Potlatch	<i>Greenwald</i>	Orchestra
Debate	Resolved, That the Commission Form of Government Should Be Established in the Cities of the United States		

Chairman—Adrian J. Briggs

Affirmative—Leo J. Callahan, Ambrose T. Moeller

Negative—Leo D. Yunker, Daniel V. Boyle

Judges: Thos. Drew, Chairman; Leo McCrory, R. Murtha, Jas. Manley and Vincent Burke.

On Sunday, December 15, before the Christmas holidays, a more elaborate program than usual was rendered. A great variety of interesting numbers were given, as may be seen from the subjoined program:

Medley Overture	Airs of the Day	<i>Schiller</i>	Orchestra
-----------------	-----------------	-----------------	-----------

Recitation	The Collier's Dying Child	Herbert J. Terheyden
Sketch	When the Assessor Comes 'Round	James A. Manley and Vincent R. Murphy
Vocal Solo	When Evening Shades Are Falling	Clifford, McDonald
	James H. McDonald	
	Accompanist, Francis S. Clifford	
Dramatic Readings		Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd
Gavotte for String Instruments	Pizzicato	Latann Orchestra
Recitation	The Christian Maiden and the Lion	David J. Gorman
Essay	Symbolism	Michael J. Hegerich
Vocal Solo	Then You'll Remember Me	Balfe Chas. Conlon
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe	
Piano Solo	Japonica	Stanford Charles F. McCrory
Recitation	Crime, Its Own Detector	Ignatius V. Kennedy
Recollections of Stephen Foster	Foster	Orchestra
Coon Songs	{ (a) Dat's Plenty (b) Mammy's Shuffin' Dance (c) I'm a Jonah Man }	
	Richard J. Bowen, Daniel V. Boyle, Daniel R. Kelly	
Medley Two-Step	That Baboon Baby Dance	Cooper Orchestra

Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd, a well-known dramatic artist of New York, who has starred in "The Bells" and other plays, gave some beautiful selections in a masterly fashion, among them being "Cassius' Speech to Brutus on the Ambition of Caesar" and Bret Harte's story of "John Burns at Gettysburg." All the selections were extremely well received.

Rarely has there been such a large audience at a Sunday evening concert as was present on this occasion. Perhaps it was on account of the beautiful weather—more probably, because of the specially attractive numbers on the program.

In the Freshman Class, Father Pobleschek has introduced a practice which is being watched very closely by the **Innovation** members of the other classes. After school those members of the class who wish to do so, meet in one of the rooms and discuss the work done during the day. In this way the stronger members help the weaker, and a marked improvement in the work has already been remarked.

On Thursday, December 5, a meeting of the Students' Athletic Committee was held to discuss **The Coming Euchre and Reception** plans for the annual Reception and Euchre, and this was attended with great enthusiasm. The Chairman, John Mc-



Kavney, opened the meeting with a speech, which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it, and which instilled a large amount of ginger into the members of the various committees. The date for the Euchre has been definitely fixed for January 27, and the spacious Melwood Auditorium will once more be the scene of this really "big" affair. The following committees have been selected:

*Executive Committee:* J. R. McKavney, Chairman; A. F. Yunker, E. A. Heinrich, L. P. Gallagher, M. J. Hegerich, F. J. Mueller, John Leger, F. S. Clifford, F. Hoffmann.

*Floor Committee:* A. F. Yunker, Chairman; E. J. McNanamy, H. A. Carlin, R. J. Cunningham, T. J. Drew, F. M. Ubinger, J. A. Burns, Richard Bowen, Victor Kennedy, A. Muszynski.

*Reception Committee:* E. A. Heinrich, Chairman; Herbert Mansmann, J. J. O'Connell, Leo McCrory, J. D. McConegly, D. V. Boyle, W. C. Heimbuecher, Stephen Steranchak, B. E. McDermott, F. Connolly, T. W. Kenney, P. M. Slater.

*Euchre Committee:* L. Gallagher, Chairman; D. McNanamy, James Manley, F. J. Mueller, V. S. Burke, J. R. O'Keefe, L. F. Lavelle, R. J. Leahy, J. D. Hensler, M. P. Hinnebusch, T. P. Nee, Leo Zitzman, J. E. Creahan, Edw. Nemmer, J. D. Hannan, Leo Brennan, Pressly Tracy, R. J. Baum, William Fielding, John Urlakis, V. V. Stancelewski.

*Refreshment Committee:* M. J. Hegerich, Chairman; F. M. Gregory, James Lavelle, E. E. Goralski, Paul Sikora, H. M. Connelly, L. J. Kadlewicz.

*Financial Committee:* J. Leger, Chairman; J. N. Diegelmann, Thos. P. Connelly.

*Door Committee:* F. S. Clifford, Chairman; James P. Haley, John Lyden.

*Prize Committee:* F. M. Hoffmann, Chairman; L. P. Gallagher, J. A. Burns, F. M. Ubinger, J. D. McConegly, E. A. Heinrich, Leo Yunker, H. C. Mansmann, M. F. Obruba, James Murray, E. H. Ricards, John Satow, Eugene Mosti, F. Tarnapowicz, C. J. O'Rourke, Fred Stebler.

A large number of patronesses and quite a staff of lady aides will contribute likewise to make this important social event of mid-winter every bit as successful as any of its predecessors. Much, of course, depends on the activity of the students themselves in selling tickets. Show your spirit, fellows, as you have always done.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '14.

## ALUMNI.

At a meeting of the officers of the Alumni Association, held in the Fort Pitt Hotel, it was decided to hold a Smoker in the University Hall, on Tuesday Evening, January 14. The Alumni will take advantage of the opportunity to elect officers for the coming year. On that occasion a date and place for the annual banquet will be selected.

It will be of interest to the many friends of George Angel, '11, and John Corcoran, '12, to know that they are rooming together at St. Mary's Baltimore. Both are happy and getting along very well, receiving very good notes at the last examinations.

REV. GEORGE QUINN, '07, pastor of Myersdale, Pa., was a visitor at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, on Alumni Day—the Feast of the Seminary.

WE mentioned in a previous issue that Rev. Fr. R. L. Hayes, '05, D. D., of Holy Rosary Church, is taking a course at Washington for the diocesan apostolate. The following extracts from a recent letter of his to the President show how his old time interest in Duquesne is unabated:

“My presence here will explain why I have not called to wish you a successful scholastic year. The summons came rather suddenly in the middle of September, and the orders were to report in Washington for October 1. There was little time to do anything but prepare. So I take this occasion to wish you a successful year 1912–1913.

“I am staying at the Mission House taking the regular course under Fr. Elliott. You understand that the work consists in preparing for the diocesan apostolate. It is not so hard mentally, as it is physically. It is absolutely incessant. There is no rest—no let-up. One task follows another, and gives way to a third, until one wonders where and how the days have flown. But I am satisfied. The work appeals to me; and interest is one of the greatest helps in any intellectual pursuit. It is very agreeable in the Capital, and especially at the University. I look forward, God granting, to a pleasant, and let us hope, a profitable year.

"Give my regards to all the Fathers of the Faculty. Renewing my heartfelt wishes for a successful year, I am

"Sincerely yours,

R. L. HAYES."

MR. and MRS. EDWARD W. ROSENSTEEL have announced the marriage of their daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, to Mr. Daniel Edward McNicol, Jr., both of East Liverpool, on November 20. We offer our congratulations, and pray that God will give them many years of happy wedlock.

THOMAS M. SKARRY, B. Sc., '07, has put an end to the tire trouble of the automobile owner, by producing and placing on the market the first absolutely practical puncture-proof tire. This tire has been subject to every known test, and has proven to be satisfactory. We hope the members of the Alumni who are the owners of automobiles will give help make the invention a success by placing a few orders. Mr. Skarry has several other patents pending.

A. J. SZABO, who left America to continue the study of painting in Munich, has changed to London, where he is studying under Philip de Laszlo, whose paintings are well known in all the art academies. Mr. Szabo is getting much inspiration from the quaint places along the river Thumes, and will go to France next summer to paint the peasants near Barbizon.

GABRIEL J. KRAUS, who finished the Academic Course in 1907, has just passed with distinction the difficult examination in Medicine prescribed by the State Board of New Jersey. He is now entitled to practice medicine in sixteen different states. He ascribes his success not only to the training received in Jefferson Medical College, but also, as he states in a letter to one of his old professors, to the preliminary education received in Pittsburgh.

WILLIAM FAY is manager of the Service Department of the Pittsburgh *Post*. The nice taste and great attention to details that characterized this artist of ours in the years he spent here are a service to him in his present position.

A LONG letter has lately been received from Eugene A. Fisher, one of our past students, now at St. Mary's, Ferndale, Conn. He tells us that on the 14th of August he began his novitiate and received the habit. He seems to be well pleased with his surroundings.

EARL EMMONS made his solemn religious profession as a Passionist in St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburgh, on Sunday, December 15.

DR. CLAUDE PUHL, a promising "Molar Surgeon," has opened his office on the North Side.

GUSTAVE J. WANDRISCO, '05, is local inspector for the Union Fire Insurance Company. He has been affiliated with the Company since his graduation. He realizes how much of his success is due to the education he received at Duquesne, and recently showed his appreciation by having his younger brother registered on the roll of our students.

EDW. J. VONDERAU is cashier and book-keeper for the Kelly & Jones Manufacturing Company of this city.

CHARLES SWAIN, '06, holds an important position with the Westinghouse Company, which affords great opportunities of advancement to an honest and trustworthy young man like our friend Swain.

WE hear that Theodore Kellerman, a past student, was recently united in the bonds of matrimony, to Miss Anna Stepling, of Pittsburgh. The MONTHLY extends its felicitations to the couple.

EDWARD MERTZ, a class-mate of the former, is scaling the ladder of success with H. K. Porter & Company of Pittsburgh. He informs us that Theodore Kellerman is working for the same Company.

JAMES GALLAGHER, one of our old Academic baseball stars, is earning his daily bread from the B. & O. Railroad. He has been associated with the Company since he left Duquesne in 1909. His ambition is to have a room in the Company's office building, with the following inscribed upon the door: "James J. Gallagher, Superintendent."

J. R. McK.  
J. E. McN.



## ATHLETICS.

After a very prosperous season, the curtain has again been lowered on the football stage, and for the next nine months the enthusiasm of the "gridironist" must be silenced. From a hasty glance over the past seven or eight weeks, it must be admitted that the season has been a very successful one all over the country, and especially so with regard to the teams in the University. Both the Freshmen and the Minims have acquitted themselves very creditably and achieved records which eclipse those of the past four or five years.

Although the season was really closed on Saturday, November 23, when each team played its last game, yet, in view of the excellent work accomplished by the players, the Athletic Committee decided to end it in a formal manner by holding a banquet in their honor. Accordingly the members of each team were agreeably surprised, when they received summons to present themselves on Tuesday evening, December 3, in the college refectory for the big "spread" and, to hear the reports of those present, it was "some" banquet. After a most delicious repast, in which everyone seemed to heartily enjoy himself, the flood-gates of eloquence were opened by Father Mehler, Chairman of the Athletic Committee, and soon taken up by the others. Father Patrick McDermott, the first speaker of the evening, delighted his hearers by his many interesting reminiscences of football season for the past ten or fifteen years. Next followed Father Roehrig and Father Baumgartner, both of whom lauded in high terms the fine work of the team. Coaches Budd, Rowe and Egan also added to the pleasantness of the evening by their short but well chosen addresses. One idea which seemed to be paramount in the mind of every one present was the need of a stronger and heavier team to represent the school in the future, and the hope was more than once expressed that a team will be put in the field next fall, which will be able to compete with the fastest college teams in the country.

Since last edition of the MONTHLY, the Freshmen have played but one game, and in this they came out victorious by a very large margin. This brings their total for the season up to eight games won; two lost and one tied.

## Canevin Club 0

## Duquesne 49

On Saturday, November 23, the Freshmen closed their season in a very brilliant manner by decisively defeating the representative eleven of the Canevin Club. Though heavily outweighed, the locals easily overcame this handicap, by their fast and accurate team work. Prettily executed forward passes, together with terrific line-plunging of the backfield piled up a score of 49-0 in favor of Duquesne. The work of Kane at quarter was of the highest order, in fact about the best seen on the campus this season. Drew was also in the game every minute and was a terror at plowing through the opposing line. Burns, Cleary and Snyder also performed well. The line-up:

## CANEVIN CLUB

## DUQUESNE

Guekert.....	L. E.....	Cleary
Rush.....	L. T.....	O'Keefe
Askain.....	L. G.....	Zitzman
Butler.....	C.....	Kenny
Duffy.....	R. G.....	McDonald
McGowan.....	R. T.....	Carlin
E. Larkin.....	R. E.....	Snyder
Mahon.....	Q. B.....	Kane
Lynch.....	R. H.....	Drew
P. Larkin.....	L. H.....	Burns
Luby.....	F. B.....	Heinrich

Touchdowns—Heinrich 3, Kane 2, Snyder, Drew. Kicked goals—Snyder 2, Drew 2, Heinrich. Safety—Drew. Substitutions—A. Sorce for Cleary, Callahan for Zitzman, Murphy for McDonald, R. Sorce for Snyder. Referee—Manley, Kansas. Umpire—Digbey, Penn State. Head linesman—Haley, Duquesne. Time keepers—Cartwright and Brennan. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.

*\* Note of Freshman Manager:* It has probably struck some of our readers that the name of our stalwart captain has been conspicuously absent from our interesting articles on the Freshman team. As luck would have it, Captain Heinrich was the choice of the managers of the MONTHLY for Athletic editor, and, with characteristic modesty, he passed over in silence the noteworthy part he played in his team's victories. One has but to consult the summaries of the several games to see how many points the captain himself registered. His many long runs with the ball won the admiration of the spectators; but, whether strength, speed or skill was required, there was no department in which he did not excel. Therefore, honor to whom honor is due.

F. X. R.

### The Minims.

The football season has closed and the Minims are to be congratulated for their prowess on the gridiron. Ever since their banner was hurled to the breeze, its graceful folds have flung out defiance to all comers, and they have had the records of innumerable victories blazoned in glowing colors on their unsullied red and blue. But the season of 1912 has been an exceptionally successful one.

Nineteen games played against the best aggregations Pittsburgh could present, gave the Minims an opportunity of showing their mettle, their aggressiveness, their dash, and their courage. Really they have surpassed all expectations.

The final game of the season was played at McKeesport, as an exhibition game. It was characterized more than any previous game, by spectacular plays. The trick-plays were executed with tact and were very successful. Phenomenal forward passes, long end runs, magnificent interference, and terrific line plunges won the game for the Minims. On the defensive their superb tackling elicited repeated applause from the spectators.

The Minims wish to thank Mr. Miller, proprietor of Hotel Jerome, McKeesport, for the excellent dinner served to them.

The team also took part in the banquet given by the Athletic Committee at the University on December 3. A little lyric, read with *éclat* by Richard Bowen, giving a summary report of the entire season, was enthusiastically applauded. It will be found elsewhere in this number of the MONTHLY.

The following are the scores of games played since the last report :

November 19, Forbes Indians 0; Minims 6

November 21, Junior Boarders 0; Minims 51

November 23, Margarets 7; Minims 41

A. J. GAYNOR, '17.

## DUQUESNICULA.

OH you Santa !

GOING to the Dance? If not; why not? The date is January the twenty-seventh. The place, Melwood. The crowd—well we hope you will form part of it.

A YOUTHFUL Euclid of the Freshman Class defines a prism as a solid, whose bases are parallel to its sides; and a polyhedron as a prism bounded by solids.

“PITTSBURGH promotes progress,” and, judging from the above, so do the members of the Class of Sixteen. For Euclid, although a great mathematician, never came so near perfection.

IF there is any individual Freshie that deserves special mention, he is Fatty Hannon. 'Tis said on good authority that he just can't finish eating his lunch in less than three quarters of an hour. But this is not all. In addition, he spends about fifteen minutes in drinking the contents of his “Thermos” bottle, said “Thermos” bottle looking for all the world like a diabolical machine.

Just keep it up, Fatty. White hopes are in great demand at present, and if you, possessing such a superabundance of avoirdupois, do not make one, we miss our guess.

EATING is not Fatty's only hobby. Now and then he comes out with a real funny saying:

*Exempli Gratia*—If Cyrus sent a telegram, would Xenophon(e)?

We do not wish to be classed as prognosticators but, under the given circumstances, we opine he would.

AND, now, let us come to the sensible part of this little essay. The other day some of the Seniors became so obstreperous as to whisper aloud, and the Professor yelled out, “Heh, if you want to talk in here, you will have to go outside.”

PROF. OF LATIN.—Kerr, what is the word for dog? And Kerr couldn't understand why his class-mates smiled so audibly.

THE Professor of History was discoursing on the advantages of colonization, coaling stations, and so on. John Hill looked



very thoughtful. "Now who, for instance, owns the Rock of Gibraltar?" asked the lecturer, pointing to the pensive one. "The Prudential Insurance Company," came from the latter in the rich baritone we all know. Little did John think he was speaking for publication.

PROF.—Is that distance measured north, south, east or west?

CUNNINGHAM—Yes, sir.

Rex, Rex! There is only one remedy for such answers, and it is—why—er—well, the Seniors ought to put you under the pump.

SAY, fellows, don't forget the Ballot Box in the Library. If you are funny, contribute. If you are not funny, contribute anyhow, and show us that you tried.

AND now we will quit until after Christmas.

H. A. CARLIN, '14.



## EXCHANGES.

Heartiest greetings and the best wishes of the Christmas season to all our faithful co-laborers in the vineyard of college journalism, the product of whose zeal and industry comes to us at regular intervals, carrying with it that ever-welcome atmosphere of good-cheer and sympathy that exerts such an encouraging influence upon all who come in contact with it. That all our colleagues in American institutions of learning may be blessed during the coming year with even a larger measure of success than was their share during the closing year, is the wish we desire to express in this, the Christmas Number of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY. Once more, a Pleasant Christmas and a Prosperous and Joyous New Year!

It seems as though our column will soon appear incomplete without a mention of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. If memory serves us faithfully, we have mentioned this excellent weekly in every number of our own magazine published this year, but we could not do otherwise, and still adhere to the principle of

"Honor to whom Honor is due." There are three issues of the *Scholastic* now at hand, dated November 16th, 23rd and 30th. In the first number, appears the very best short story we have read for many a moon; we refer to the story entitled "The Suicides." We hope to see more of the author's work in the line of short stories, as we deem his talent worthy of cultivation. As for more formal essays, there are two articles concerning writers who have often been compared and paralleled, namely, Corneille and Poe. Both essays are up to the *Scholastic* standard, which is as much as we could say in praise of them.

In the Autumn Number of the *Ariston*, the first feature to attract attention and favorable criticism is the poem "The Guardian Angel" with its accompanying illustration. Toward the middle of the magazine, which by the way might be improved by the addition of a few pages, we find an article called "Homer's Women," which, while very good as far as it goes, does not deal at sufficient length with so extensive a topic. Another praiseworthy feature of this paper, is the number of excellent short poems interspersed between the prose articles throughout the magazine.

In the November *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian*, "Jesuit Reductions in Paraguay" and "The Council of Nice" are the best essays, while the story called "Foiled" is an interesting piece of fiction.

It seems to us that the November Number of the *Mountaineer* is exceptionally good. Every article in it is worthy of honorable mention, and it is indeed difficult to choose the one or two that deserve special commendation. However, in our estimation, the critical estimate of the poems of James Ryder Randall is the best of a "company where all are good." The poetry of this magazine is especially pleasing and interesting.

Of the Fall Number of the *Manhattan Quarterly*, the articles entitled "Noblesse Oblige" and "Pius X." impressed us most favorably.

Every contribution in the November *Solanian* is praiseworthy, but "A Resemblance and a Contrast," we consider as just a little bit better than the other articles. The characters of the two mentioned are well delineated, but the author does not

seem to give Bismarck his due and proper share of honor and praise for his patriotism, if for nothing else. The parallel and the contrast are indeed well-drawn.

It is our pleasant duty to welcome to our Sanctum a new visitor, and one all the more welcome for its having come all the way from the Pacific Coast. We hope that the *Pacific Star* will continue to come at regular intervals on its long journey, to bring us news and good cheer from the occident. In the October Number of this exceptionally well-gotten-up magazine, there are two articles, differing greatly from each other in character, but almost equal in literary merit. They are "Requisites for Success in the Various Avocations of Life" and "A La Dupin," the latter a detective story with a fine vein of humor running through the entire story like a golden thread.

We welcome back to our midst an old friend in the *Fordham Monthly*. For some time we had thought that we would be deprived of the pleasure of receiving this excellent magazine regularly, but we were pleasantly surprised to receive the November Number. The best articles of this number are, in our opinion, "The International Extension Course in Medicine" and "The Hunt for Happiness." The latter in particular pleased us greatly; it is an allegory splendidly drawn out. The humorous poem, "Wealth," is indicative of a *wealth* of imagination in the student that dreamed it, as well as considerable *talent* for handling metrical language.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

F. J. M.



## LAW NOTES.

On December 20th, 1912, the Christmas vacation of the Duquesne University Law School began, and it will extend over the following two weeks. The first term of the Law School for the school year of 1912-13 will not end until January 31, 1913; and, when classes resume on January 6th, 1913, there will still be one month remaining to complete the first half year's work. All the classes are well on in their work, and, before the second term begins, several subjects will have been completed and examinations given thereon.

The students of the Law School are divided into three classes, namely, the junior, the middle, and the senior classes, corresponding respectively to the three years course of study prescribed by the Pennsylvania Board of Law Examiners. But as this is only the second year of the Duquesne University Law School, only the first two of these classes are now pursuing their respective programs. At present the Junior Class is studying Blackstone's Commentaries, which serves as a general introduction to the Law, especially the Common Law at the time it was brought from England by the colonial settlers, and introduced as the foundation of the jurisprudence of this Commonwealth. They are also studying the Law of Obligations and of Persons as set forth in well-known text books of Torts, Contracts, Crimes, and Domestic Relations. Lecture courses are being given by the Hon. J. M. Swearingen and C. K. Robinson on the Laws of Real Property and Contracts respectively, while the Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., is delivering his course of Lectures on Jurisprudence, which embrace the philosophy of the law. The Middle class is studying text books on Real Property, Common Law Pleading, Orphans' Court Practice, and Bills and Notes. The following five lecture courses are being delivered to this class: Real Property by Hon. J. M. Swearingen, Judge of Common Pleas Court of Allegheny County; Pleading and Practice by Hon. A. B. Reid, Judge of Common Pleas of Allegheny County; Negotiable Instruments by E. B. Scull, Esq.; Torts by T. D. McCloskey, Esq.; and Evidence by John C. Bane, Esq.

The evening classes conducted at the Law School by Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., and Rev. J. A. Dewe, M. A., are being well attended by the law students as well as by outside students. Father McDermott's lectures include Oratory, Rhetoric, and Composition, supplemented by lessons in Public Speaking by Professor Davis, Associate Editor of the *Public Speaking Review*. Father Dewe is lecturing on the science of Sociology, which is proving to be entertaining, as well as useful, to the students of the law, as it investigates the structure and organization of society.

The Duquesne Law Club has become thoroughly organized for the coming year. All the students of the new class have



signified their intention of becoming members. Already one debate and two moot courts have been held under its direction. The first moot court took place on Monday evening, November 25th, the second on Wednesday evening, December 18th. All the formalities and pleadings of a regular lawsuit were carried out. At the former, A. J. Loeffler, Esq., of the Allegheny County Bar, presided as judge. Mr. O. G. Meyer was attorney for the plaintiff, and Mr. F. B. Cohan attorney for the defendant. Mr. F. A. Wolf acted as prothonotary, Mr. E. M. Murphy as sheriff, and Mr. B. F. McKenna as court crier. Among the witnesses were P. J. Friday, F. W. Ries, Jr., H. J. Thomas, and T. F. Dougherty. After a hard contested case, the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant. Among the coming features in the line of moot courts will be a criminal case in which Harry J. Thomas, president of the Law Club, who aspires to the office of District Attorney of Allegheny County, will take part as attorney for the prosecution.

F. A. W. '14 (Law).



### Bury the Old Year.

Bury the old year—bury it deep:  
Bury the sins, the wrongs, the woes.  
Deep in oblivion all of them sleep:  
God has forgotten them—let them repose !  
    Bury the old year, nor over it grieve.  
    Deep in your heart and your memory  
    Bury the good 'twas your joy to achieve;  
    God worked it through you—praise to Him be !  
Bury the old year ! Blessings it brought;  
Harvest of kindly deeds yours 'twas to reap.  
Gather the blessed lessons it taught;  
In grateful memory bury them deep !

LUKE O'BYRNE.

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# Duquesne Monthly

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No 5.

## Flowers and Fruit.

**K**NOW you not our hearts are gardens,  
In whose depths kind thoughts take root?  
Only bring them to the surface,  
They will surely bear their fruit.

Know you not our lips are flowers,  
From whose height, like petals, fall  
Words of kindness, words of sunshine?  
Scatter them—they're blessings all.

Know you not our hands are branches,  
Burdened down with fruitage bright?  
Fruits of brave and kindly actions,—  
Yield them—'tis untold delight!

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.





## Colors; Their Associations.

**M**UCH of the charm of life comes from colors. The skyey color symphonies played morning and evening like beautiful matin melodies and vesper hymns in nature's vast cathedral, the unstained foliage of June, the ruddiness of red-cheeked mid-summer apples "redder than rosiest health or than utterest shame," and the harvest-yellow and tanned autumnal things, are a joy forever. It is the want of color that intensifies the disheartening chill of winter. In order to satisfy our demand for colors, we maintain gardens and conservatories for the propagation of flowers, factories for the production of paints, pigments, and dye stuffs, and an army of workmen constantly designing and executing new combinations and effects in colored fabrics of all kinds. The savage paints his flesh with pigmental colors. We civilized people sometimes do also, but above all, we dye and paint and stain our clothes and carpets, our houses and walls, and our windows and furniture with all the colors at our command. We color our soups, cakes, and puddings. Our fruit-venders supply themselves with rows of carefully burnished red apples to create a craving to possess the juicy eatables, and our confectioners charm the eye with cochineal and saffron that their sweetmeats may appeal more readily to their customers. Societies, political parties, religious organizations, and nations use colors as emblems.

Intensely bright colors, though, have not a very respected association with household and other decoration, while, with nature, brilliancy of color has unoffending affinity. The reason is that natural effects of color are more tolerable because they are transitory. Consider the gorgeous clouds of the flushed sky



at dawn—or of the sunset sky, if you happen to be a little out of practice as regards the sunrise—their deep crimsons and pompous purples are gone in half an hour; it would be a sad fatigue to the eye if they lasted all day. The hues of the rainbow dissolve into the depths of the sky while we gaze; they have no time to dazzle us. The brilliant tropical flower fades in a day. The most glowing assemblage of autumn tints burns itself out and turns to dull cinder brown and ashen gray. But brilliant combined effects of color in connection with our domestic environment would be appealing so unceasingly to the color sense that they would be as fatiguing to the eye as a perpetual succession of loud screams to the ear. Nor does a single strong color rhyme well with more delicate hues in room decoration. A strong flavor in a dish, such as onions, overpowers every other it may possess; a strong color catches the eye and fills it to the exclusion of every softer and more delicate one.

Each of us finds in his own experience that under certain conditions some particular color may awaken its own peculiar emotions. Green confectionery, for instance, may involuntarily excite feelings of antipathy, through the habit of associating this color with poisonous properties. The very adjectives applied to colors attest their emotional quality, the adjectives “strong,” “quiet,” “soft,” “harsh,” “cool,” “warm.” Of the three primaries, blue is said to be cold, yellow warm, and red neither. A blue-purple and a purplish-red are felt to be colder than a red-purple and a brick-red. As blue cools and chills, yellow warms any color with which it is mixed. Ivory-white and cream-white may be called warm-white and, in dress, can be intimately associated with the warm tones of the complexion. And lastly, red, being neutral, is incapable of imparting either warm or cold effects to a color to which it is added in any proportion. In view of the association of colors with the emotions, certain degenerate authors at times have had paper manufactured for their books, with each page of a different color. And Richard Wagner, during the hours in which he was engaged in composition, is said to have been clad in colors and surrounded by colors, varying with his moods.

It is thought, too, that blue is associated with the moral and

spiritual, yellow with the intellectual, green with the utilitarian, and red with the sensual nature of man. The vault above, with its remote blue, beyond which he believes is the dwelling-place of God, naturally accounts for the association of blue with his moral and spiritual feelings. In his everyday life, the yellow light of day has been the environment of his mental activities. Green has long been associated with his ordinary and useful occupations. Early he was brought into contact with the verdure of the vegetable world; his paths have been worn across the green fields, his habitations have been in the leafy woods or in the verdant valleys. The rarer sight of ripe red fruit, of some gorgeous flower, of the flow of blood from his slain victim, has given to red the stronger association of love or violence.

Then, too, savages, in common with many other people have given colors other associations, assuming, for example, yellow plants to be bitter; red, sour; green, alkaline; white, sweet; and black, disagreeable or poisonous. It is known also that colors were once associated with medicines, yellow medicines, for instance, being considered good for the liver; and red, for fever. Taciturn and melancholy insane patients have become gay and talkative when confined for a few hours in a chamber the walls and windows of which were uniformly red. It is generally admitted, too, that sounds have their color correlatives, due to a mental attitude toward them. Red, for instance, is often involuntarily associated with the horn or trumpet, blue with the violin, yellow with the harp; bright colors with pleasant sounds, and dark colors with loud, roaring sounds; tints with the higher tones on the piano, shades with the lower.

Red is the color commonly associated with strong feeling of any kind, whether of love or hatred, good or evil. Mephistopheles often wears red clothes. The red hats of the cardinals show that they are ready to spill their blood for the Savior. Among civilized nations and among savage tribes red signifies war, anarchy, violence. The red flag and the red lantern virtually cry out, danger! beware! s-t-o-p! Blue is associated with the dwelling place of God. In religious art, angels are placed in a blue nimbus. Blue is the only color that can be obtained in a perfectly pure form and is appropriately the color

of the Virgin Mary, and in pictures of the upper garments of Christ. Yellow signifies the sun and is associated with the emotions of jest and mirth. White, reflecting all the colors of the spectrum, denotes purity; hence the white garments of priests, nuns, novices, and catechumens. Among civilized nations and savage tribes white is the color of peace. Black absorbs the sun's light, and therefore signifies death and mourning. The minister of religion garbed in black shows that he has died to the world.

All this, though, cannot be said absolutely, for it is not without some exceptions. White, for instance, in Tierra del Fuego is the color of war and red that of peace. In China, white is the color of mourning and yellow the color, not of jest and mirth, but of royal dignity. Still, the most simple of these symbolic color ideas are of such a nature that most persons will agree upon them. Evidently, white and black have a direct significance because light is white and darkness black, while beyond this colors frequently become symbolized only because definite objects to which they belong get associated with them in thought.

And finally, a word about colors and their associations in the future. Perhaps the time will come when women will no longer largely choose black for their ordinary wear, as being the easiest way of solving the question of color with reference to their complexions, but will recognize that, as black absorbs all other colors, wearing it is, in reality, not a solution, but an evasion of the problem. Perhaps colors, instead of being so largely divorced from women's everyday dress, will be sentimentally associated with it to indicate the state of the affections. Such an innovation, at least, would not be more absurd than many of the prevailing fashions of to-day, and while helping to exile some of the dingy shades of the city, need not become a colorful inelegancy, for there is as true an art in clothing as in painting.

Colors, too, because of their moody suggestiveness, may be utilized in connection with literature and, by the precise coloration of the binding and leaves, we may yet be able to judge a book by its cover and to enter more thoroughly into the spirit of every page. The interior of the home may yet be finished in

exquisite rainbow tints like the inside of the sea-shell. Then, too, the association of colors with sounds suggests the possibility of building a satisfactory color organ which by the silent ministration of beauty through the medium of colors instead of sounds, will be the counterpart of the familiar musical instrument, and which will enable the deaf to experience the same beautiful sensations as the blind.

The association of colors with nature and with art calls up a time when color will not be used merely as an accessory to drawing, but will be developed into a language of pure emotion and into a fine art itself capable of expressing the sublimest moods of the soul; a time when groups of gigantic forms will be produced upon the sky before a million spectators by means of electrical painting with its own perspective and entrancing color, as well as with a new element added to such a style of painting, namely movement, the spectacle thereby becoming dramatic. The possibility of producing nocturnal paintings upon the celestial canvas was hinted at in the colorful electrical displays of the Chicago World's Fair. "Why," it was asked, "should not a million eyes at the next Chicago World's Fair behold the Last Judgment thrown upon the skies over Lake Michigan, and witness the coming of the Judge, seated literally upon the clouds, while electricity, the New Lucifer, or light-bearer, flashes over the waters below, and transforms the billows of fire like unto the eternal pit?" Or in soft, exquisite tints might be painted angel forms floating about the dome of the world's cathedral. Or delicate color melodies might be composed of single floating lights and majestic symphonies might be played with orchestral blaze of uplifting hues, with the blotting darkness separating each passage of color from its successor.

However this may be in our fast-moving century, it is not too much to say that colors will develop additional charms for us as we give them additional associations.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.





## The License of the Press.

**I**N that momentous convention held over a century and a half ago, which met for the purpose of deciding the letter of our constitution, little did it dawn upon those present that the word "liberty" which they so frequently interspersed throughout that document, might one day come to be symbolic of oppression and abuse of power. Yet the tendencies of modern times seem to be in that direction. We call ourselves free and independent, but do not realize the possibility of an impending danger to ourselves and to our country, owing to an excessive use of this freedom. A gross misuse of liberty is to-day remarkably manifest in many instances, but to many earnest-minded citizens none appears more dangerous, or suggests itself as a greater menace to the stability of society than the ever-increasing license of the press.

Many potent factors are intricately bound up in the life of a nation, but it is extremely doubtful if any wields a mightier influence upon the daily thought and morals of the people, than that of the press. It is the fountain-head of all our knowledge of current events. It covers its daily columns with items gathered from the remotest regions of the Orient to the farthest corners of the Occident; from the wilds of Africa even to the snowy solitudes of Siberia. Yea, more. It tends, more or less aggressively, to fashion our sentiments, to dominate our policies, and even to suggest our creed.

What a power! what a dominion must it not then possess! An influence, alas, too often linked with the forces of evil, rather than on the side of truth and justice. Whether through a spirit of commercialism, or, as frequently is the case, through a spirit

of hatred, the newspapers are channels by means of which countless facts—true or otherwise—are conveyed to the people, and which enter like a secret poison into the public mind, to set it at variance with individuals, society, the state, or the Church. It is against this unbridled license of publishing articles, without even the slightest regard to morality and religion, that opposition must be made.

Within recent years many journals and magazines have sprung into being, the sole object of whose existence is to attack the Catholic Church. Their foul sheets are instruments, not merely for the destruction of material possessions, but also for the overthrow of spiritual things. They rave against religion and particularly against all things Catholic, and do not hesitate to spread their base imputations broadcast over the land. Their publications against the Church are unfit to be read by even the most degenerate, and it is quite surprising how any unbiased or fair-minded individual could countenance such literature by allowing it to enter the sacred portals of the home. They are merely a cesspool of lies, of infamy, of diabolical concoctions which drag down into the mire of hatred and unbelief, numbers of innocent readers.

When the editors have exhausted their own depraved intellects by ceaseless lying and slander and are no longer able to invent more debasing accusations against the Church, they call in to their aid fictitious or excommunicated monks and priests, and these hirelings for a small pecuniary consideration vomit out against the Church their lengthy calumnies and defamations, which are utterly without foundation. This is the liberty of which I speak, the liberty to propagate throughout the state such lying opinions which serve only to corrupt the public mind and heart. Rather call it a license and do not stain with their evil deeds the fair name of liberty.

Yet why should we oppose these? Has not Christ foretold that in ages to come such persecutions would rise up against the Church, to aim their darts of infamy at her very heart, but, founded as she was upon the rock of Peter, and guided by the hand of Him who controls all things, she would safely weather all storms? As one writer tersely expresses it, "In her existence

the Church has seen legions of these defamers; she was present at their birth, she assisted at their obsequies."

The Church, however, must take measures for the safety of countless of her children, who, being, in their untrained simplicity, unable to pierce the veil of hypocrisy that conceals the true sources, the authors of these malicious writings, give credence to them, and are led to destruction as the innocent lambs are led to slaughter. The only means of counteracting the evil influence of these libelous columns is the establishment of a greater Catholic press. In advocating this it is not our intention to decry all secular journalism; for, as a body, its promoters, despite occasional blunders, are doing a great work for humanity and civilization.

Yet the Church must have her own organ, her own mouth-piece. Too long has she stood, like Christ before Pilate of old, silent in the midst of false accusations. She must rather imitate His conduct when he repudiated the Pharisees' diatribes. She must increase the number of her journals, not so much for the refutation of the slanderous sheets before mentioned—for she rightly deems them beneath contempt—but rather in order to enlighten her children; for now, as in past ages, ignorance is the great foe of truth. Since the necessity of it is therefore manifestly evident, let this be a plea for a greater Catholic press, a plea which should re-echo in every Catholic community. It is only when the Church shall see everywhere established journals for her defense that her followers, girded with the bright armor of truth, will be able to resist the onslaughts of the increasing atheism and infidelity of our age.

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.





## The Shot That Strayed.

**P**HIL CAROTHERS and Tim Connors were returning to Slabtown from a country ball, one cool night in June.

Suddenly their conversation was interrupted by the report of a gun. Bang! and again Bang!! they heard distinctly.

The men rode quickly in the direction of the shots, and before long they sighted Bell Hepburn's bachelor quarters. Their knock was not answered, and they rode on. Passing the barn, they saw a harrowing sight. Bill was lying in a pool of blood! Near him lay a revolver, a dead rat, and a pearl cuff-link.

Had Bill been robbed and killed, or was it suicide? The limp body was carried into the house, and the men with all speed notified the constable, Sam Walter. A posse was formed. Going to the house, they searched it thoroughly. The button and revolver were examined, but absolutely no clues were found.

There was but one thing to do. A detective must at once be put on the case. Sherman Home, at the county-seat, far-famed for his sagacity, was the man. How could they reach him? The best thing was to wire him; but the station had already been closed for the night. Someone must ride to the town and enlist his services. Every man was ready, but the constable would go himself.

Two hours had already passed since the tragedy, and he must hurry. The horse grasped his master's thought. Galloping at a great pace, they arrived at the toll-gate. To complicate matters, Sam had forgotten to bring his purse. He explained to the toll-keeper,—but he could not pass without the toll fee. Old Burns was inflexible.

More time was to be lost! No, the constable had the button and the revolver. He would present them as security, and all would be well. The gate-keeper was content with this, and Sam Walter arrived in town five minutes later.



He went directly to Sherman Home's house and knocked. A man of grave appearance came to the door. The great detective had been working in his laboratory until the wee small hours.

"Howdy, Sam! What's your business?" was all he said.

The constable explained his errand excitedly. Sherman Home listened with imperturbable calm, put a few adroit questions, pocketed a few articles, and said, "I'm ready, Sam." Reaching the toll-gate, they bought back the "clues," and continued on their way.

Day was just breaking when they ended their journey. A thorough examination of the premises was instantly made. Marvelous to relate, when the blood was washed off, Hepburn's body bore no wound except a scratch on the wrist. The back of his head was badly swollen.

"Did Hepburn shoot himself?" they asked the detective. "No," he assured them, confidently, "No. The would-be murderess," he said, with an arch look, "is a refined, undersized young woman with blonde hair, addicted to the use of perfume and French heels. Her initials are E. M."

Neighboring constables were notified, and within four hours a woman named Edith Morgan was arrested. She answered to every detail of the detective's description. His fame, already great, took another prodigious bound.

The girl was very repentant. Without any persuasion, she tearfully confessed the crime. "Bill often made visits to my house," said she. "He treated me well and spent his money on me. He accidentally insulted my brother, and when I asked him why he did so, he struck me. My temper aroused, I followed him home. After he put away his horse, I shot him coming out of the barn. I then fled into the next village, and—and I was found this morning. Oh," she wailed, with a sudden access of hysterical grief, "how terrible! I am a murderess!"

Home reassured her, affirming with a whimsical smile that things might be worse than they were.

His explanation of his solution was simple. "There was a small foot-print in the ground near the man's body, the heel-mark answering in every respect the measurements of a French

heel. Moreover, I found a wisp of blonde hair in the vicinity. I also noticed a peculiar odor. I investigated and found the grass scented with perfume emanating from a handkerchief marked E. M. I examined the man's body. I found nothing till I came to the cuffs. One cuff was torn. A bullet went through it. The button in the other cuff matched this one. It was therefore," he resumed, smilingly, "not a murderer, and the cuff-link appertained, not to the would-be assassin, but to her might-have-been victim."

"And now," he proceeded, "we shall resuscitate the corpse." From his vest-pocket he produced a small phial containing some dark liquid, which gave forth purple fumes as soon as it was uncorked. Everyone began to sneeze. Home applied the phial to Hepburn's nostrils. Marvel! a tremendous sneeze, followed by another and another, and Bill sat up, gazing about in a bewildered fashion. The great detective answered the still more bewildered and questioning gaze of the spectators by saying that Miss Morgan's shots had happily all gone wide except the one that had passed through Hepburn's cuff. Bill had only been badly stunned by falling on the back of his head when he stepped on a rat scared out of its hole by the shots. The blood in which he lay was not his own, but the rat's! The constable had never thought that the rodent had had anything to do with the case, but Home, accustomed to neglect nothing, had examined it carefully and found it had been pierced with a bullet.

Was Miss Morgan glad her victim was only a rat? Guess!

At any rate, a reconciliation was effected on the spot, thanks to Home's diplomacy, and the lady recovered sufficiently from the shock she had sustained to serve a belated breakfast to Hepburn, the constable and his aids, the detective, and even the coroner.

\* \* \*

That was a year ago. Bill Hepburn is no longer a bachelor; and, on rare occasions, Mrs. Hepburn wears a curiously fashioned brooch, the centre of which consists of twin pearl cuff-links, artfully intertwined.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

## Simeon.

UPON the Temple-steps there stood,  
To welcome One who tarried,  
A patient watcher, just and good—  
The weight of years he carried.

In him the Holy Spirit bode—  
Well-pleased with such a dwelling—  
And once the unveiled future showed,  
This mystery foretelling:

“Thy ceaseless longing God most high,  
O Simeon, truly pleases:  
It shall be sated ere thou die;  
Thou’lt see the Savior Jesus.”

Amid the mother-throng that paid  
Their vows, with thanks o’erflowing,  
His gaze inspired knew a Maid  
With virgin beauty glowing.

The ardor of his heart’s desire  
Straightway its strength expressing,  
Thro’ all the crowd he hastened nigher  
The Child she was caressing.

And Mary, whom the Spirit filled,  
Gave to his arms her Treasure;  
His soul with exultation thrilled  
And transports without measure.

Thenceforth his joy can never cease;  
He sings, in jubilation,  
“Now take Thy servant, Lord, in peace;  
Mine eyes have seen salvation.”

LUKE O’BYRNE.

## The Importance of the Art of Oratory.

**N**O product of the conquering human reason is, as we are all aware, of more widespread use, and has contributed more materially towards our progress, than speech, one of our principal characteristics. Our natural tendency to loquacity, and varied and frequent circumstances, induce us to have recourse to commonplace oral discourse. But, now and again, men find themselves confronted by the necessity of making a more or less formal address to a company or an assembly. Speech on such an occasion may be called oratory.

The history of oratory may be termed the history of nations. Doubtless it played an important part in the development of Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, and Persia; we may glean as much from the scanty records they have left us. But as far as the documents we possess are concerned, its record begins about the year 500 B. C., among the Greeks, a people who attained great excellence in the art. Demosthenes, whose name has become synonymous with eloquence throughout the world, and whose "Oration on the Crown" has been pronounced the most polished and powerful effort of human oratory, stands without a peer.

As a whole, oratory was an influential factor in politics and law among the ancient Greeks, and it played an important role in their fortunes and vicissitudes. In those the orator was an all-powerful personage, performing the combined functions of the modern orator and the press. With his words still ringing in their ears, his auditors would act immediately upon the convictions and emotions that were produced. Not so now, however. To-day an oration is reproduced in the newspapers; and the public read it at leisure, weigh it carefully, and form their own opinions. The consequence of this is that the speech must first stand the test of criticism and discussion, and is acted upon only when found solid. The more important, therefore, to practice the art in its completeness nowadays.

It would seem to require no argument that the young men sent forth from our schools and colleges should receive some training in the art of oratory. A large majority of the American



people honestly and earnestly mean to do right, and therefore welcome serious arguments and appeals to the highest order of motives. They demand the orator who has the power of presenting facts clearly and forcibly. If the college graduate cannot satisfy this want, who shall? If he is unfit to espouse the just cause of truth and righteousness, who shall be its champion? If the educated man is unable to point out the right road to the ignorant classes, and thereby promote his country's welfare, who will guide the multitude? If the thoughts and feelings of a great orator cannot reach the minds and hearts of the people, because they issue from his own, what can?

A brief observation of actual conditions subverts and refutes the contention that in modern times the press has supplanted the orator. If such a claim were based on a solid foundation, what would be the use of a fatiguing campaign on the part of presidential candidates and their adherents? What, the benefit of the hours spent in deep thought, in the planning of orations; the days of unceasing labor, and nights without repose? Of what service to their choice and favorite, the countless harangues and petty speeches of demagogues and party-leaders, if all the influence and power of the orator of old now rested solely with the press? Can cold, lifeless type ever supply the personal relation of speaker and hearer? Does it not lack the "power of living speech"?

It has been said that it is the mission of oratory to contribute its quota in the world-old struggle between right and wrong. Oratory has been named the child of political freedom. History proves that it travels hand in hand with liberty, for where there is liberty, there is the power of free speech, and where there is free speech, there is oratory.

We are all acquainted with the history of oratory in the Roman Forum, where Cicero held his hearers spell-bound and swayed their passions at will. Oratory was in part responsible for the crusades; it sent myriads of brave Christians to wrest Palestine from the powerful and tenacious grasp of the heathen. "It lighted the fires which burned into the Reformation and the French Revolution." And, needless to say, its history is inextricably interwoven with that of our Revolution, the adoption

of the Constitution, the Civil War, and finally, the subsequent development and prosperity of our country.

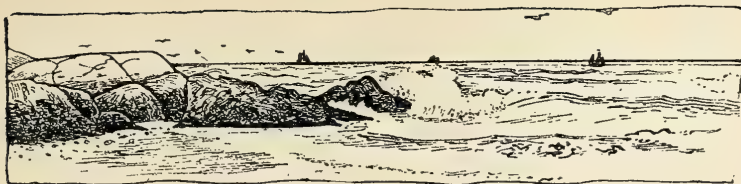
Besides the important function which oratory performs in civil government, there is another, a more momentous duty assigned to it in the spiritual realm,—the Church. Priests are, in general, well trained in public speaking, so that, when summoned to the pulpit, they may have the power of rousing in the breasts of men hatred for what is evil and zeal for what is good.

The great doctors of the Church were all renowned speakers, some of them even teachers of oratory. The impetuous zeal of St. Chrysostom, the suave unction of St. Ambrose, the majestic periods of St. Augustine, the fiery controversial spirit of St. Jerome, are an important part of the history of their respective periods. St. Bernard's preaching moved all Europe in his day. St. Bernardine of Siena was a power unequalled in the Italy of his time, and the echoes of St. Vincent Ferrer's voice seem to be still heard in holy Brittany. St. Dominic thought sacred oratory so important that he named his order "the Order of Preachers"; and such men as Bourdaloue, Lacordaire and Monsabré, his spiritual sons, have spoken Lent after Lent in Notre Dame de Paris to crowds greater than those that assemble on any other occasion, and have certainly kept France's waning faith aglow. Father Burke and Father Mathew are examples of what sacred eloquence has done in English-speaking countries.

That eloquence in legislative bodies and popular assemblies, as well as in religious institutions, has affected the destinies of nations to no slight extent, is a fact incontestably established by a survey of history. Students, especially, must realize this, and should, in consequence, grasp every opportunity for cultivating the art. True, they cannot all rise to prominence as orators, nor is this at all necessary. However, when circumstances, solemn or otherwise, demand an extempore address, they must be prepared to rise to the occasion, and not only have something to say, but speak freely and intelligently.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '16.





## Change Upon Change.

**T**HE Calendar, like all other things made by the hand of man, has at some time or other undergone a reform or betterment. Just as nature, the earth, ideas and customs, art and science, have changed in the course of time, so also, as man became more skilled in the work of chronology, has the Calendar been altered.

No matter how far back we may study before the time of Christ, we shall find that every nation had some way in which to reckon time. Crude as it may have been, it was nevertheless an idea that has grown and developed, until we have the present mature system.

The ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Hindustani, and the American Aztecs and Peruvians had curious ways of calculating the solar and lunar periods.

The Jewish people used a Calendar that is said to have been created 3,760 years B. C., and was based upon the lunar month, consisting of 354 days to the year.

The ancient Romans used a Calendar which divided the year into ten months, containing 304 days. Their months contained three parts; the Calends, the Nones, and the Ides. The Roman year began with the month of March, and ended with December. However, such a calendar as this did not coincide with the revolution of the earth around the sun. Spring came one year in March, the next in May, the third year in July.

Between the years of 715-672 B. C., Numa Pompilius, second king of the Romans, made a new Calendar. He added two new months, January and February, and placed them after December, still continuing to hold March as the first month of the Roman year. This Calendar was used until 46 B. C.

About 100 years B. C., Julius Caesar was born. He was

probably the greatest military genius that ever lived. Being very learned, he saw the necessity of a new system of time, and in 46 B. C., he reformed the Calendar made by Numa Pompilius. He introduced the leap-year, this being to add a day to February every four years. When Caesar changed the Calendar, the solar year was made to consist of 365 days and six hours, the six extra hours of four consecutive years forming the day which made leap-year. The lunar year was abolished, and the solar year substituted for it.

This Calendar was used for sixteen hundred years, but learned men and mathematicians found several great defects in it. They found that it gained time on the true solar year. To add a day every fourth year was to add almost three quarters of an hour too much, the following year commencing forty-four minutes and fifty-two seconds after the sun had passed the equinox.

In the thirteenth century the Julian Calendar was seven days ahead of time, and by the sixteenth it was ten. This caused great trouble, as the holy days of the year did not fall on the same days, and the clergy in different parts of the world held the church festivals at different times, because they had no true regulated system.

As men were becoming more familiar with the measurements of time, they again found the need of a reform in the Calendar; and at the councils of Constance, Basle, Lateran, and Trent, the reform was pressed upon the Pope, who was, at that time, the supreme Sovereign of the whole Christian world.

Nineteen years after the Council of Trent, the great task was accomplished by Pope Gregory XIII. With the aid of Lilius, Clavius and Chacon, Pope Gregory revised the old Julian Calendar and remedied its principal defects.

The omission of the ten superfluous days took place, in order to bring things to their proper position. To obviate the recurrence of the same error, it was decided to omit three leap-years in every four centuries, and thus eliminate the three superfluous days. To effect this, only every fourth centurial year was retained as a leap-year.

The length of the Gregorian year exceeds that of the true astronomical measurements by 26 seconds. It will be about 35 centuries before the result will be an error of a day, and this is so far away, that surely someone will, by that, be able to correct it. Let us hope it will be another worthy person, such as Pope Gregory XIII.

LOUIS F. COOK,  
First High.



## The Cement Show.

ON Thursday evening, December 12th, 1912, there opened in the Exposition Building, an exhibition conducted by the representatives of one of those industries that determine the superiority in matters constructional of the present age over all past time. I refer to the Cement Show, an exhibition of the various features of the cement and concrete industry, from the making of cement and the mixing of concrete to the construction of houses of this material. This show is an annual event in New York, and the present instance is the only one in which the Show has been held outside New York City, with the exception of the several times when it honored with its presence the metropolis of the Middle West, Chicago. The removal of this show from these two great cities to our own Smoky City, even for a single year, is but another indication that Pittsburgh is advancing with giant strides to her due share of recognition as the real Workshop of the World. On the occasion of this, the first visit of this exhibition to Pittsburgh, the inhabitants of the Steel City and of the surrounding districts, especially the engineers and contractors, evinced such a great interest in the show and the various articles and methods displayed, that it is practically certain that the first visit of the Cement Show to Pittsburgh will be by no means the last.

The first sight that greeted the eyes of the visitor approaching the Exposition was that of a concrete table or platform supporting an immense pile of pig iron, the weight of which could only be conjectured, as the exhibitors gave us no information on this subject. Nor indeed was any necessary, for the very sight of that stack of "pigs" was sufficient to accomplish the object intended, that is, to demonstrate the tremendous strength of reinforced concrete.

The sightseer leaves this exhibit duly impressed, and prepared for what is to follow inside the building itself. After we, my companion and myself, had passed the officious gate-keeper's stile, a most beautiful sight burst upon our view. The building was as tastefully decorated as I have ever seen it. The ceiling was profusely adorned with flags and bunting in which the

national colors and those of the City of Pittsburgh were predominant. Leading from the main entrance directly across the large hall was a beautiful arbor built of white cement-coated wood and tastefully draped with grape-vines and leaves, which contrasted well with the snowy frame and made a fine appearance. The separate stalls were also made of this cement-covered wood, and the corner-posts were crowned with gleaming, white, electric-light globes, the whole building producing a fine effect. In fact, the expression employed by my companion, "concrete fairy-land" was eminently applicable to the Exposition Building that day.

So much for the aesthetic,—now for the practical, the industrial features. The first exhibit we visited was that of the Ceresit Waterproofing Company, where the demonstrator claimed for his company's product the honor of having been used to water-proof the Pyramids of Egypt,—and he told it as if he meant it. The neighboring stall contained the pictorial exhibition of plans, drawings, and maps of the Pittsburgh Artists and Designers, and also that of the Reclamation Bureau of the United States. These pictures were a delightful study, especially those of the former association, which had another stall devoted to the display of concrete houses in model, most interesting and informative.

In the next aisle, we found the largest exhibit of any single firm in the entire Exposition. It was that of the Universal Portland Cement Company, which displayed, amongst other things, the method of testing the cement in the making, showing how samples are taken automatically every eight seconds for analysis in the chemical laboratories of the firm. Here also we found a wonderful exhibit of the various kinds of concrete and asphalt paving systems in use at the present time, cross-sections showing the composition of the different layers of material in a concrete pavement.

In the third aisle was situated the stall of the National Bureau of Standard Measurements, and this was for us the most interesting feature of the entire show. Here were displayed the results of investigations into the effects of electrolysis upon

cement and concrete water-mains and the like. Here too we performed a little experiment ourselves, viewing the displacement of a concrete bar to the millionth part of an inch by means of optical interference. Think of measuring the amount of displacement that is taking place in a concrete bar because of the imposition of the weight of a finger-tip! What an example of the minute accuracy attainable by present-day scientific methods!

In the fourth and final aisle, we happened upon the largest and the smallest articles in the entire building, an immense concrete-mixer and a concrete pipe-bowl; these instances show the great extension of the exhibition. Here also we found the exhibits of the University of Pittsburgh and of the Carnegie Tech Schools. The former was particularly interesting, because of the presence of samples of concrete which had been tested by the students of the University in various ways.

Soon after we left these stands, we departed from the building to the tune of the excellent music of the band, which had been playing popular airs interspersed with more classical selections during the whole evening; and truly, we bade farewell to the Cement Show, convinced that it is one of the greatest educational enterprises that have graced our city for years, and that it should be welcomed back to our midst as often as the directors see fit to deprive the inhabitants of New York and Chicago of the benefits derivable from this interesting and useful exhibition.

F. J. MUELLER, '14.



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## EDITORIAL.

### *Minutiae.*

A very important factor in daily life is the weightiness of the so-called *minutiae*; and one deplorable feature, that too often the less urgent is completely set at naught.

Our petty negligences at first sight seem trivial, and one by one they are passed up, only adding size to the mountainous task that will inevitably confront us with overwhelming disaster. We shirk the many little duties right and left; with some this is a veritable accomplishment; they are adepts in their art.

The cause of this lamentable condition is deep-rooted, and also deep-hidden, pride. We imagine that the little exertion



spent in attending to small details is unworthy of our titanic powers. There is the mistake! And it is a mistake made every day by numbers of misguided students. There is hardly any branch of our curriculum whose broad outlines the student may content himself with assimilating. Learning, whether it be theoretical and formative or immediately practical, is a matter of many details, which must be observed day by day at close range. The broader view comes when one *in possession* of all these *minutiae* reviews his matter under the professor's guidance. Some of us may have been so fortunate as to recognize this at the recent examinations. Others there are undoubtedly who are too obtuse to see it when it is poked under their nose.

To come back to general principles again. The immediate performance of little things is the key-stone of success; on this foundation great men have builded the powerful superstructure of their enviable careers in life.

In every civilized country the import of little things is attested by proverbs and slogans innumerable. These proverbs, or rather the principle they embody, will direct us on the right path and guard us against the greatest failure.

L. P. G.



### ***Democratic Simplicity.***

After sixteen years of Republican tenure the Democratic party will once more have the satisfaction of seeing their man inaugurated as the Chief Executive of the land. And without a doubt he is the right man in the right place. Mr. Wilson promised great reforms in the management of the Government. Hence to do himself justice he begins at the very outset. There is to be no inaugural ball; perhaps other formalities will be eliminated.

The President-elect has laid himself open to bitter, scathing criticism and many men question his motives. He is indeed bold in his novel innovation and utter disregard for a time-honored tradition, and in thus establishing a precedent.

Some "wise ones" have termed Mr. Wilson's stand Democratic simplicity; and, coincidentally with the inaugural of the Governor of New York, others might called it a democratic conspiracy to do away with all formal functions.

Whatever his reasons are—be they of the economic element in saving the federal government a few insignificant thousands, or his desire to prevent objectionable dances,—Mr. Wilson knows best.

L. P. G.

## CHRONICLE.

At the end of the holidays the priests of the Alumni were entertained at dinner in the University.

**Priest of Alumni at Dinner** Many of the former students attended and old friendships were renewed. The following were present: Very Reverend M. A. Hehir, Reverend Father P. A. McDermott, H. J. McDermott, J. P. Danner, A. B. Mehler, E. B. Knaebel, J. F. Malloy, J. A. Pobleshek, J. Iehlen, L. J. Zindler, J. A. Baumgartner, F. X. Roehrig, P. Maher, B. J. McGuigan, R. L. Hayes, D. D., James R. Cox, Joseph Keating, Philip Misklow, Joseph Hagan, Charles Fehrenbach, Charles M. Keane, John Killgallen, Thomas Gillen, M. McGarey, J. L. Jaworski, T. Meyer, and Messrs. John Rowe and John Knight.

During the holidays there was a meeting of college presidents held in the University. Important

**College Presidents Here** matters interesting the institutions of higher education in Pennsylvania were discussed.

For several weeks last month, we were honored with the presence of Father Cornelius O'Shea, C. S. Sp.

**Visit of Father O'Shea** This eminent speaker preached retreats at various convents in this district and was received with a hearty welcome. Since 1893 Father O'Shea has been giving missions in every section of Ireland. Previous to that he had been engaged as a professor at St. Mary's College, Trinidad. He will return early in Lent to conduct missions in Pittsburgh and its suburbs.

Several weeks ago the Fathers' and Students' libraries were enlarged by a donation of some very valuable books on History and Literature. These

**Books Donated by the Library** volumes, one hundred and thirty-six in number, are the gift of the Very Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., of St. James' Church, Wilkesburg. This is not the first time the venerable historian of the diocese has thus shown his generous interest in the University.

While speaking of donations it would be well to mention that donations of books are acceptable at all times. Recently, Desmond O'Connor, James Madden and Herbert Dyson contributed several sets of popular boy fiction. These are now in circulation and are in great demand. At the beginning of the new year, three additional magazines appeared on the reading table.

The "Exchanges" have also been put in circulation and there is always a rush to obtain the "current issue." The students desire to know what the students of other schools are thinking and doing, and many are the expressions of surprise and delight evoked by the reading of our college "contemporaries."

The Free-hand Drawing Classes have been resumed and quite a crowd of talented boys are eagerly receiving **Drawing** the instructions of Father Malloy. The designs which are to be found in this issue illustrate very well the quality of the work done. The artists, however, were too modest to let their names be known.

On Sunday evening, January 12, the first concert of the New Year was held. The programme which was excellent **Concert** was gotten up by the Senior and Junior classes. The debate was hotly contested, each one doing his best to bring victory to his side. The palm of victory, however, went to the negative side by a very small majority. The subject was:—

Resolved, That All Ships Passing Through the Panama Canal Should Pay Equal Toll.

Chairman—Anthony J. Muszynski

Affirmative—L. D. McNanamy, H. M. Connelly

Negative—M. W. Drelak, J. J. O'Connell

A number of the undergraduates assisted as entertainers or in other capacities at the Alumni Smoker, **Alumni Smoker** held at the University January 14. They were therefore let somewhat into the mysteries of that organization, and saw how "college spirit" ripens into a fond love of old *Alma Mater*. The election of Mr. Egan, of the Faculty, as Vice-President, caused general satisfaction among the boys.

During the week of January 20, the second term examinations were held and the result was very encouraging.

**Exams** A good number of the boys obtained honor cards and nearly all passed good examinations. The following obtained first place in their several classes:

Senior, Albert F. Yunker; Junior, F. J. Mueller; Sophomore, Leo A. McCrory; Freshman, Jerome Hannan; Fourth High, Philip Buchman; Third High, Raymond J. Baum; Second High, James M. McCarthy; First High, Charles F. McCrory; Third Scientific, James E. Mauch; Second Scientific, Myron H. Wagner; First Scientific, Edward McGrael; Advanced Commercial, Albert Friederick; First Commercial, John A. Brinker; Second Commercial, L. D. Wetzel; Preparatory Commercial, Fred Stebler; Second Prep., Anthony Funk; First Prep., Thomas M. Kennedy.

The *Chronicler* leaves to others to report the unprecedented success of the Annual Euchre. Suffice it to say here **Euchre** that never before were committees so active, never before were patronesses so influential, never before were aids so winsome and so efficient, prizes so numerous, crowds so merry, proceeds so gratifying. That means a boom for the Athletic Association.

On January 31, the time-honored custom of receiving new members into the various sodalities was observed.

**Sodality** The ceremonies which were very impressive were **Reception** conducted by the Very Reverend President.

A set of 600 stereopticon slides on many subjects connected with education has been given a place in the **Educational** students' library. The professors of Geography, **Lantern Views** History, Geology, Botany, etc., will make regular use of them to illustrate their lectures.

This is an innovation that is in line with the most modern educational methods, and is expected to be not only interesting, but highly profitable. Later on, the Faculty will add to the number of views. The slides were made by the Keystone View Co., of Meadville, Pa., of which Mr. W. J. McDowell is local representative, with offices in the Wabash Building.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '14.



## ALUMNI.

JAMES CLIFFORD McNALLY, '83, was appointed by President Taft on December 17th last, to be Consul at Hanover, Germany. Mr. McNally has been for several years the American Consul at Tsing Tan, China, where German influence is strong. Hanover is an important post, and the climate and baths will give Mr. McNally the opportunity to recover his health, considerably impaired by his stay in China.

DR. CLAUDE McDERMID, '97, for a number of years a prominent physician of Charleroi, is now building up a splendid practice at Sunnyside, Utah. Recently he wrote a most interesting letter to a member of the Faculty, from which we take the liberty of culling the following passages: "I had more work in Charleroi than I could possibly do, and was building a practice that would live and grow. I was not trying to make money at first, but was building a reputation that no competition could pull down. Here too I have made friends and a reputation of having a conscience and using it once in a while, and having my patients' interests at heart."

REV. CHARLES E. HALEY, '05, was ordained priest in St. John's Pro-Cathedral, Altoona, on December 21, 1912, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Garvey. We extend our congratulations and heartiest good wishes to the new priest.

FOR several years past EDWARD L. DAVIN, '04, has been practicing law in Los Angeles, Cal. He will in the near future go down to Son Diego to take up the duties of assistant district attorney. We are delighted to hear that Ed, like a number of other Alumni, is making his mark on the Pacific coast.

THE ALUMNI SMOKER was held in the University Hall on Tuesday, January 14. Despite the very severe weather, a numerous and representative gathering of the "old boys" was present at this reunion, which many prefer to the more formal annual banquet, because it brings them back to the "old place" itself. There was many a cordial handshake, sometimes after a little peering at a long unseen and now matured countenance,

many an exchange of old experiences, many a renewal of old friendships. The entertainment provided by the students' orchestra and some of the undergraduates was applauded very heartily. Afterwards lunch was served in the students' dining-room, and the following officers for the coming year were elected: President, JOHN L. WALSH, '84; Vice-President, JOHN P. EGAN, '11; Treasurer, WILLIAM WEISS, '91; Secretary, REV. H. J. McDERMOTT. Everyone was pleased to see the younger generation represented among the officers. The election of Mr. Egan as Vice-President was unanimous, and his speech of acceptance called forth round after round of applause. The Very Rev. President made a happy address, in which he pointed out to the young men present their duty to realize their numerical and moral strength in the commonwealth, and to make this strength felt. Other addresses were made by REV. P. A. McDERMOTT, MR. JOHN E. KANE, the retiring president, and MR. MAX McCLAFFERTY. It was decided to hold the annual banquet at an early date after Easter.



## ATHLETICS.

**W**ITHIN the past year, Athletics in the school have received a decided boost. The past foot-ball season found us represented by one of the best and fastest elevens that have been seen on the campus in years. It was also the intention of the Faculty to inaugurate basket-ball this year, and to furnish the school with a representative team. However, there were many unforeseen obstacles to be overcome before such action could be taken, and it was thought advisable to delay the matter until next season.

### The A. A. U.

One occurrence which served to stimulate Athletics was the fact that only a short time ago the University was received into the Middle Atlantic Division of the A. A. U. The Athletic Committee, which had been considering this step for some time, entered a formal application for admission last fall, and their plea was favorably acted upon by the board of directors at their next meeting. The advantage of membership in this Association is manifest, as it gives greater scope to our athletic activity, allowing us to enter contestants in all the meets and sporting events held under their auspices.

Entrance into the Western Collegiate Conference is now being seriously considered by the University. This is an Association composed of colleges in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia, whose object is to promote a mutual relation in athletics between their schools.

### Preparing the Schedule.

Gallagher, last season's short-stop, has been chosen by the Athletic Committee as manager of the 'Varsity base-ball team for 1913. Their choice will no doubt meet with great approval as he has already had much experience in handling the affairs of collegiate base-ball. For the past month he has been kept quite busily occupied arranging a schedule. This is now almost complete and will be ready for publication in our next issue.

### Mamaux With the Pirates.

The city papers for the past two weeks have been keeping before the public the roster of those who have signed with Pittsburgh's National League team. Among the first pitchers to make a contract was a youth of 17 (or less, we are inclined to believe), none other than our own Albert Mamaux. We expected something of the kind, but not so soon! Judging from his record while at Duquesne, we certainly expect Albert to make good. Everybody here will follow his fortunes with the keenest interest.

## EXCHANGES.

HERE we are again, back on the job, more crabbed than ever, probably, because of the long lay-off. After the weeks of laziness, that state seemed too good and too comfortable to leave in order to take up the work of reviewing and criticizing ("knocking" is what our kind friends call it), the various magazines. We have now gone through the whole pile of papers that have accumulated during our absence, and, by a careful and conscientious sort of process of elimination, have chosen the half-dozen or so magazines that seem best to us.

One of the very best magazines that we receive regularly is the *Collegian* from St. Mary's College, Oakland, California. This magazine has not been coming to us long, but already we have begun to look forward to its arrival. There are at present two copies of it at hand, the November and the Christmas Numbers, and they are among the number before mentioned. The two issues contain, first of all, some very good poetry; for instance, "The Nameless Dead," "The Midnight Mass," and "To a California Poppy;" several good essays, such as "Lady Macbeth and Juliet," "The Short Story," and "Henry Howard Furness," a good humorous tale entitled "Our Peerless Orator," and then a story that is interesting from another point of view. We refer to the story called "His Chance." This story is certainly not original, as we read it years ago under a different title and without the very few incidental changes that the present writer has seen fit to make. In the first place, he changed the name of the hero, and secondly, he has added a fist-fight to the tale. In all other respects, it is the same story, it is a pet theory of mine that nothing is ever forgotten that the mind acquires; what is commonly said to be forgotten merely lies dormant in the mind, apt to be recalled by some incident or other. It is possible that the present writer once read the story years ago, and that it has just now arisen from his subconscious self as his own. This very thing has happened to at least one author-friend of the writer, whom no one would suspect of literary pilfering. The lack of originality is the only defect of the tale in question, because the story itself is excellent



and well told. Another noteworthy feature of the *Collegian* is the excellence of its editorials, which far surpass the usual college paper editorial utterances.

In the *Fordham Monthly*, which, for some reason or other, contains less matter than usual, the story "The Spirit of the Wood" has a good plot which is well developed. The Athletic column also impressed us favorably.

The magazine that seems to us the best we have received this month is the *D'Youville Magazine*, a quarterly published in Buffalo, N. Y. This paper is especially welcome to Duquesne University, as it comes from a school with which two of our former professors, Mr. Martin and Mr. Relihan, are connected. There is scarcely an article in it which does not deserve special mention, and for that reason, we shall devote a little more space to it than to the average magazine. The "opening number" of the *D'Youville* is "Two Sonnets on Faith," which, however, need not be taken "on faith," as the author—beg pardon, the authoress—has put before us two very pretty little poems which are better than the ordinary. "A Lament" is also excellent. There is a wealth of good essays in the magazine. "The Roman Woman," "The Art of Murillo," "After Reading the Tempest," and "Some German Contributions to American Civilization" lead in this respect, the latter of them treating of a subject that has long been neglected. Almost every nation has been lauded for its share in the civilization of the New World, but the influence of German immigration has been heretofore almost entirely disregarded. "The Roman Woman" is especially good; it deals with the subject in a sort of inductive fashion, considering a host of examples of feminine character in Roman life and enterprise. Nor is good fiction conspicuous by its absence, this branch of literature being represented by "The Eyes of the Master," which is particularly novel and appealing, and "The Intruder." In fine, the *D'Youville Magazine* is a large, breezy, artistic magazine, which will always be welcome to our Sanctum and to our library table.

F. J. M.

## The Annual Euchre.

**T**HE Annual Reception and Euchre, given under the auspices of the Athletic Association, was held on the evening of January 27, at Melwood Auditorim. Though this social event is ever looked forward to eagerly and the anticipation is never greater than the realization, and though we would not minimize in the least the interest and generous patronage of former euchres, it must be acknowledged that, as regards attendance, general enjoyment and pecuniary profit, the success of this year's entertainment was quite unprecedented and surpassed all expectations.

In the euchre hall were exhibited ninety-four valuable prizes, in view of which many players at the tables were excited to enthusiastic competition. The dancing floor became more and more populous with each succeeding number of the musical programme rendered by the orchestra, whose director is Prof. C. B. Weis. In the dining room, refreshments were served to many guests during the evening by willing waitresses under Miss Ella C. Duffy, otherwise the very competent aides whose names we subjoin: The Misses Flora Beeman, Agnes Blattner, Catherine Blattner, Flore Blattner, Mary Clifford, Elizabeth Colton, Blanche Creahan, Loretta Creahan, Mary Dorgan, Catherine Duffy, Mary Esther, Esther Graves, Frances Grindle, Marie Hegerich, Emma Ingram, Carrie Kaylor, Josie Kirby, Nellie Kirby, Mary Kirby, Catherine Klinger, Christine Lutz, Marie Lutz, Mary McCarthy, Nan McElligott, Phoebe McGovern, Nellie Mackley, Margaret Madden, May Madden, Jane Morgan, Catherine Ousler, Bessie Ponganis, Helen Powers, Marie Rosenthal, Sarah Russell, Frances Rutzki, Rose Rutzki, Grace Scanlon, Pauline Simon, Edna Slattery, Agnes Szarsewski, Elizabeth Weis, and Florence Whelan.

The success of the Euchre was due in great measure to the members of the various student committees who entered with efficiency and devotion upon the work assigned to them in different parts of the hall and did much to actualize prearrangements. But especially should credit be given to the three enterprising priests, Rev. A. B. Mehler, Rev. J. A. Baumgartner, and Rev. F. X. Roehrig, who assumed the management relinquished

by Father Goebel, whose past zealous work in the interest of the Athletic Association will long be remembered.

We beg to assure all who helped to make the success of our Euchre possible that their services are very highly appreciated. We extend also sincere thanks to those whose names appear on the following list as donors of prizes:

DONORS	PRIZES	DONORS	PRIZES
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Ned Behen.....	Lady's Gloves.....	Mrs. J. C. Lawler.....	Hand P'd. Pitcher.....
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Boggs & Buhl .....	Picture.....	H. I. Lohmeyer .....	Fancy Pipe.....
Mrs. M. Boyle.....	Bronze Statue.....	Miss May Madden.....	Glass Vase.....
Mrs. M. Boyle.....	Bronze Statue.....	Miss May Madden.....	Pers. Iv. Clock.....
Mrs. A. J. Briggs.....	Hand Painted .....	Miss May Madden.....	Fern Plant.....
	Tobacco Jar .....	D. Maginn.....	Suit Case.....
W. S. Brown.....	Penknife .....	H. J. Malloy.....	Pers. Iv. Clock.....
R. Burke .....	Gent's Umbrella .....	Mrs. J. J. Malloy.....	Picture.....
F. Britenbaugh & Bro.....	Fern.....	Mansmann Bros.....	Mirror.....
Miss Marg't. A. Burke.....	Vase.....	Miss M. Mannsman.....	Flower Picture.....
Crawford Bros.....	Gent's Tie, etc.....	Chas. J. Moye.....	French B. Pipe.....
B. J. Ozyzewski.....	Box of Cigars.....	Murphy Bros.....	Flowered Vase .....
J. N. Diegelmann .....	Fancy Cushion.....	Murphy Bros.....	Flowered Vase .....
J. N. Diegelmann .....	Centre Piece.....	A. W. McCloy Co.....	Fountain Pen.....
J. N. Diegelmann .....	Centre Piece.....	J. D. McConegly .....	Pocket Book .....
J. N. Diegelmann .....	Lady's Purse.....	Mrs. J. McGee.....	Cushion.....
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B. K. Elliott.....	China Tankard .....	Mrs. P. McGraw.....	Brush and Comb.....
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Mrs. P. H. Ford.....	Military Brushes .....	Mrs. J. J. Reilly.....	Hand Painted Dish..
Friend Furnishing Co.....	Picture.....	Mrs. J. J. Reilly.....	Box of Cigars.....
Gilmore Drug Co.....	Cut Glass Dish .....	Renvers & Co.....	Desk Chair.....
A. Gloekler.....	Fancy Ink Stand.....	Mrs. P. A. Ricards.....	Picture.....
Aloy. G. Gloekler .....	Penknife .....	Mrs. P. A. Ricards.....	Smoking Set.....
C. H. Goettler.....	Lady's Slippers.....	D. Rosser.....	\$10 Sitting (Photo).
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Green & Milligan.....	China Tea Pot.....	Reymer Bros .....	Box of Candy.....
Grogan Co.....	Loving Cup.....	W. Schlelein.....	Pocket Book .....
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G. S. Haines Co.....	Leather Purse .....	F. Schaming.....	Tobacco and Pipe...
A. Hazin.....	Picture.....	G. Schwarzel.....	Centre Piece.....

DONORS	PRIZES	DONORS	PRIZES
Miss A. Heilman.....	Hand Painted	A. Strassberger Co.....	Pipe.....
	Sugar Bowl.....	Surprise Store.....	Gent's Umbrella....
Otto Helmold .....	Ever Ready Razor...	Union Furn. Co.....	Cut Glass Dish .....
Mrs. P. Hermes .....	Gillette Razor.....	Thos. Wall.....	Toilet Water.....
J. F. Hinnebusch.....	Gent's Slippers.....	Mrs. P. Walsh.....	Lady's Umbrella ...
Jos. Horne Co.....	Cut Glass Dish.....	A. Wiegel.....	Box of Cigars.....
Mrs. M. Joyce.....	Silk Scarf .....	J. A. Williams & Co...	Penknife .....
A. Karabasz.....	Gent's Toilet Set....	C. R. Wilson.....	Box, Lyceum Th're
Kaufmann Bros.....	Lady's Umbrella...	J. Woodwell Co.....	Ftn. Safety Razor....
James J. Kerr.....	Gold Links.....	Wunderly Bros.....	Picture.....
Mrs. Kielen.....	"Ven. Libermann"...	S. B. Weinhaus Co.....	Clock.....
Mrs. Kirner.....	Picture.....	A. Wehrheim .....	Fern.....
Klein C. Book Store ...	Picture.....	Mrs. F. Yunker .....	Burnt-wood Picture
Mrs. John M. Kaue.....	Picture.....		

John Yunker Furnishing Co., Cut Glass Dish Bowl and Pitcher

#### DONATIONS.

ICE CREAM—Ohio & Pittsburgh Milk Co., Joyce Catering Co. of East End, Chas. Shanahan and John Passafiume.

CAKES—These were donated by the aides and some ladies of Swissvale.

COFFEE—Satisfaction Coffee Co.

BREAD—BAUER BROS.

PICKLES—Lutz & Schramm.

MISCELLANEOUS—Rev. Fr. Szwarcrok, John J. McCarthy, P. Klein, W. Schlelein, J. J. Reilly.

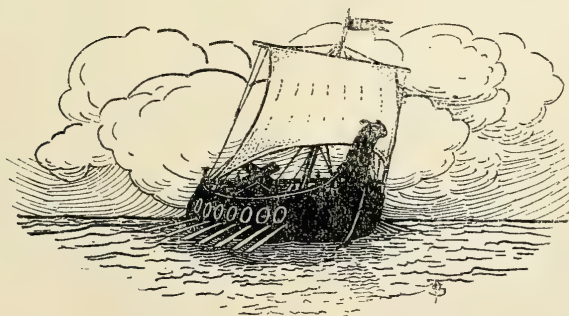
Finally, the success that crowns the efforts of the students this year must be attributed largely to the host of ladies who kindly consented to act as patronesses. Their names follow:

Mesdames H. Abbaticchio, P. S. Ambrose, G. Anton, J. Bopp, M. Boyle, A. A. Bregenzer, A. J. Briggs, J. I. Brinker, J. A. Butler, J. J. Carney, D. Cartwright, C. B. Connelly, M. Connelly, C. Connolly, R. Costelloe, J. M. Cratty, J. G. Criste, D. Cullinan, J. Curran, M. Dawson, L. A. Dempsey, J. A. Devlin, J. B. Drew, A. Dugan, E. Edmondson, L. N. Fagan, O. Felix, J. M. Feeney, M. Flaherty, J. J. Foley, L. Follet, A. Funk, F. A. Gallagher, M. J. Gaughan, C. A. Gibney, E. Gibson, E. Giles, D. Greene, T. Griffin, R. S. Gurley, J. P. Harris, B. D. Harvey, M. Hayes, M. Heffron, S. Heimbuecher, J. R. Hermes, J. H. Hoffmann, T. A. Hogan, J. Hohman, E. Horen, F. Huckestein, T. Huckestein, M. Joyce, T. G. Jenny, J. M. Kane, A. Karabasz, M. B. Kelly, E. H. Kempf, T. R.



Kenney, P. Klein, L. W. Knapp, W. Kramer, S. Krepley, J. H. Kreuer, W. V. Kreuer, W. J. Lamb, F. T. Lauinger, J. C. Lawler, P. J. Locke, P. J. McArdle, C. P. McCrory, B. McDermott, T. F. McHugh, J. J. McGee, F. McGillick, J. McGonigle, P. McGraw, J. F. McGreevy, C. F. McKenna, J. F. McKenna, J. P. McNally, C. McShane, A. S. McSwigan, J. D. Mabold, M. E. Madden, D. J. Madigan, R. F. Maloney, A. J. Mansmann, T. Minahan, D. A. Molyneux, J. M. Morin, I. J. Moyer, J. Murtha, J. P. Murray, F. D. Murto, W. Nealon, E. Nugent, J. J. O'Connor, P. J. O'Hanlon, G. Pasquinelli, E. S. Reilly, J. J. Reilly, F. W. Ries, I. Ross, J. E. Ryan, T. P. Sawders, P. Sheridan, K. Shuff, A. E. Siedle, J. Slater, A. Snyder, H. B. Snyder, A. W. Sparks, J. V. Stevenson, C. A. Stillwagen, A. Succop, C. J. Terheyden, H. J. Thomas, C. P. Thompson, A. Wagner, S. Wagner, W. F. Wallace, A. F. Walsh, J. R. Walters, C. B. Weis, W. Weiss, E. A. Weissner, M. D. Weldon, W. White, J. I. Winslow, C. A. Wunderly, P. Yunker, and the Misses A. V. Dunlevy and S. V. Fahey.

M. J. H., '14.



## DUQUESNICULA.

THE editor-in-chief of this department is too much engrossed in nursing a certain soreness in his bronchial tubes to take charge of it this trip; so upon the shoulders of one of his henchmen falls the pièd mantle of supreme authority—the burden of divulging, glamorificating, and transmogrifying the more or less diverting incidents of the recent past—in other words, of putting the nic\* in Duquesnicula. If you don't feel like smiling, smile, at least, on our attempt.

THERE are various motives for smiling. For instance, even in our dreams the memory of the Euchre and Dance radiates over our features.

What boo'ful weather !

What ecstatic music !

What stunning costumes !

What bewitching company !

What effervescence of youth !

And what not ?

Well, just come on my right, my left ear is buzzy.

OTHER *ratio subridendi*—the Exams are over. There were some rich answers, as usual. Joe Grimm had heard that Confucius in ancient China had taught a religious system containing a mixture of truth and falsehood, like those of modern heretics. When the examiner asked him, "Who was Confucius?"

Joe had his answer ready. "Confucius," he affirmed, triumphantly, "was a modern preacher in China." Joe made only a slight confusion of epochs—but what of that?

(\*See foot-note).

PROF.—Do you think that the Feudal System was a good institution?

STUDENT—Yes, sir.

PROF.—Well tell us all you know about it.

STUDENT—I did.

THIS same young man can furnish you with the history of the United States in ten words. Here's your chance, ye lovers of a bookless library. He can easily be reached by the Parcels Post.

THE examiner wanted to know the spiritual works of mercy. William Sehn was slow in answering. "To console——" suggested the kind-hearted prof. William brightened up. "To console the affectionate," he completed, with a satisfied smile. Yes, he did !

---

\* Pronounce *c* hard as in Creahen.

\* Foot-note—nothing.

WHILE walking along the sidewalk of a neighboring city during the small hours of the morning, a member of the Junior Class noticed that a cellar-door was peering through the snow at the outer edge of the pavement, and thinking that it was vamoosing during the night, he proceeded to ring the door-bell and inform the occupants of its progress.

'Tis needless to say that he was well paid for "professional services rendered."

TERHYDEN, when asked by the Professor of German if he had talked any German during the holidays replied, "Well, I said *ja* a couple of times."

PROF. OF GREEK—(pacing the floor) Slater, begin to translate.

SLATER—Ah! (and then deep silence for some moments).

PROF.—Somebody wake me up when he begins (still pacing while silence reigns).

A voice from the rear—Mr. C. is walking in his sleep.

At this epoch, the following is in order:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, I've flunked again.

ONE of the flunkers remarks, "I have the ability all right, but I lack the brains."

IGNATIUS had a job for the holidays. Did we hear somebody ask who Ignatius is? Well that is just where the puzzle comes in. It is up to you to find out. Or maybe Desmond can tell you. Well, Ignatius had to take his meals at a prominent downtown coffee house. One day he called for an order of beans. Upon the delivery of the goods he looked disgustedly at them, then up to the waiter and said, "Why, I can't eat those beans." "Why, why not?" gruffly inquired the pure food dispenser, in surprise. "We have sold 2,000,000 of them to-day and you are the first one to complain. 'S'matter with 'em?" Still not willing to give in, Ignatius growled out, "Well how can I eat them without a knife?"

We advise our friend Ignatius to consult A. Mutt as regards table manners.

WE have essayed to put the *nic* where we promised to put it.

HAVE we succeeded?

A VOICE: Ay, and many a *kink* too.

ANSWER: Don't mind the kinks.

P. S.—If you don't follow us all through, use a booktionary.

VICTOR KENNEDY, '16, *et al.*

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# Duquesne Monthly

Vol. XX.

Pittsburgh, Pa., March, 1913.

No. 6.

## The Reaper.

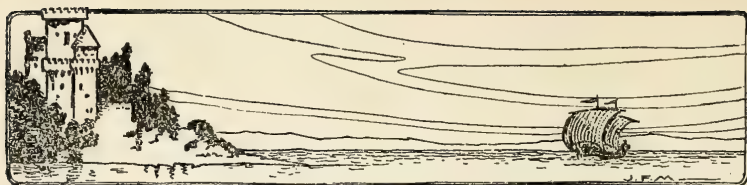
IN the stifling heat at noonday,  
In the cool and balmy night,  
In the lazy calm of summer,  
In the clash and din of fight;

In the palace of the wealthy,  
In the hovel of the poor,  
In the byways of the city,  
In the pathless, windswept moor;

In the guise of some disaster,  
In the cloak of some disease,  
In the semblance of a fever,  
In the grip of wintry freeze,

In the shape of a companion,  
In the form of cherished friend,  
In stalks grim old Death upon us,  
In our life's sad final end.

J. A. BURNS, '14.



## René Descartes, His Life and Philosophy.

THE Sixteenth was a great century; in fact, it has been called the greatest of centuries, and that chiefly on account of the number of great men which it produced. The word "chiefly" would become "entirely" if we accepted absolutely and unreservedly Carlyle's notions of History, because he claimed that History was the study of great men and their accomplishments, rather than that of events, because, as he said, great men are the causes of the events which characterize the times in which they live and move. In looking over the list of men somewhat enigmatically called great, René Descartes must not be overlooked, especially if we again believe Carlyle when he asserts that, with reference to men, "sincere" and "great" are synonymous terms.

René Descartes was born at La Haye, in Lorraine, on March 31, 1596. His father, Joachin Descartes, having obtained a commission as counselor in the Parliament at Rennes, thereby introduced his family to the semi-nobility of the robe, which, standing midway between the bourgeoisie and the high nobility, occupied a prominent position in France at the time. René, the second son and the third child of his parents, was left motherless at birth. According to his chroniclers, he showed such an inquisitive mind even at an early age, that his father was wont playfully to call him "my little philosopher." Truly a prophetic expression!

At the age of eight, the boy was placed in the newly established Jesuit school of La Flèche. Here René, always a delicate child, obtained special privileges on account of the state of his health, being excused from attendance at the morning classes, and as a result he formed the habit of matutinal reflection which characterized him all through life. In the year 1613, he

went to Paris to taste of the joys and pleasures of the world as his own master. Fortunately, the prevalent spirit of dissipation seems to have made no great inroads into the citadel of character erected at La Flèche, except for a passion for gambling which he acquired while in Paris.

The tumult and intrigue incident to the struggles for supremacy among the political leaders of the time rendered Paris no fit place for a student, and yet held out but little opportunity for honorable advancement to the soldier. Accordingly, Descartes, at the age of twenty-one, went to Holland and took service under the Prince of Orange, the foremost general of the age. During a lull in the hostilities, Descartes, having a few hours at his disposal, one day wandered about the town of Breda. There he saw posted an advertisement in the Dutch language which challenged all to find the proper solution of a mathematical problem appended. Descartes, after asking a school-master who was near to translate it into Latin, solved the problem. This is the first intimation we have of any exceptional mathematical ability, but it seems certain that he must have distinguished himself even at school in this line of endeavor, because the very fact that he could, at the age of twenty-one, solve readily a problem set up as a challenge to the entire world, itself postulates and presupposes sound training and extraordinary ability. After spending two years in Holland as a soldier, he volunteered into the Bavarian service at the news of the impending struggle between the house of Austria and the Protestant princes.

The winter of 1619, spent in quarters at Neuburg, was the critical period of his life. Here he began those quiet reflections which were finally to culminate in the "Discourses on Method." Here it was that he, to use his own words, "discovered the foundations of a marvelous science"; that he began "to understand the principles of his discovery"; in short, that his philosophical conversion took place. He knew that he had made a momentous discovery, but the light was still dim; he had only a glimpse of a method that should invigorate the syllogism by the co-operation of ancient geometry and modern algebra. He became restless, and in 1621 left the imperial service and began to travel, all the while deeply studying Physics and Mathematics.

But he had a higher aim than either one of these. In the midst of his mathematical studies, which finally led up to his discovery of the principles of that branch of mathematics known as Analytic Geometry, he indulged in profound reflections on the nature of man, of the soul, and of God. So busily was he engaged in these speculations, that for a considerable length of time he remained in seclusion, but his friends finally detected his hermitage, one of them discovering him in bed about eleven o'clock studying out some problem, and occasionally taking a few notes, according to the habit he had formed in his youth.

In disgust at the apparent hopelessness of his position for a student, he left Paris and went westward to take part in the siege of La Rochelle, and entered that famine-stricken city with the victorious army in October, 1628. Later he returned to Paris and there was present at a meeting which decided his future vocation. He had expressed as his opinion that the art of memory was not to be gained by technical devices, but rather by a philosophical apprehension of things. Cardinal de Bérulle, who was present, was so struck with the tone and content of the remarks that he impressed upon Descartes the duty of devoting his life to the examination of truth. Descartes appreciated this philosophical mission, and henceforth the life that had been devoted to mathematical plodding was to be spent in philosophical research. He settled down in Holland, leaving that country only on very rare occasions, always thinking and speculating. While in the Netherlands, he wrote his "Principles of Philosophy," wherein he broached the doctrine of Universal Methodical Doubt, which has ever since been known as the Cartesian Method.

He laid the foundation of his system on an assertion that not only is a state of doubt beneficial to the human mind, but that all things must be doubted of. In this point he agrees with the Real, Universal Sceptics, but he differed from them in the object of his doubt, viz., he doubted about everything in order that he might arrive at certitude about all things, while the Real Sceptics denied the possibility of Certitude. Though what may be called his "universal principle" was *de omnibus dubitandum*, yet he perceived that he was conscious that he doubted and therefore that



he thought. Because he was able to think, he concluded that he existed, and he formulated his conclusion in the now famous *Cogito, ergo sum*, from which he attempted to evolve all other truth and certitude. First he deduced the general law that "whatever is contained in a clear, distinct idea, must be true." Following this out on the ground that all men have such an idea of God, he concluded to the existence of God, and from the infinite perfections of God, he concluded to the veracity of the external senses, because, he argued, it would be repugnant to the nature of God to endow man with faculties of cognition that lead him into error. By this group of four first principles, he paved the way for his system to perfect cognition.

On first sight, Descartes' system of doubt seems logical, but on closer examination it resolves itself into the old vicious circle. This is to be found even in the first of his enunciations, *Cogito, ergo sum*, inasmuch as the act of thinking postulates existence, because there is no thought except in a living, thinking mind. Then again, he uses his reason to arrive at his conclusion before he has proved its veracity and the validity of its action, making the reason itself the judge of its own operation,—evidently another appearance of the familiar *circulus vitiosus*.

Apart from these inconsistencies, Cartesianism is to be rejected as false because a mind doubting about everything doubts about the first principles of cognition, thus removing the medium of acquiring perfect cognition because the means of producing certitude, *i. e.* the demonstration, requires admission either of the first, indemonstrable principles and truths, or else that of an infinite series of arguments, the latter of which is absurd.

Cartesianism attained great popularity in France and Holland, but was not so successful in England, Germany, and Switzerland; and even in the first-named countries it was short-lived, being overthrown by the opposition of the Jesuits, whom Decartes was almost cringingly eager to have upon his side. What irony of fate that, soon after his death in 1650, the very Society which had at first shown him so many kindnesses and which even gave him his elementary education, should in the end be instrumental in overturning the popularity of his system !

### The Hermit's Cave.\*

WHERE Nature fair is wont her gifts to spread,  
And busy life no thoroughfare doth tread,  
Some strange voice saith: Lo! there the mystic strays,  
Befriending solitude—with Nature prays.

'Mid Alpine slopes and groves of stately pine  
And verdant fields, where graze contented kine,  
A rock gigantic opes its icy heart,  
This world-tired soul a haven to impart:  
The all-but-noiseless bell the hermit calls  
From honest toil within the chiseled walls.  
Death's snowy blossoms touchingly enhance  
The pallid, peaceful face, the modest glance.

"Praised be our Lord," he speaks, in accents low;  
His words, though few, a saint their author show.  
By Gospel counsels meekly he abides;  
His every need the Master well provides.  
His years have gnawed into that mass of stone  
Four ample rooms, bespeaking toiler's groan;  
A chapel fair his pious hand displays,  
Where, wrapt in ecstasy, alone he prays.  
There to the King his heart with ardor swells,  
There to the Queen the fingered beads he tells.  
At work he prays, and knows no joys of earth;  
Of heavenly ones he surely knows no dearth.  
A noisy world with all its pomps he leaves;  
His soul to beautify, to God he cleaves.

Life's duty leads us by another way  
Where pain and trial oftentimes hold sway:  
But e'en 'mid turmoil, solitude may dwell,  
The fevers of the troubled heart to quell;—  
A hermitage our body, where its guest,  
The soul, regaled by grace, finds sweetest rest.

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\*The foregoing lines, referring to "La Grotte de la Madeleine," near Fribourg, Switzerland, were "dashed off" by an alumnus now studying in

## The Use of Advertisements.

IN this age of industry and commercial enterprise, there is constant rivalry among business establishments, each striving to outdo the others in attracting purchasers. The most common means resorted to in order to effect this is advertising.

Advertising has been called an engine in the conduct and expansion of business; a great commercial force which, within a few years, has become the most powerful factor in the development of many of the largest and most profitable industries. It may be said to have begun with speech; at the time when, in a group of people, some sort of formal announcement was made by one person to another. But real advertising began when, with the perfection of methods of printing, it became possible to multiply copies almost indefinitely.

So many things are advertised in our time that an endeavor to enumerate them would be vain and futile. If we take up a newspaper we may read various specimens of advertisements, some of them very droll indeed. Here, a lady mourns the loss of her pet poodle, and offers a reward for its return. There, an elderly matron would like to make the acquaintance of a respectable gentleman, "object matrimony." A farmer seeks the services of an "all-[a]-round man." A furniture store says: "Our tables are running out! Buy quickly!"

When a person starts in business, his first aim must be to make himself known. Evidently, there is no simpler or more effective way of accomplishing this than by advertising. It is not at all unusual for men to build up a successful trade through advertisements. The H. J. Heinz Co., whose phrase, "One of the 57," is so well known, have established their immense business almost solely by the advertising done in street-cars, and through posters and illuminated signs.

A foreign visitor, commenting on our peculiarities, thinks some of our ways of advertising very singular and out of place,

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that old-world university town, in response to what he calls the editor's "extraordinary request" for some *good* poetry. "*Ad impossibile nemo tenetur*," he replied, and then sat down and wrote, between classes, the graceful pentameters above. At his own request we respect his incognito.

though he cannot condemn them. He says that when he visited Niagara Falls the first thing he saw, on getting off his car, was not dashing waters, but a big sign on which were painted large letters spelling the words "Uneeda Biscuit."

I need scarcely mention the extensive advertising done in Pittsburgh. We all know that the advertisements of local stores almost fill the newspapers. At night, hundreds of advertising electric signs cast their light over the city. Day after day such great numbers of advertisements are posted on fences and buildings throughout the city, that many of them have the appearance of being held together by the placards stuck on them. Indeed, our advertisers are so enterprising that it has been found necessary to put a slight check upon their over-zealous efforts; in consequence, our eyes repeatedly rest upon the familiar sign, "Post No Bills."

While American advertisements are generally terse and practical, our thrifty Japanese neighbors, on the contrary, frequently couch theirs in poetic expressions and picturesque comparisons. An example or two may not be out of place, so I quote: "We handle packages with the delicacy that a loving bridegroom shows his bride." "Our vinegar surpasses the most acetic mother-in-law in sourness."

No other country uses advertisements to such an extent as the United States. The reason is probably to be found in the fact that only a small fraction of the American people are unable to read, and, since our merchants realize this, they have recourse to advertisements in order to promote and increase their trade. Be that as it may, the fact remains, that our business men advertise all over the world, and thus invite foreign trade. Owing to their widespread publicity, many of our products are sold abroad, and these, again, constitute our country's own best advertisements. We can say, therefore, that the prosperity of our country is, in some measure, due to its extensive advertisements.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '16.





## How Dad Made Reparation.

(A new version of an old theme)

SCHOOL-HOURS were over at noon, for it was President's Day. The chatter and laughter of the aristocratic lads who attended St. Gregory's Preparatory School rent the crisp air of that early March day. "Three hips for our President!" yelled some one, as they passed out the castellated Gothic gateway; and three lusty "hips" were given.

One by one the stately homes of the boys loomed into view. Felix and George Bowman, living at the farther end of Wyckham, went merrily on. During the wet spell of the last ten days, Mose, the black chauffeur, had brought them home; but to-day, mother thought the walk in the dry, bracing air would do them good—and they enjoyed it. A block from their father's mansion, Prinz, their great Newfoundland, bounded up, welcoming them in his own affectionate way.

"What shall we do all afternoon?" said George. "The ice on Charter's creek is not strong enough, and it's covered with snow, too."

"Let's call up Dave Brown and Lester Merrill and have them come over," suggested Felix.

The suggestion was acted upon, and for awhile the Bowman mansion lost some of its usual staid decorum.

When their guests had departed, the two brothers, standing at the wide front window, where the frost of that bitter March afternoon had not quite covered the leaded window-panes, watched a tall, thinly-dressed lad passing down the street. His steps were uncertain, his teeth chattered with cold, and his whole frame betrayed extreme weakness. Prinz, usually the terror of tramps, seemed to like the poor lad, and trotted at his heels.

He had called at the house and interrupted an interesting

game, to ask the way from Wyckham to Kensington. They had dismissed him rather unceremoniously. "Me stand a all da afternoon on da streeta, and wanta get some mon' for go to Kensing'," he had said. Kensington was six miles west. Now, when their merry company had gone, the two boys' thoughts reverted to the young Italian.

They had seen him yesterday on their way home from school. He stood on the curb holding a harp in his gloveless hands. They cast glances of disdain at him, wondering at his strange dress and uncouth figure and what he was doing in the cold. The truth was, he had belonged to a strolling Italian orchestra that had disbanded. He was trying to earn enough money to take him to Kensington, where he hoped to meet some of his own townsmen from Tuscany. But he earned very little. Then, in desperation, he began to beg from house to house; this attempt also failing, he decided to walk.

"What a hard life it is for one who is poor!" thought George. "What hardships he must undergo to obtain the necessaries of life!" Felix was making similar reflections. "What a terrible thing it must be to travel among strangers and in the bitter cold! What would I do, if one of us should happen to fall into such a plight?" Then he said aloud, "Some one surely ought to take that poor fellow in for the night. It was cruel of us to send him away as we did. And now he is out of sight."

Meanwhile, the early winter twilight had fallen, and lights were gleaming in the street. How fiercely the wind blew! How bitter and biting was the cold! Felix could not help thinking of the young foreigner, struggling bravely but weakly against the fury of the elements.

Mr. Bowman had been detained at the office, but telephoned that he would soon be home. Felix had scarcely hung up the receiver when the 'phone rang out again peremptorily. It was Dave Brown.

"Hello! Is this you, Felix?" asked Dave in an excited tone.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"There was a serious accident just now a hundred yards

from here. A young foreigner, having no knowledge of the neighborhood, tried to cross the snow-covered Charter's creek, and the ice broke under him."

Felix's tender conscience leaped to the right explanation. "Was he a poor-looking fellow?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, very poor," answered Dave.

"That must be the very one we turned away to-day. I'll come down right off."

"No, never mind, Felix. You certainly have a good dog. He rescued him, and a man was there to help Prinz ashore with his burden. They were putting him in an auto when I rang you up."

"I'll be down anyhow. Good-bye," returned Felix.

"Wait a minute," shouted Dave. "Jim just came in and told us it was your own father that rescued the Italian. He was motoring home, and heard Prinz yelping wildly!"

"Good-night!" said Felix more to himself than to Dave, and rang off.

"Just look at that," he said to George. "Dad has made up for what we neglected to do. We're not fit to be the sons of such a hero."

George bit his lips and replied, "That's so."

The limp and dripping form was brought in, and a doctor was summoned. After an examination, the doctor said the boy would live, and only needed a warm room and good, nourishing food. On hearing this George and Felix clapped their hands with delight. They were very helpful to mother in nursing the sick boy that night.

When they returned from school next day the patient was able to converse, and much stronger.

"What is your name?" asked Felix.

"Dominico Perosi."

"What? Perosi? Are you related to the Pope's choir-master?"

"Yes, we seconda or thirda cousins."

By and by, it leaked out that Dominico had been obliged to pawn his harp, the dearest object in the world to him. As he poured out his love for music and his pain at the loss he had

sustained, the boys' hearts warmed toward him, and they wondered why they had looked down on him before. Dad came in just then, and George and Felix told him of Dominico's talent and relationship.

"Can you play on the harp?" asked Mr. Bowman.

"Yes, I play a leetla bit," meekly answered Dominico.

"Let us hear you then," said Mr. Bowman.

Tears filled the boy's eyes. "I sell my harp, because I have very leetla money. I took it down there to Mr. Ruben." Mr. Ruben was the owner of a pawn-shop.

Mr. Bowman sent at once to that institution, and before many minutes Dominico was once more in possession of his loved instrument. He seemed to revive entirely at the very touch of it.

And oh! how he played! He touched the short strings deftly, and tinkling cowbells and purling brooks and laughing brown-eyed children came into view. He swept the long strings, and mountain cataracts boomed, murderous banditti plotted, majestic cathedral chimes caroled. The little audience was carried away with enthusiasm. They applauded him joyously, and after an hour of the wondrous music, Mr. Bowman said, "You must stay with us, Dominico, and teach our boys."

"You sava my life," replied the grateful artist. "I be glad to do as you say."

"Oh, dad," cried George, "I'd just love to play the harp."

"So would I," chimed in Felix. "You're just the best daddy in all the world!"

FRANCIS M. GREGORY, '15.





## The Quest.

**O**N a lonely, cloud-kissed mountain,  
Drowns a soul in sadness deep,  
Like a flower shorn of glory,  
Waiting for life's final sleep.  
Why she thus in dismal boding,  
' Neath the vault of heaven lay  
Is a tale, so old, so mournful,  
Oft confounding mortal clay.

Long ago, when youth was budding,  
On a quest this soul embarked,  
Of a treasure somewhere hidden,  
By a countless thousand marked.  
Life to her seemed as a vessel  
Sailing o'er the frothy seas,  
Which oft threatened to engulf her,  
All whose shores hid mysteries.

So she gleaned this orbit over,  
Filled with hope, this gem to find—  
Jewel of peace, that brilliant setting,  
Refuge of a storm-tossed mind.—  
Even now she hurries onward,  
Like the Argives old, to gain  
Golden fleece, of mystic power  
In an endless quest and vain.

Foolish soul ! Thou canst not fathom  
What the ancient sages guessed,  
Peace, the object of thy yearning,  
Must be sought deep in the breast.  
Peace, that "Consolatrix" tender,  
Is the jewel all may win,  
Who but heed that maxim olden,  
"Peace doth only lie within."

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.



## TRADE UNIONS.

**T**RADER UNIONISM is not a modern institution. It had its origin early in Mediaeval Times, when it first began to exist under the form of the Guild and the Craft. But how much different is not the modern Labor Union from the Guild and Craft of the Middle Ages!

The Guild, in its state of highest development, more resembled a large family than it did an association of working men. Under the Guild we find a large number of working men closely united with the bonds of frank Christian friendship and charity, all striving and toiling for their safety and well-being. Whenever a member of the Guild became disabled through any misfortune or accident, the other members were at once at his side with the necessary assistance and succor, so that he and his dependents would not suffer much inconvenience, material or spiritual. Still more striking and amazing is the method which the Craft employed in dealing with its members. The Craft was primarily instituted for the purpose of protecting, not only the working men and producers, but also the employer and the consumer.

At the dawn of the Middle Ages, we notice all through the European Continent and also in England that the necessities of life were not produced in concentrated work-shops or manufacturing centers, as they are to-day, but on the contrary were usually fabricated by individuals, who used them for their own purposes. Gradually, however, it became patent that each family could not produce all its own necessities, because it was impossible for one family to become proficient in making so many various articles; and furthermore, that the quantity of goods turned out in this manner was far unequal to the demand. For these and many other reasons, the labor at first began to be divided among different families, and later on the manufacture of

certain commodities began to be the task of special groups of workmen, and thus we have the birth of the division of labor.

But the progress of these various provisions soon began to be somewhat molested, by the entrance of incompetent persons into the manufacturing field, whose products, consequently, were not up to the standard set by the majority. These novices frequently exacted too much remuneration for their products and their labor, and in order to check the encroachments of these incompetents upon the others, and protect the consumers, the Craft was brought into existence.

The Craft then, as we have already seen, was an institution inaugurated for the mutual protection of employe and employer, for the producer and the consumer. It was the Craft's function to see that no persons would begin to work at a certain trade, until he had given evidence of his ability, and this was accomplished by obliging the applicant to have previously spent from three to sometimes eight years at apprenticeship; and only after the specified time had been spent as an apprentice could any one become a master. The Craft also regulated the hours of labor, and the wages which were to be received.

Now, however, we come to some functions of the Craft which are very striking to the present day observer. Not only did the Craft busy itself with the welfare of the employe, but it took an equally great interest in that of the employer and also that of the consumer. Through its system of apprenticeship the Craft assured the employer, that the quality of the goods would be up to the standard; it always accomplished a harmonious adjustment with employers concerning the conditions of employment; and fostered the mutual improvement, advancement and gain of both. The consumers, on the other hand, were also taken care of, because the Craft demanded that products must be up to the specified quality, and the price within certain limits.

With such a happy condition of relations between employer and employe the surprising progress of the people of those ages is easily comprehensible. Cruelty and injustice towards their fellow-workmen and their employers were not tolerated by the members of the Craft; but, on the contrary, the Craftsman took pride in his Craft and the master took pride in his business and

employees, and hence they worked peacefully together on terms of reciprocal friendship and respect.

During Modern Times, with the astounding development of industry came also new and more distant relations between employer and employees. The labor union of the present day, instead of being a close bond between laborers and their employers, has become a breeder of discontent and disorder, so much so, that in England in the year 1749, the Workmen's Combination Laws were passed, which made all labor unions unlawful. These laws did not accomplish their purpose, for the labor unions continued secretly in defiance of the law and its penalties, until in 1825 the laws were repealed. Trade unionism did not begin to develop in the United States until 1833, when it first made its appearance in Philadelphia, and ever since has continued to make unimpeded progress.

It is proper now that we investigate the nature of the modern Trade Unions. Having noticed the almost perfect equilibrium, and the lack of friction brought about by the mediaeval Craft between employer and employe, we are much surprised at the very different *modus operandi* of the present day Trade Unions. Does the Trade Union of to-day strive after the same good results that the Craft did? We must reluctantly confess that it does not. Trade unionism to-day loses sight of the welfare of the employer, and busies itself solely with the interests of its own adherents; it does not bring employer and employe into more friendly connection, but, to our great sorrow, it most frequently accomplishes quite the opposite.

Viewed from an unbiased and unprejudiced standpoint, trade unionism has begun to be a positive menace to the prosperity of the majority of working men. According to the principles of trade unionism a man cannot work for any other man he chooses, but must offer his services only to those prescribed to him by the Union. An employer cannot hire the men he thinks most suitable, but must employ those whom the Labor Union presents. Is this not taking away the very line of demarcation between man and the brute; destroying man's most cherished rights, and his very source of contentment and happiness?

Then again, labor unionism does not strive to assist the



employer or benefit the consumer but most frequently accomplishes the weakening and even the ruin of his business. Its only aspirations are to increase the workers' wages, to reduce the hours of work, and to limit the amount of work to be done. These accusations are not made without any exceptions, for that would be unjust; still, we cannot overlook these paramount facts, but must show them in their true light. Labor Unions as they are to-day in the United States and in England, are nothing but labor trusts. This trust says to the farmer, "Your crops must perish if you will not harvest them under our rules"; to the manufacturer, "You shall neither produce nor transport contrary to our will"; to the merchant, "You must neither buy nor sell unless your wares bear the brand of our approval"; to the workman, "You must wear our yoke or starve."

Notwithstanding these facts, Labor Unions undeniably bring about some eminently beneficent results. Sometimes it happens that selfish and money-thirsty employers try to oppress their employes by under-paying them, by exacting too much work for a meagre remuneration and by not taking proper precautions for the protection of their lives. It is in cases of this kind that Labor Unions are capable of exerting their good influences, provided their demands are within the bounds of right reason and are exercised according to strict justice. But, alas, to what extent do not these Labor Unions sometimes go to accomplish their end! All possible means have been utilized by the leaders and the exponents of these so-called protectors of labor's rights, in order to attain their ends. Their weapons are intimidation, coercion, assault and dynamite. During the last decade the United States alone has suffered much at the hands of these labor unionists; buildings have been wrecked, bridges destroyed, lives taken and innumerable other crimes committed, all because this or that manufacturer has not employed certain groups of men to do his work, or has not acted in conformity with the ideas of the labor unionists.

Against labor unionism, as such, we have nothing to say, provided that it is founded on the true principle of the brotherhood of men, and that its aim is the uplift of the working man through methods that are honorable and right; such unionism as

recognizes the right of every man to earn an honest living by selling his labor upon such lawful conditions as seem best to him.

Labor unionism, consequently, has been diverted from its original purpose, until it has almost been brought forward as a policy of organized disorder and crime, which, if not checked, will make laborers' freedom a thing of the past, and will ultimately bring about the disruption of our national life. Therefore, it is quite evident that the Labor Unions, as they exist to-day, are quite unequal to the task which they are expected to perform; and hence there is an urgent necessity for a system dealing with the labor problems whereby employer and employes will agreeably adjust all controversies and alienations which may arise between them, according to strict justice and to their mutual satisfaction. In other words, there is need for a return to the Christian spirit of the mediaeval Guilds and Crafts, modernized, as it certainly can be, and has in fact been, in Catholic Germany, by the followers of the great Bishop of Mainz, Wilhelm von Ketteler.

ALBERT F. YUNKER, '13.



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Sworn to and subscribed before me, this Eleventh day of February, 1913.

JOHN A. MARTIN, Alderman.

[My Commission expires first Monday of January, 1914.]

## EDITORIAL.

***The Editor's Lenten Sermon.***

(with apologies)

The holy season of Lent is a gentle reminder of our broken resolutions, and an appropriate occasion for their renewal.

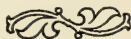
For some good souls the whole year, ay, their entire life, is spent in prayer and fasting. Unfortunately few of us are constituted like them !

The great fault lies in the fact that we do enter into the spirit of the Church; we have an apprehensive dread of a weary routine of mortification, too much for human flesh and blood. We do not consider the motives which should move us; we do not see the blessings for time and eternity accruing to us; we do not have before our mind the Divine Exemplar, who spent a perfect Lent.

The season is a soul-trying test, yet not too much for the strength of man. He is not asked to attempt the impossible: the ordinary, almost insignificant mortifications which he practices, will be a wreath of sweet flowers well pleasing to the Heavenly Gardener.

If we use a kind word instead of the harsh reply that springs to our lips; if we cede the higher place to our brother instead of taking it ourselves; if we do not attempt to redress every petty grievance; if, in these and other ways, we show ourselves agreeable and serviceable, we shall exhibit a truly Christ-like spirit. There are many more ways that each can find, if he will, to exercise the great virtue of self-denial, in preparation for a glorious resurrection, "that we may walk henceforth in newness of life."

L. P. G.

***Saint Patrick.***

This month we celebrate the feast of that illustrious patron of the Irish race, Saint Patrick. When we try to measure the wide-spread reverence with which the 17th of March is set apart



to honor this saint, we cannot but be impressed with the greatness of the man and the magnitude of his work.

His greatness is brought home more forcibly to us when we consider that he started out on life's journey as a lowly shepherd watching his flock on the hillside, yet all the time inspired with the idea that God was calling him to fulfill a great mission.

Even when he was already past fifty, he applied himself constantly to his studies; and it was at an age when most men are thinking of retiring from the world and its labors, that he began to fulfill his mission, namely the seemingly impossible task of converting an entire nation to the Catholic faith. To see how well he performed his duty, we have only to look at Ireland's record as a Catholic nation. She has withstood the attacks of all ages, only to emerge from the storm more valiant than before.

It is only proper, therefore, to honor the memory of the saint, who not only redeemed his own country from the grasp of paganism, but has left to mankind in general the heritage of a glorious truth and of a still more glorious life of faith.

J. O'C.



## EXCHANGES.

IN looking over the pile of college magazines on our library table this month, we note that one of the most important departments of a college journal is rather neglected in some of the magazines, while in quite a few others it has been entirely omitted. The department referred to is the Exchange Column. It is a regrettable circumstance that so many of our school papers do not think it worth their while to express their opinions and criticisms, favorable or otherwise, upon the contents of the magazines exchanging with them. This policy seems to be a mistaken one, for an Exchange Department in the hands of a capable man does much to promote good will and a feeling of

companionship among the several colleges. The criticisms given are usually, we believe, the product of the combined observations of the editorial staff, set down by their representative, the Exchange editor. We would like to see an Exchange Column in every one of our college journals.

In *St. Mary's Messenger*, the article entitled "Notes on German Literature" stands out prominently above its companions. The writer reviews the literature of Germany from the authors of the Nibelungenlied down to Carmen Sylva, in a concise, orderly, scholarly style that commands favorable criticism.

In the February *Loretine*, an article headed "Are We Progressing?" is indicative of deep thought and plenty of common sense; but the writer seems reluctant to make any definite answer to her own query, though the thoughts expressed seem to indicate that she would favor a negative reply.

The *Solanian* is one of the journals referred to in our introductory paragraph as being without an Exchange Column. Remedy this defect, *Solanian*. "Julius Caesar, I. 2," is the best article in the January Number, and it shows a keen appreciation of the work of the Master Poet, though it is more of an explanation of the action of the second scene of the first act in the play in question.

The Christmas Number of the *Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly* has reached us and is most heartily welcomed. We find two essays, especially, that show talent on the part of the writers, though the essays are in reality too brief. The articles meant are "Cordelia," an analysis of the character of Lear's daughter, and "Oxygen," a short exposition of the discovery, properties, and uses of this most widely distributed of elements.

The *Abbey Student*, which comes from Kansas, the breezy haunts of Sy Clone, carries with it some of this breezy Western atmosphere. It contains, contrary to the ordinary state of affairs, three articles that are of almost equal merit and interest. These three articles are "Reflections on Napoleon Bonaparte," "Luke Delmege: A Study," and "Economic Determinism." In the first of these articles, the writer makes several statements in which we cannot concur. First, he states that Napoleon "cer-

tainly was equal to Caesar as a statesman." Possibly this is true, but surely the margin of superiority in favor of Bonaparte is not so wide as to justify the use of the word "certainly" and all that it implies. Then again, he asserts that Napoleon's twenty-five volumes of hasty correspondence exhibit a genius to which that of Caesar is not superior. This is certainly an exaggeration, for Caesar's Commentaries are incomparable in their simplicity, their vividness, and their perspicuity. Finally, he says, "Napoleon was certainly a greater genius than Alexander," though he later qualifies this statement by restricting its application to military art. The verse of this number is excellent.

The January Number of the *Georgetown College Journal* contains two good essays, "An Irish Novelist," and "Literary Landmarks of Midland England"; a good short story, "The End of Pleasant Relations"; a fine short poem, "The Close of Day," which shows a wealth of imagery; and also one little acrostic about the terrors of Tacitus, which might be of so much comfort for some fellow sufferers that we should reprint it here were it not for lack of space.

The best article on a literary subject that it has been our good fortune to read recently appears in the December *Mountaineer*. It is a critical analysis of Thompson's "Seasons," and shows a keen insight into the requirements of poetic excellence as well as a most fluent and easy style.

In the *Collegian*, the best feature of the present number is the story called "Beta Sigma's Baby." This is a tale with a most unusual plot, exceptionally well worked out.

The Christmas and New Year Numbers of the *Viatorian* remain to be taken note of, and then we shall have done. In these numbers there are two essays that seem interconnected. Both are interpretations of poems, though of contrasting poems, the one dealing with Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and the other with Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." The authors have appreciated and understood Tennyson and Wordsworth, and have given vent to their thoughts with respect to these two masterpieces in two essays that amply repay careful perusal.

## CHRONICLE.

On the evening of February 2, the students and their friends listened to a talk about moving pictures by **Picture Show** Mr. W. J. McDowell. The films used to illustrate his remarks depicted the work at the Isthmus on the Panama Canal and the life of the natives in the interior of South America. There was also a film reproducing with historical faithfulness the scenes attending the drafting and signing of the Declaration of Independence. The lecturer's comment bore mainly on the working of the cinematograph, and, naturally, was listened to with rapt attention, as everyone is curious to know "how it works."

Two new professors entered on their duties at the beginning of February. They are Mr. John F. Travis, of **New Professors** Harvard University, who is teaching Mathematics in the Scientific and High School Departments, and Classics in the High School; and Mr. George C. O'Brien, of Holy Cross College and Clark University, who is instructor in Latin and Mathematics in the High School.

We were very much grieved at the death of Mrs. Albert Gloekler, mother of Aloysius Gloekler, which **Deep Sympathy** occurred during the past month. Representatives of the Second High called at the house to show their sympathy, and on Wednesday, February 12, had a Requiem High Mass sung for the repose of her soul. At this Mass Rev. H. J. McDermott was celebrant, and all the students sang. We extend our heartfelt condolence to the members of this stricken family.

Only a week previously the mother of Carl, Martin and Albert Gloekler, former students, and cousins of Aloysius, passed away. They also are assured of our prayerful sympathy.

On Wednesday, February 19, another High Mass was sung for the repose of the soul of Edward Sweeney, of Natrona, who died suddenly on February 10. He was a student here in 1908 and 1909. Very Rev. Father Hehir attended his obsequies.  
*R. I. P.*



The month of February having ushered in the third quarter of the school year, we were pleased to note that **Newcomers** many new students were enrolled. Some of these come from far distant climes; the Weldon brothers hailing from Denver, Colo., and our friend Joseph McIntyre coming from dear old Ireland, via Jersey City.

On February 3, a High Mass was sung in honor of the Blessed Virgin, this being the transferred feast **Ceremonies** of the Purification.

At noon the same day the blessing of the throats took place. Before proceeding to the blessing, the Very Rev. President briefly explained its origin and utility.

On February 5, Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent was duly observed by a special Mass and the distribution of the ashes, which all, professors and their pupils, received devoutly.

The students are performing various acts of penance during this holy season. Daily communion is becoming more common, while one or other of the boys may frequently be found making the stations of the Cross.

The Fathers are just now busily engaged in preaching Lenten sermons. Owing to their duties as professors **Lenten Sermons** in the University, the V. Rev. President has been obliged to refuse the demand of pastors for Lenten courses, except the one which he is preaching at St. Pius' Church, McKeesport.

On Sunday evening, February 9, the School of Commerce furnished the material for the weekly concert. The **Debates** selections were well rendered, while the debate was one of the most spirited held for some time. We subjoin the programme:

March	Liebe und Ehre	.	.	.	.	Orchestra
Recitation	The Little Light	.	.	.	.	Harold D. Greene
Piano Solo	On to the Charge	.	<i>Holst</i>	.	.	Gerard V. Buchele
Recitation	The Boy's Complaint	.	.	.	.	Bernard J. Goodyear
Medley	My Little Lovin' Sugar Babe	.	.	.	.	Orchestra
Recitation	My Intimate	.	.	.	.	John J. Lyden
Waltz	Sweet Illusions	.	.	.	.	Orchestra

Recitation	Erin's Flag . . . . .	J. Emmett Creahan
March	The Battle Royal . . . . .	Orchestra

DEBATE:—Resolved, That the Legislation of the Federal Government Should Be Shaped Toward a Gradual Abandonment of the Protective Tariff.

Chairman—Robert S. Murray

Affirmative—George W. Cooper, John A. Brinker

Negative—William F. Graham, Louis D. Wetzel.

On Sunday, February 16, the Freshmen held their second public debate of the year. Previous to the debate a very select programme was rendered. The discussion proved to be the most hotly contested that has taken place this year. This was due in a great measure to the efforts of Edward Nemmer and Victor Kennedy. The former, notwithstanding his diminutive stature, is full of fight, and the judges crowned his tireless efforts by awarding the decision to his side. The following programme was rendered:

Overture	Broken Idol . . . . .	Orchestra
Recitation	Auction Extraordinary . . . . .	James S. Murray
Vocal Solo	The Lost Chord . . . . .	Louis F. Cook
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe	
Cornet Solo	Melody in F . . . . .	Joseph P. Fay
	Accompanist, Francis S. Clifford	
Recitation	The Raven . . . . .	Francis M. Gregory
String Quartet	Shepherd's Sunday Song . . . . .	{ Prof. C. B. Weis Joseph P. Fay William F. Graham Herbert C. Mansmann
Step Dance	Irish Jig and Reel . . . . .	Joseph F. McIntyre
	Accompanists, Rev. J. A. Dewe and Professor Weis	
Instrumental Trio Bourree	Bach . . . . .	{ Violoncello, Rev. J. A. Dewe Violin, Richard J. Bowen Piano, Daniel V. Boyle
Chorus	Policemen's Chorus from The Pirates of Penzance . . . . .	Sophomores and Freshmen
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe	
March	Love and Glory . . . . .	Orchestra

DEBATE:—Resolved, That Nations Should Settle Their Disputes by Arbitration.

Chairman—Jerome D. Hannan

Affirmative—Edward J. Nemmer and Francis M. Hoffmann

Negative—Thomas P. Nee and Victor I. Kennedy.

The Dramatic Society has this year made choice of another of George Broadhurst's plays, "Why Smith  
**The Spring Play** Left Home." This comedy abounds in ludicrous situations and agreeable disappointments, and the actors, under the experienced direction of their moderator, Mr. Hipps, are sure to score as big a hit as ever. Owing to the fact that rehearsals take place only on Saturdays, practice has already been begun. The play will be put on in late spring in one of the downtown theatres.

Mr. Geber is also remotely preparing his gymnastic classes for the same occasion.

After the students' Mass on Wednesday, February 19, a sermon in favor of total abstinence was  
**Father McGuigan** given by Rev. Bernard J. McGuigan, first  
**on Temperance** president of our students' Total Abstinence Society, and now first assistant at Holy Cross Church, Pittsburgh. In simple yet powerful language, Father McGuigan portrayed the dire effects of intoxicants on both soul and body, and emphasized the grip that the habit of drink takes on its victims. He declared that his views on the drink question were the result of thirty years' personal observation, in the world, in college and seminary, and in the sacred ministry. He bore out his remarks with many impressive stories gleaned from his wide experience; and he affirmed with telling emphasis, that the only safe and logical course of action for the young man is, not to take the first drink.

A special entertainment was given on the Sunday following Washington's Birthday, in honor  
**Washington's Birthday** of the Father of our Country and as a  
**Entertainment** compliment to the ladies who acted as aides at the Euchre. The exigencies of space compel us to hold over the programme.

J. A. BURNS, '14.

## ALUMNI.

WITH sentiments of keenest regret we chronicle the death of Professor WILLIAM G. HOLLIHAN. After a very brief illness he passed away at his residence, 5115 Carnegie Avenue, this city. He was a man of most pleasant and courteous disposition, kindly, considerate and obliging. During the many years that have elapsed since his graduation, he took a most lively interest in his *Alma Mater*, and was ever present at the Alumni meetings. A musician of great talent, he was identified with many organizations, chief amongst which may be mentioned the Philharmonic Society, the Mozart Club, and the choirs of the Cathedral and the Epiphany. As a director of orchestras and choirs he will be sadly missed. He was buried from St. Kieran's Church, on Saturday, February 8.

To his surviving relatives, including especially our Alumni, Rev. Philip G. and Edward J. Misklow, we tender the expression of our most heartfelt sympathy. R. I. P.

ON a recent visit to the east, the V. Rev. President met one of the old-timers, JAMES MOHAN, '88. He is now settled down in the city of Brotherly Love, and holding an important position for the United States Navy. James has one or two boys who, he hopes, will represent the family at D. U. in the near future.

REV. JOHN ENRIGHT, '99, has been appointed pastor at St. John's Church, Monaca, Pa. This is Father Enright's first pastorate, and we assure him of our prayers and best wishes for success.

REV. JOHN KILGALLAN, '05, has our sincere sympathy in the death of his sister. She was buried from St. John the Baptist Church.

ALFRED W. McCANN, '03, one of our past professors, is the author of the work entitled "Starving America," published by P. M. Barton, Cleveland, Ohio.

This book supplies the missing link in the chain connecting cancer, tuberculosis, insanity, anemia and malnutrition with our unsuspected food abuses.



This book is the result of many years' experience in the food supply business as an advertiser and manufacturer. The remedy proposed by Mr. McCann is so lucidly pictured as to make the American people gasp in indignation at the forces which hitherto have kept this abuse in the dark.

JOHN J. MURRAY, '88, an uncle of Raymond Marlier, '12, died at Undercliff, Pa., and was buried from All Saints' Church, Etna, Pa. Mr. Murray was well known in the glass trade, having spent many years in that work.

DR. VICTOR VIESLET, '04, has succeeded Dr. Claude McDermid, '97, in his practice at Charleroi, Pa. We wish him much success in his chosen work.

G. J. BULLION, '09, and GEO. D. BARLOCK, ex-'05, were ordained sub-deacons at St. Vincent's Seminary, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin, on February 15th.

EUGENE G. MADDEN, '00, has a flourishing real estate and insurance business at Millvale, Pa.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL, '12, has an important clerical position with the Carnegie Steel Co.

EDWARD T. SLATER, '12, is working in the Chemical Department of the Texas Oil Company, Port Arthur, Texas, and is doing very well. He took a good course in our Department of Chemistry.

ELMER SCHORR, '10, a graduate of our Commercial Department, informs us that he is holding down a good position in a Duquesne Bank.

CHARLES DORWIN is a traveling salesman for his father, who is a wholesale liquor dealer in Brownsville.

GEORGE A. LEY, SC., '08, informs us that he is "pushing a pen" for the Standard Sanitary Co., of this city.

B. J. MCKENNA, H. J. GELM and H. J. SMITH, all of the Class of 1911, are in their second year of law, at the Duquesne University Law School.

H. G. HENNEY is general manager of the Grimes Furniture Company, Carnegie, Pa.

GEORGE R. ISHERWOOD and VALENTINE BALOGH recently passed the State Board Preliminary Examination for Law. We hope to find the names of these two young men entered upon the roll at Duquesne Law School.

RAYMOND SIEDLE is employed at the Third National Bank, Wood and Oliver Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHILE in Philadelphia during the past month, the V. Rev. President visited the Apostolic College at Cornwells. There he found several of the old students, VINCENT DRISCOLL, LAWRENCE WAGNER and JOSEPH HALBA. He was pleased to see they were enjoying good health, and to hear from their Director that they were doing well in their classes.

J. R. McK.

J. E. McN.



## OBITUARY.

FROM Sierra Leone, West Africa, comes the news of the untimely death of REV. GEORGE SCHALZ, '01. Many of the Alumni will remember Father Schalz as student and prefect, an earnest, tireless worker, of great physical endurance, even temper, and straightforward piety. He was born in Pinnebog, Michigan, in 1881. After the completion of his classical studies here, he entered the novitiate at Cornwells, Pa.; and, having passed two years as disciplinarian at his *Alma Mater*, he was sent to France and Switzerland to finish his studies. He was ordained at Paris in 1908, and left directly for the mission of Sierra Leone, where he labored for four years with truly apostolic zeal, till struck down by the terrible African fever. R. I. P.

J. F. M.

## ATHLETICS.

**A**LTHOUGH it is quite impossible at this early date, to comment much upon the 'Varsity baseball prospects, nevertheless it should be encouraging to their adherents to know that great preparations in this regard are now on, which will practically assure our being represented by a very strong team. It has been our good fortune—or rather a result of our untiring efforts—that we have always been represented by an excellent nine, and in this respect we have a reputation to sustain. Last year the work accomplished by the 'Varsity was a trifle below the standard set in former seasons, but better hopes are entertained for this year, as the team will be under a new management. Gallagher will hold the reins of authority, and our knowledge of his ability renders us confident that he will develop a winning combination.

It was thought that the season's schedule would be completed in time for insertion in this issue; but, owing to the fact that it is requiring a greater length of time to arrange than was at first anticipated, it must be held over until the April number. From indications it will embrace practically all the schools that have found places on our list in the past, with a few possible additions.

It will certainly be a surprising bit of information to the student body to learn that negotiations for a game with the Chinese University of Hawaii have recently been concluded, so that they are booked to appear in Pittsburgh, Saturday, May 31. Their appearance will be somewhat of a novelty, and it is the desire of the Athletic Committee to make this one of the banner games of the year. A great contest is expected, as the Orientals are performers of no mean ability, this having been shown by their successful tour of the United States last season.

After an interval of several years, baseball relations have been again opened with Washington & Jefferson, arrangements having been completed for their appearance at Duquesne, sometime in May. A return game at Washington is also being considered.

Indoor practice is slated to commence shortly, and it will no

doubt be a great aid to the candidates in getting down to perfect physical condition before the mild weather sets in.

Since its entrance into the ranks of the A. A. U., the Athletic Committee has received many offers to participate in various meets throughout the city and state. However, we are not prepared as yet to enter contestants in any of these events, but expect in the near future to organize a track-team which will successfully uphold the "Red and Blue" on all such occasions.

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.



## DUQUESNICULA.

BACK again after a month's rest, during which time the services of a medical practitioner were required. Just to prove that it was a real indisposition, we give his diagnosis of the case. He began thusly: "My young man, I am conscious that there is something radically wrong with your pharynx, and I advise you to avoid logomachies, and all undue use of your vocal chords, lest you experience complete taciturnity in these organs. This, combined with a titillation in the epiglottis, a chronic thrombosis in the eustachian tube, and the tintinnabulations plainly audible to my tympanum, is strongly symptomatic of hypertrophy. By resorting to auscultation and the use of the sphygmograph I find——." "That'll do," the present writer rejoined, "You've found enough." Being thoroughly convinced that he was a good discoverer, and that he had earned his fifty ducats, the writer dismissed him. We've been trying to translate his report ever since, and the only conclusion we can come to is that we must have been a mighty sick Duquesniculus.

THAT henchman of ours last month, certainly put in plenty of *nics* and *kinks*. It now devolves on us to *unnick* and *unkink* Duquesnicula. Without more ado, therefore, we proceed.

A CERTAIN individual, of Teutonic extraction, demurred when the officer in charge of No. 14 doled out 100 lines as his portion.



"Give him fifty more lines," suggested a charitable fellow-prisoner.

Hans brightened up, and then looked puzzled.

"I could stand five, or maybe eight, but, *danke schoen*, fifty Moerleins would be too much for me, sir."

THE above might be classed as a case of mistaken identity. Here's another. The Professor was delivering a lecture on the "War in the Balkans" and was laying particular stress on the strength of the Mussulmans. Just then Steranchak conceived the idea of making it an illustrated lecture. Accordingly, he put his thumb into his mouth and began to blow strenuously in order to cause expansion of his biceps. But alas, poor Check found out the vast difference between Mussulmans and men of muscle.

SLIPS try over, so Check gets another trial. This time he more than redeems himself. The class was in the middle of a heated discussion on the advisability of selecting an electrical subject for debate. They could not agree, so Check came to the rescue with a resolution that read like this:—"Resolved, That Electricity is Shocking." And all his class-mates answered "*transeat*."

SAY, you just can't keep the brainy men down. Here are the proofs:

SLATER.—A sphere is a plane bounded by a curve.

NEE.—The diameter of a sphere is a straight line down through the centre, sticking out at both ends.

Do you know, can you divine, is it in your power to prognosticate, what occurs every time Roehn and Frost get together in the Business Course, or elsewhere, for that matter? Oh slush, but you are thick!

GEE, but the fellows are generous! Since the installation of the Ballot Box in the library, as many as two chaps have contributed. The latest lad to show his charity wants to know "who put the toes in tomatoes." Better ask some farmer. I renig.

NOT long ago we read with delight the rules in use in the Sanctum of one of our contemporaries, and lest the stone gather

moss, we have decided to keep it rolling. So, here goes:

1. Upon entering the building, remove your shoes, and substitute soft-soled slippers, lest you disturb the peace of mind of the editors.

2. If no one answers your knocks, take a seat in the hanging-basket in the hall.

3. If, after waiting several hours, no one answers, kindly call again in a couple of weeks. The editors are probably asleep.

4. You are free to remove your hat or not, but if you have a bald spot, you are advised to keep it covered. The draught, occasioned by the rapid use of the editorial pen, is liable to give you a cold.

5. Before speaking to the editor-in-chief bow thrice—the first time to show that you recognize him; the second time, to show that you would fain hold converse with him; and the third, to remind him that you are still waiting for his attention.

6. If he doesn't notice you, just keep on bowing *ad infinitum*.

7. If you are thirsty, take a few dips into the Pierian Spring, said spring being located on the upper right-hand corner of the desk, with the auxiliary instrument lying nearby.

8. Never confiscate any documents belonging to the editor, lest perchance you secure for yourself free transportation to the Bastille via the Black Maria.

9. Don't sit down, and don't make yourself appear comfortable. Such action on your part might prove a temptation to the employes to do likewise.

10. Smoking is permitted, provided you have enough cigars to treat all. Otherwise the editors will be sure to find the smoke detrimental to the proper manipulation of their fountain-pens.

11. Whisper as much as possible, lest you arouse the editors who have fallen asleep writing philosophical essays.

12. Having transacted your business, retire as soon as possible. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

13. Last but not least, don't fail to tip the waiter when leaving. Anything from a drachma to one hundred sestertii is acceptable.

AND yet you may ask, "who's loony now?"

These rules were made to be observed  
By all, both rich and poor,  
And if you feel you can't obey,  
Just stay outside the door.

Just criticisms will always be given space. Here is one in the form of poetry\*, without a title:

The lack of humor shown herein  
Is much to be bewailed;  
For writing jokes without a point,  
Red Carlin should be jailed.

THE writer heartily agrees with the authors of the above, and lest their wish be fulfilled, he thinks he'll quit.

H. A. C., '14.

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\* Noise by Ubinger. Nonsense by Burns.



## A New Department.

**I**N response to the needs of a large number of young men who have already completed their studies in other lines, the University has opened a new and distinct department,—namely, that of rhetoric, argumentation, oratory and dramatic art.

It comprises two branches. The first of these is the School of Rhetoric and Argumentation, under the careful management and personal supervision of Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., whose qualifications and experience as a teacher are the best guarantee that young men will acquire under his direction the art of expressing themselves forcefully and elegantly.

For the second branch, that of Oratory and Dramatic Art, the University prides itself on its good fortune in just securing, from New York City, a director who has had a wide and varied experience—one that has been practical, unique and distinguished, and that has peculiarly and especially fitted him for this particular work. Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd, who will direct this work, has built up, as teacher, reader and actor, a reputation that is national. A brilliant administration of this attractive department is assured under his guidance.

Professor Lloyd has taken up special quarters in Room 24 in the George Building, 436 Fourth Avenue, where he may be seen at any hour of the day from 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M., in regard to all details of hours, classes and terms.

Another very competent gentleman, Mr. Frank Hipps, for several years past engaged in the University, and of long and tried experience in voice culture and the staging of plays, will be ready also to take charge of classes or of individual pupils in connection with the school of oratory.

The entire department will be under the general direction of the Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp. A more extended notice of the course, its utility and its workings, is promised for the forthcoming issue of the MONTHLY.

E. D.



# Duquesne Monthly

Vol. XX.

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No. 7.

## Showers.

WHEN o'er the peaceful sky's expansive blue,  
With aspect grim, foreboding dread and fear,  
Bold Nature leads its hosts of sable hue,  
Portentous, throbbing silence whelms the ear.

The heavy vapory clouds in savage mien  
The earth and sea with darkened mantle hide,  
Save when at fitful fiery times is seen  
The lightning's rapid, wicked, snake-like glide.

Anon we hear the thunder's heavy roar  
Reverberating in the troubled skies.  
By this disturbed, the heavy torrents pour;  
The gasping earth in steamy vesture lies.

It rains and rains,—and then, with softer fall,  
It sprinkles—turns to mist—at length has ceased.  
The clouds disperse and lift the heavy pall.  
Sunshine and earth's pent beauty are released.

A lesson from the showers we may learn:  
Like them, the storms of life are brief and few;  
When skies are troubled, when for peace we yearn,  
Betimes we'll see the sun and lovely blue.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



## Sympathy and Social Help.

THOSE people whose misguiding sympathy impels them to remote charitable efforts, those who go far from home in quest of the Holy Grail when it is at their own gate, are often criticised, and very properly so; yet not less considerable and deplorable is the fact that there are many people who feel for the woes of proximate humanity, but from whom, although qualified scientifically and otherwise, there is no response whatever to the sentiment of sympathy, in the way of earnestly determining the cause of the immediate social evils and of taking the necessary remedial measures. Parents are asked about the blind son; the motive of this request is not so often a subtle, half-confessed inclination to convict them of sin, as it is a sympathy, which, though sincere, is yet too impulsiveless to prompt the commiserator to learn whether it is a case in which spittle and clay will effect a cure. Many daily deplore infant mortality, and sadden at the sight of the pathetic little funerals, but how many pity-touched people, qualified for the effort, are to be found on the trail of the white hearse? The adult sufferer, too, is often glanced at sympathetically when he might be X-rayed. The lamp of life flickering faintly in some unwarmed attic and its feeble flame at length drowning itself in the darkness of premature death excites a sympathy generally inversely proportional to any service rendered. There are many eminent men standing by for years sincerely desiring the discovery of a remedy for the disease called incurable, for the distress considered unrelievable, when their own qualified, unmeditating selves might have long since come forth with "Eureka" on their lips.

There is much of the sympathy that pities those who have waded or drifted beyond a discreet moral depth, yet never moves the onlooker to throw out a rescuing rope.

There is an abiding sympathy for child laborers, for the young sweatshop girl who monotonously plies the daily and nightly needle, "sewing with a double thread a shroud as well as a shirt," and for all other young, toil-taxed female employes, the rewards of whose labor are shamefully inadequate wages, bent spines, stooped shoulders, contracted lungs, retarded brains; there is much sympathy for the little boys employed in the glass factories of Pennsylvania and for the thousands of young slate pickers sitting over the coal chutes of its dusty mines; sympathy for the young everywhere who tramp, each morning, not to school or playground, but to factories of every kind, because, forsooth, material in process of manufacture is more valuable than are children in process of growth; and sympathy for the poverty-pressed, work-seeking children who are suffered to see a great ship's gang-plank swing away and waving crowds and native shores disappear;—sympathy, sympathy, so very much sympathy, eliciting sometimes, it is true, a vast amount of practical charity, scientific interest, or legislative effort, but often, alas ! prevailing only as a non-energizing emotion. We do not like to indulge in plaintive rhetoric, yet this is an age whose profession is service, but whose practice often is not; and we cannot resist a murmur against the existing inapprehension of the fact that there is little or no merit in feeling for the woes of humanity, when under the pressure of that sentiment a man's energies are not directed to an understanding of the cause of those woes and to practical remedies.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.



## An Unwitting Retaliation.

“FOUR balls; take your base,” said the umpire.

That filled the bases—and there were two men out.

The game was between the rival colleges, Swanhurst and St. Francis. The winning of this contest would decide the athletic championship for that year. It was during the annual “track meet” and thus far both colleges had scored the same number of points.

Floyd Joyce, of the Swanhurst team, was the next man to bat. He was Swanhurst’s famous hitter and could be depended upon to bat a “three-bagger” whenever it was needed.

The score was 1 to 0 in this, the beginning of the ninth inning, with St. Francis in the lead, and Johnny Grey in the box.

“Plenty of time, Johnny; plenty of time,” cooed the captain, Joe Wood, St. Francis’ “scientific second baseman,” “Don’t hurry, and we’ll get them yet.”

“Strike one!” and there was prolonged cheering from St. Francis’ “rooters.” But the pitcher kept on tossing.

When partial silence was restored, “Ball three” was heard from the umpire, as Joyce let a wide out-curve pass him.

A swift inshoot followed, and the umpire called “Strike two.” There was not a sound from over that crowded field, and all watched Grey in anxious suspense.

Grey was outwardly calm, but inwardly he was “shaking like a leaf.” Two or three times he blinked as if the light hurt his eyes. Then he started to grin, like an elocutionist who has forgotten his lines. Every one could see his large gold tooth. He was surely excited; for he smiled that way only when nervous.

He threw a straight, swift ball. Joyce saw what was coming. He pulled back his bat, swung hard and—missed the ball!

As he was swinging, a flash of light blinded him for an instant and he fanned, losing the game.

For the next half hour, St. Francis’ boys were frantic with joy. Grey was carried around on his companions’ shoulders. The yell was given many times over, and ended up with a “tiger” for “St. Francis, champion of the Inter-collegiate league.”



Everyone wanted to know how Johnny Grey had struck Joyce out. After supper a group stood near the pitcher's box, prying Grey with questions.

"Well," he said, "you see, I was getting nervous and started to smile. This tooth—" he pointed to the large gold one—"reflected the rays of the sun and they struck Joyce's eyes as I pitched the ball. So, you see, I don't deserve the credit for striking Joyce out."

"But," interposed George Metcalf, "you had your *back* to the sun! How in thunder could your *tooth* reflect the light?"

"I don't know," replied Johnny dubiously, "but I'm sure the light was hurting my eyes towards the end of the game. It seemed to come from that direction," he added, pointing to the left of home plate. For a moment, everybody subsided into a puzzled silence.

"I have it!" cried Joe Wood, the "scientific second baseman," who remembered some of the laws of light outside the class-room. "Someone on Swanhurst's bench had a looking-glass. The light flashed in my eyes too. You've turned the trick on them, Johnny, without knowing it!" he shouted at the bewildered pitcher; and he added enthusiastically, "That was a fine example of double reflection."

Once more silence reigned, while the wondering crowd gazed rapturously at the scientist.

"Serves them right, serves them right!" they cried in chorus.

And forthwith the class in Optics, under the guidance of Captain Wood, went to measure the angles of incidence and reflection.

JAMES F. KERNAN,

Third High.





## The Impossibility of Socialism.

EVERY age and every generation has had its great, absorbing problems, social, political, and otherwise, and the problems whose solution has attracted the most attention and entailed the greatest difficulty in this age, are those connected with Socialism and Divorce. With the former only of these, the present writer will venture to deal.

In these days, when as many meanings are attributed to the word *Socialism* as there are individual adherents of the system, anyone who proposes to speak or write upon the subject must define as clearly and as distinctly as possible what he means by Socialism or a Socialist. By Socialism, then, we mean "that system of political economy which advocates the absolute and inalienable ownership, on the part of the State, of all capital and materials of labor, as well as the public administration of all economic goods, and the distribution of all produce by the democratic State." This definition of the point at issue, taken from a work on the subject by two German authors, seems to be complete and adequate, and, in addition, the one most generally accepted. Regarding Socialism, then, in this economic acceptance of the term, we shall proceed to attempt a proof of the impossibility of the realization of theoretical Socialism in practice.

This proof naturally divides itself into two main divisions; first, the abolition of private property by Socialism is unjust; second, even if it were just and equitable, it is impracticable and impossible of realization. I say, in the first place, that the abolition of private property (which is most certainly included in the number of Socialistic tenets, being, in fact, the chief of them) is unjust. This is so because it would deprive the productive member of Society of what he has acquired by the sweat of his brow, beneficently to bestow it on the idlers of the community, too indolent to labor for their own maintenance. In consideration of this fact, becomes evidently true the contention that

the name *Socialism* is a lie on its very face, and that it should in reality read *Selfism*. Socialists put forward one chief argument in favor of the justice of this division of property. They contend that, instead of the poverty now so lamentably common, each member of the State should receive a fair wage, and this they propose to secure for him by communism of goods. Now it is perfectly true, the truest thing in the world, that each laborer should receive a fair wage for his work. But the obstacle is this : what is meant by a fair wage? Only too many of those who are now blessed with anything less than opulence think that a fair wage means steam-yachts and champagne suppers. Here lies the whole difficulty.

Another objection to the establishment of communism of goods is that it would bring the State into a sphere beyond its natural and proper activities, and would create utter anarchy, which, in turn, could be remedied only by the establishment in power, of some strong, energetic man,—and this would be a violation of another Socialistic principle, the equality of men. Here again Socialistic theory falls to the ground at the assault of that rare commodity, common sense. Socialists prate about the absolute equality of individuals, but surely this phrase cannot be interpreted literally and still remain within the bounds of reason, because it is clear that the educated and the uneducated, the prince and the peasant, the physician and the cobbler, do not stand on the same level. “The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it.” Would any of the many lecturers traveling about the country preaching Socialism and the “brotherhood of men” to the masses, care to be regarded as not a whit better than the immigrant laborer in the rear of his audience? Certainly not! And yet, Socialistically speaking, “all men are born equal.” The truth of the matter is that with regard to the essentials of their personalities, with respect to the *number* of their rights, all men are indeed equal, but these rights have not the same extension in all, because it is essential to proportional justice that different powers and talents (and surely not even a Socialist could seriously say that these are the same in all men) should be accompanied with varying rights.

To repeat, the theory of the community of property, based

on the false hypothesis of the equality of individuals, falls to the ground like a stack of barrels when the lowermost of them is suddenly removed. So much then for the injustice of the chief and basic principle of Socialism; now, with respect to the impracticability of this same principle, *i. e.*, the actual transfer of all productive goods to the State, let us consider the why and the wherefore.

There are two points which must be taken into account in the consideration of the impossibility of the theory of communism of property. These two considerations deal with the distribution of the fruits of labor, and the production of goods. With regard to the former of these, granting for a moment the realization of the dreams of the Socialists, there would be no stimulus, no real incentive to work, and hence no lasting production; and the cessation of production means the cessation of existence. And this state of affairs would be no more than natural under the conditions assumed. If a man knew that by his failure to appear for work for a day, he would lose only the millionth part of his earnings, supposing a community of one million souls, is it likely that he would work at all if he felt the slightest inclination to take a vacation? It is not a large step from this state of occasional vacation to that of perpetual vacation when maintenance is assured at the hands of the State. And are there not enough such men to cripple and even to destroy every industry in the world? Is this not sufficient proof of the folly of Socialism?

Again, the work, if there was any, would have to be apportioned either by individual choice, by official choice of magistrates, or by the standard of individual capacity. Since the division cannot be left to any of these, anarchy is the evident and inevitable result. The matter of apportionment cannot be left to individual choice, because certain occupations would be neglected. Who, for instance, would choose, in preference to some light, pleasant work, the meaner and more dangerous occupations, when there was staring him in the face the certainty that he would reap only a small part of the financial harvest of his perilous and obnoxious labor? The assignment of work by magistrates is impracticable unless you suppose, on the one hand, officials who are irreproachable in integrity and lofty in ideals,



magistrates actuated more by love of country and regard for the common good than by the love of gain, and on the other hand, subjects who are content with moderate gain and who are prompt and obedient to every wish of the officials. This however is utopian, and not to be expected in this age. With the exclusion of the choice by individuals and of the assignment by magistrates, there is remaining but one means to portion out the work to be done, and that way is the standard of capacity. In the present order of things, this is the means employed, but in the visionary Socialistic State, this would be impracticable, for who would estimate and decide upon individual capacity and abilities? Now since we have shown that both individual choice, magisterial choice, and choice by ability are all out of the question, and since these three comprise the complete enumeration of means of apportionment, it follows evidently that in the Socialistic State, the production of goods would be stopped entirely, and this of course would be fatal to the nation, a consummation which is ample proof of the undesirability of Socialism.

As for the second of the points which I before enumerated as being necessarily involved in the consideration of the possibility of Communism, *i. e.*, the distribution of the fruits of labor, if there are any such fruits, it would be impossible to make the distribution of such fruits just and equitable, at least by any of the standards of distribution yet suggested by Socialists. The standards proposed are distribution by *number* of individuals, by *time* devoted to work, by *excellence* of the work done, by the *diligence* of the workers, and by their *need*.

The first of these, by *number*, is not sufficient, because all persons are not equally strong of body, skillful, and experienced; hence, it would be unjust to give an equal share of the common property to each. Again, it must be considered that there are many persons in the State who do nothing toward the production of the common property, such as children, the aged, etc. Hence, it would also be unjust to the producers to give a child as large a share as an active, productive man. The *time* each man gives to labor is not sufficient for the sake of the division, for some men are diligent, while others are indolent. This standard too would make no provision for invalids, children, and the aged, and

it would be manifestly unjust to give all the same remuneration, as would be essential during the use of the time spent at work as a criterion of division. If the *excellence* of the work is decided upon as the standard of distribution of the property of the State, the question arises, "Who will judge the excellence of the work done, and will not several criteria be necessary in as much as the work of a surgeon and a husbandman, for example, have nothing in common? *Diligence* in the performance of the task imposed cannot be taken as the standard, for what would be done with those who, though diligent, have nothing substantial to show for their application, owing to a lack of physical strength or skill or of necessary implements? Nor can the *need* of the workmen be made the standard of distribution, because it would be impossible to find a suitable judge of the necessity of the people. If the matter were left to the judgment of each person, it would violate that primary and necessary principle of all law, namely, "a man cannot be a judge in his own case." If a special tribunal were established for the purpose, it could not fulfil its functions without an endless succession of quarrels, discord, and envy, which, in a very short time, would overturn all order and bring about the result to which I alluded as the inevitable outcome of the establishment in power of the Socialistic ideas, embodied in those visionaries known as Socialists.

F. J. MUELLER, '14.

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### The Muse's Complaint.

**I**'VE much to say, but here's the gist:  
 I could do wonders, but you thwart me!  
 I'd give you wealth, but you persist  
 In holding off—you will not court me!  
 Come, laddies, hold a little tryst;  
 With you awhile I would disport me:  
 I'll lead your fancy where you list—  
 O'er pleasant fields, by sunbeams kissed,  
 O'er moonlit meadows, bathed in mist—  
 Give me a chance—come, come, escort me!

LUKE O'BYRNE.



## The Government Test.

**L**IKE a great bird, "No. 47" left the testing grounds of the Randall Aeroplane Co., and 'mid the whir of the propellers and the terrific roar of the unmuffled exhausts, she steadily climbed skyward in perfect and ever-widening circles. After reaching a dizzy height, that made the machine look like a fly against the white clouds, the aviator began to volplane back to earth. In long graceful sweeps he guided the flyer in descending spirals until once more he was above the factory buildings. Then, without a tremor, the great bird came to rest.

"Gosh, but that fellow can fly!" exclaimed Donald Randall, the son of the president of the company.

He had been an interested observer of the flight, and, being himself an expert aviator, he was naturally concerned in all flights made, especially in a Randall machine. At present he was on his way to his father's office, from the station, having returned unexpectedly from college, and was uninformed as to the identity of this new man.

As he entered the office, Mr. Randall, glancing up from his desk, exclaimed, "Why, hello, Don! What's happened? I thought you were at school."

"Hello, dad. I was, until some amateur scientist set the university on fire trying to make an explosive out of phosphorus in the chem' laboratory. Didn't you see this morning's papers?"

"No, I haven't had time yet. My, that's too bad, Don!"

A doleful, woe-begone expression spread over the face of the young athlete as he whimpered, "O yes, very bad! Look at me crying."

His father saw the distress was only feigned. "I'd expect you to be sorry, my boy, instead of feeling as happy as a kid. I thought you were a college man."

"So did I, but you know how it is. How does it come that you have been too busy to read the papers?"

For answer, his father handed him a letter, received a few days before. It was from the War Department, giving notice that the government had decided to equip ten of its western army posts with two more aeroplanes apiece. The make of the machines was to be selected from among the many makes of American aeroplanes, after exhaustive tests in speed, carrying capacity, and general reliability. The date set for these tests was June 7th, and it was already May 27th.

"Of course we shall be represented?" inquired young Randall.

"We expect to, because if we get the contract it will mean quite a bit of advertising for us, and, incidentally, the money the twenty machines will bring is an item not altogether beneath our notice."

"Don't worry, dad. The contract is as good as ours. May I fly the machine?"

"I'm sorry, my boy, but as your mother did not want you to miss school, I found another expert aviator, named Harrison, and obtained a contract for his services."

"That is mighty tough luck, but perhaps I can at least be his mechanic. If he is the same one that had 'No. 47' out this morning, he is pretty good."

"Yes, that was he. I had him try out a new carburetor, which promises to be a success. One of the foremen thought it out. You know, in our old carburetor there is but one jet of gasoline entering the mixing chamber, but, in the new one, there are five jets of much smaller diameter, thereby giving a much more uniform mixture, and—here is Harrison now."

At his declaration, a young man about Donald's age entered the office.

"I have come, Mr. Randall, to tell you that the new carburetor is a great improvement over the old. I believe it developed twenty-five per cent. more power this morning," reported Harrison.

"That's fine, Mr. Harrison, thank you. I want you to meet—why where is he?" exclaimed the manufacturer, for Harrison had disappeared.



"He hurried out right away," smiled Don. "I guess he was not very comfortable in our company."

"He is certainly a strange young man," commented his father.

"Well, dad, I guess I'll go up to the house now, and surprise mother."

"All right, I'll see you this evening."

The morning of June the seventh saw the government testing grounds, at Washington, in the midst of confusion and uproar. To a spectator it looked like a combination of Barnum & Bailey's, Ringlings', Forpaugh Bros.', and all other circuses put together, not forgetting the addition of a few wild west shows.

The grounds were almost covered with huge hangars, or "aeroplane garages." Aeroplanes filled the air like flies in a candy store window. Above it all rose the roar of the engines as each anxious aviator would tune up his own "little pet."

In all, there were thirty-one companies competing. Of these, however, the largest were the Greer Corporation, the Merlin Power Co. and the Randall Co.

The contests were to take place in the afternoon, there being five—one for speed with the aviator alone, one for altitude, one for rising in the smallest area, one for landing in the smallest area, and one for speed with a passenger.

Because of the improved carburetor, the Randall machine easily took first place in the first test.

At the end of the fourth test the credits were nearly even, with the Randall and Greer Companies tied for first place. At the arrival of the passenger-carrying speed contest, interest was running high, and some of the onlookers were even putting up a little side money on one or other of the leaders. The race was to be flown over a circular course of twenty-five miles. Neither passenger was to weigh less than 150 pounds.

Don Randall's love of excitement and sport had prompted him to go along as a mechanic or passenger, even if he could not be the pilot.

With an explosion of exhausts they were off. For a few minutes they were all bunched, but slowly the Randall and Greer machines drew away from the others.

On the ground, Mr. Randall and Mr. Greer, who, though business rivals, were personal friends, were discussing their chances.

"My son, Jim, would like to be here now," remarked Mr. Greer. "I do not believe you ever met him; he is at college now."

"So was my son, until, luckily for him, his school burnt down!" smiled Don's father.

As the two leading machines moved ahead Harrison fed still more gas to the roaring engine and the Randall output forged past the Greer machine. But, as they passed beyond the vision of those on the ground, he lowered the throttle and slowly dropped back to second place.

"Why don't you open that throttle wider?" demanded Don.

"Go to Timbuctoo, and mind your own business," was the hostile reply.

"*Open that throttle,*" commanded Don quickly.

"Close your trap."

"Will you open that throttle yourself, or shall I do it for you?"

"Let's see you try it!"

Without further ado, Don reached over and knocked the throttle open. Instantly, the flyer leaped ahead. In his anger, forgetting to steer, Harrison seized his mechanic by the throat. Said mechanic, however, didn't like "his" where "his collar ought to be" and "binged Harrison on the headlight, forcing out the claret." This peaceful little beginning started a battle royal in mid-air. In the scuffle the horizontal rudder was deflected, and down they shot—doomed! When but a few hundred feet above the ground, the aviators, still unconscious of their terrible danger, continued struggling. Suddenly, Don slipped, and with Harrison on top, fell against the horizontal rudder lever.

Like a great sea gull skimming the waves, the aeroplane halted in its mad rush downwards,—sailed, at a small height, along the level for a few seconds—then once more began to rise. In the meantime, young Randall managed to squirm out from

under Harrison and sit on his head. Then, whilst keeping him in submission with an uplifted wrench, he carefully slid over into the driver's seat and skilfully piloted the machine with one hand and his feet.

Once more they set out to overtake the others, and once more they did. As the judges' stand came into view, Harrison resignedly said, "You can let that wrench drop now, Randall, because I promise to be good."

"I believe you, Harrison."

As "No. 47" passed the judges' stand, circled and alighted, Mr. Randall and Mr. Greer ran forward to meet the victors.

"Why, what's happened? Don is in the driver's seat," exclaimed Don's father.

"If that young man with the swollen nose beside him—Great Scott—Jim!" cried Mr. Greer.

"Hello, dad," said young Greer, *alias* Harrison, smiling ruefully. "I thought I could get the contract for you by leaving college and getting a job with our strongest competitor, but Don Randall here is too wise."

"Well, Greer," said Don, generously, "since no harm has come of it—let's forget it."

"All right, I'm willing, you bet. Thanks, old man. The only suggestion I can make is that you pad your fist the next time you try to break it on my nose!"

FRANK P. ANTON,  
3rd Scientific.



## EVANGELINE.

THE position occupied by Longfellow among American men of letters is certainly very unique. No other author of the nineteenth century has produced so many writings that have become the constant companions, alike of the highly educated and of the moderately schooled. He is undoubtedly the most beloved and esteemed of American poets at home, and he is respected in no less degree on the other side of the Atlantic. As a writer he was characterized by versatility and profuseness; and though all his productions have served to strengthen and enrich our language, yet, as far as his reputation is concerned, it will ever hinge mainly on his great work, "Evangeline"; and, even if we gauge his ability and genius by this one poem alone, we must concede him a place among the immortals. It is regarded by the most eminent critics, not only as Longfellow's masterpiece, but as occupying a distinct place of its own in English literature.

The success of the poem depends not so much upon the author's method of treating the subject—although that, too, is remarkable, and will receive due consideration in time and place—as on the character and outline of the story itself. In all the annals of literature, it is doubtful if we could unearth another theme more sweet and touching, more deep and soul-stirring, than this simple, sad tale of the Acadian folk.

The idea of a young maiden's being torn from the arms of her betrothed at the very moment when the highest ambition of her life was about to be realized; their forced embarkment on separate vessels bound for different ports; her search through the deep bayous and wild everglades of the south, and over the limitless plains of the west; now sailing calmly along the broad and unfamiliar rivers; now penetrating the depths of the trackless forest, finding disappointment at every turn: now urged on by a stray rumor or by an idle dream, now deceived by a smouldering



campfire or a ruined cabin; always filled with unutterable longings and sick at heart, but ever buoyed up by a constant and living hope that her Gabriel would yet be restored to her;—such is the story of the poem, a story that it has never been the fortune of any other bard to possess.

The mere recital of this wondrous tale is sufficient to stimulate the most sluggish imagination and to kindle any truly poetic soul; for in its every phrase, in its every line, are expressed thoughts and ideas suggestive of the highest poetry. In addition, Evangeline's search over the vast American continent, its boundless prairies, trackless forests and interminable rivers, opens up a new field of endeavor for the poet, since it is this very magnitude and grandeur of the country itself that hinders her in her quest. It is an insurmountable barrier which she cannot overcome, and with which she confesses herself unable to contend. Verily, in this theme Longfellow possessed a treasure,—one, however, not too exalted for talent so noble.

The historical basis of the poem reveals one of the most extraordinary occurrences in history, and amply sustains the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." Around the story of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia by the British, the poet has woven his romance of Evangeline and Gabriel, their separation, their quest for one another, which extends through many climes and ends only after years of patient toil and anxiety, when she, clothed in the garb of a Sister of Mercy, discovers him dying of fever in a hospital. But alas! she is too late. Death is about to claim its victim. Yet, before the grim reaper has accomplished his work, a smile of recognition lights up the countenance of the sufferer, and Evangeline is content; for

All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank Thee!"

After the story itself, the most striking feature of the poem is the metre employed in its composition. Longfellow's selection of dactylic hexameter was, indeed, an experiment, as no author using our mother tongue had ever resorted to its use before; but

it was an experiment that ended so happily that it is extremely doubtful if he could have related the tale in such a delightful and wonderful fashion by the use of any other metre. When he chose this style of verse, the poet apparently used as his model, or at least had in mind, Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," which is so admirably expressed in this number. The completion of "Evangeline" established a precedent in the English language, since its author is the only poet who has attempted, and successfully executed in dactylic hexameter, any piece of considerable length.

His true poetic instinct recognized the possibilities of this verse for his purpose. It was the style in which had been sung all the grand harmonies of the world from the earliest ages, and he at once perceived that it was remarkably adapted to the narration of a long tale, devoid of any great climax or dramatic pauses, which required an easy and graceful movement. That he entirely succeeded in the use of a metre undoubtedly somewhat foreign to the genius of our language, is amply attested by the instant popularity attained by the poem, and by the pleasure which thousands of readers still find in its sweet and majestically pensive measures.

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.



### Nocturne.

SILVER and green—verdure and sheen—  
Moonlight and whispering air:  
There by the trees, stirred by the breeze,  
Ripples the rivulet fair.  
Faint o'er the wall floats a bird-call;  
Answer comes faint from the way.  
Lord, may Thy peace dwell without cease  
Here in my bosom alway!

LUKE O'BYRNE.

## A Forced Journey.

**I**T was late in March, and King Winter seemed to be making one last desperate effort to retain his grip on all things terrestrial. The landscape was clothed in white, but the snow had long ceased to fall, for mercury showed zero. A strong, chilly wind had arrived from the Arctic regions and none could be seen on the streets except from necessity. Although it was unpleasant to face the battling elements, the day was excellent for traveling, since the passengers, fortified against Jack Frost by warm coaches, could gaze out upon a miniature of the frozen north.

So, many persons could be seen hurrying through the Union Depot to the New York Limited, the fastest train on the road, with its first scheduled stop at Altoona.

The locomotive was of the latest type, namely K2, and lay panting and throbbing as if eager to begin its mad race across the Appalachians to the Coast.

All about the Limited worked swiftly, for it must not be delayed even a minute. Inspectors were crawling under the cars making sure that all was in perfect running order, for only a slight break was necessary, at the rate the Limited traveled, to send it to destruction.

Car Inspector Patrick McTighe, while examining the draw-heads between the baggage and the mail cars, heard the low, hissing sound of escaping air about the middle of the mail car. An inspection showed a loose union connecting the triple valve, which operates the brakes, to the main train line.

Now, Pat was one of those good natured Irishmen who believe in helping a fellow-workman when they can. So, instead of inconveniencing the Air Inspector, and probably delaying the train, Pat set to work to tighten the joints with his wrench.

In the meantime the "systematic confusion" about the Limited had calmed down. The Air Inspector had made his customary trip along the train before Pat had noticed the leak, and had reported "all right" to the engineer. The conductor pulled the signal cord and the train started forward, slowly at first, but gaining speed at every throb of that giant locomotive.

Pat had nearly finished his job when his alert ears distinguished the exhaust from the signal cord.

"The fools!" he exclaimed, as he jumped for the open. And he would have made it, had not a hog-rod (an iron brace running the length of the car) served him so cruelly. In his excitement Pat's head and it collided, and since the rod was harder, Pat went down. But only for an instant, for his Irish blood was aroused. Seeing the heartless hog-rod move away as the train started, Pat grasped it, and, after being dragged a short distance, succeeded in pulling himself up. There he clung, stretched out on a slender iron rod, his hands grasping a bar extending from the rod to the body of the car, and his feet entwined about the rod.

While the engine was gathering speed, Pat was collecting his much-scattered wits. By the time the boundaries of the yards had been left behind, he had poured forth blessings abundantly upon all the officials, from President down, for conducting a railroad in such a manner.

At first he kept his eyes fixed on the ground beneath him; but, as the train flew faster and faster, the continuous rapid passing of the ties confused his vision, so he closed his eyes.

Yes, he must think! But he could not; so frightful was that rumbling of iron against iron, as the strong wheels sped over those stout rails, that it seemed to pierce even to the brain.

Town after town was left behind, and yet the train sped on, with Pat still clinging to his uncomfortable rod.

"Not a stop for a hundred miles! I can't hold on that long in this cold, or even if it were warm and if I let go—" A shudder ran through his whole frame as he thought of the terrible fate awaiting him, and of those horrible wheels ready to crush out even the last spark of life.

"Would a fine Irishman like you, Pat, show the 'yellow'? Just look back at the night when you fell between those moving freights and clung to the brake-rod, with your feet trailing along the rough road-bed under the car for several hundred yards till the engine was stopped! True, it was only a shifter and not a K2, but look at the difference in position!" Thus a little voice within him whispered.



"No," he muttered fiercely, "I'll get out somehow."

He looked about the bottom of the coach, hoping to find some avenue of help. He saw the auxiliary reservoir with its spigot-like outlet. He could reach it and might even be able to turn it. But no; it would not discharge the air fast enough. From there, his eyes wandered to the triple valve, then to the main train-line.

"What's that? My wrench!" came joyfully from McTighe. "Sure, look at the beauty, with a bull-dog grip upon that union where I left it when I attempted to desert it. Well, here's where I prove that I know a little about air-brakes." So, reaching up, he secured the wrench.

Now the train was dashing through a long cut with walls of rocks large enough, if one fell on the track, to convert the grand Limited into a mass of twisted steel and burning wood, mingled with cries of human anguish.

It was here that Pat decided to put his plans into effect. So, grasping the wrench tightly in his hand, he slowly loosened the same union that had caused him all this trouble and danger.

Gently at first, then more and more, he let the air escape, for he did not want to bring the train to a sudden stop. Louder grew the noise of the brakes all along the train as the sound of hissing air in Pat's ears increased. And the speed of the flying Limited was subdued slowly but surely. It came to a full stop just as it was about to round a curve.

The passengers and crew hurried from the train; the fireman and engineer jumped from the cab. And all arrived in time to see the figure of a man, black with dust and grease, and stiff from his long ride on the hog-rod, crawl from under the train.

Explanations followed, and in a short while the New York Limited was again started, carrying Patrick McTighe as a passenger to the first station. The train had nearly rounded the bend when it again stopped. This time the conductor, raging with fury at the delay, hastened from the train. And he and the passengers who followed, beheld, a short distance in advance of the engine, a great boulder which in some way had been dislodged from the steep banks and blocked the tracks.

Then all realized that Providence had used McTighe as

an instrument in saving the train from a great calamity. He was handsomely rewarded both by the passengers and the company.

And on the wall in his parlor there hangs a curious ornament. It is a silver-plated, ordinary-sized common railroad wrench incased in glass. And all who inquire of its origin hear the above story from Patrick McTighe himself.

DENNIS MULVIHILL,  
Third High.



### The Degree.

**F**AR before us ever flick'ring  
With a faint yet steady light,  
Like unto the fisher's beacon,  
Gleaming o'er the sea at night;  
Like a ray of golden sunshine  
Which has strayed and lost its way,  
Onward ever it entices  
Leading farther day by day;  
Thus for long, long years it guides us,  
Sometimes dim and sometimes bright,  
Till we finally attain it  
On our graduation night.

JOS. A. BURNS, '14.

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# DUQUESNE MONTHLY.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me, this Eleventh day of February, 1913.

JOHN A. MARTIN, Alderman.

[My Commission expires first Monday of January, 1914.]

## EDITORIAL.

***Easter and the Realty of Resurrection.***

We have much to strengthen our hope of resurrection from the grave. Night, which is the death of day, and morning, the diurnal resurrection from the shades of darkness; winter, which is the death of the year, and spring, the annual resumption of life; the unsentient seed and the unpromising bulb, buried beneath the earth, that rise from their dusty little graves to beauteous vernal planthood; the worm that crawls on the ground, then lies in apparent torpor, till at length there issues from its shelly sepulcher a winged wonder of life and beauty—these types and many more have we to strengthen our hope of resurrection and to weaken the suspicion that imperial man alone shall descend into the grave never to rise again, that he alone shall be sown in barren ground, that he alone shall lie down wrapt in the slumber of death never to soar, seraph-like, on radiant wing.

But there is for us a surer token of immortality. The resurrection of Him who pointed to that occurrence as the certificate of His mission is the warrant that we shall rise from the grave, and may hope, as well, to meet the friends whom we have loved long since and lost a while. The Christian drifts on towards eternity with a chart in hand and a harbor in view. Resurrection for him is no unrealizable dream.

Still, for some men, alas! the light of Easter morning is no brighter than the light of Reason—reason with a capital “R.” But their anti-religious views have lived along the lower ranges of human thought and life, and have not been great enough to command the faith of men. On the other hand, Christianity, with its coherent body of doctrine, extends through many centuries and many countries; and between the view of the skeptic and the view of the believer, decision must be made by the survival of the fittest.

DUQUESNE MONTHLY reader, may this Easter-tide of nineteen thirteen not pass without bringing you much joy and grace; and may the memory of Christ’s resurrection deepen for you and for many, the sense of prevision of the day when every grain of



human dust shall hasten to meet its fellow particles and every joint to embrace its kindred joint, when the oceans shall disingulf their human spoils, and when we all, whether previously good or bad, shall be changed to a state never again to change !

M. J. H.



### ***Books And Their Cultural Value.***

Life is too short, the list of good books is too long, for anyone to waste time reading worthless volumes. Yet many people, sad to say, read by preference, if not books positively bad, at least the books that, by dint of extravagant advertising, rise like a rocket and then drop like its stick. Then, too, another popular literary folly, sometimes an unconscious one, is indiscriminate reading,

“Sublimest danger over which none weeps.  
When any young wayfaring Soul goes forth,  
Alone, unconscious of the perilous road,  
The day sun dazzling in his limpid eyes  
To thrust his way,—he an alien—through  
The world of books.”

And thus are often overlooked the strong fiction, human and vital and true; the history that tells truth as brilliantly as the dishonest history frames falsehoods; the essay with the charm of a Bishop Spalding, an Agnes Repplier, an Alice Meynell, or many another worthy writer; the biography that gives us companionship with saints and scholars, with men of noble thought and men of noble action; and the poetry that describes natural objects in terms of humanity and does not stand independently of philosophy.

But as truth is the object of the intellect, the pernicious literary tendencies of these unfortunate readers need to be overcome; every day there is more and more need of beacon lights to indicate the locations of life's literary shoals, to warn the ignorant of danger, and to save talent-freighted barks from the peril of shipwreck. The work of redemption rests largely with the

cultivated reader; and qualified college students and graduates are not the least among those who, as a part of their special ministry to the world, ought to feel a special responsibility for the encouragement of good reading and for helping the needy, through the medium of books, to enter into the society of the best and greatest of our race and to say at length with Channing: "No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the 'best society' in the place where I live."

M. J. H.



## CHRONICLE.

In our last issue lack of space compelled us to omit the account of a gymnastic entertainment staged by **Gymnastic Performance** the Senior Boarders. The programme was divided in two parts; the first consisted of exercises on the parallel bars; the second, of pyramid building. The boys, under the direction and leadership of Edward Heinrich, made a fine showing. Material for much laughter was inadvertently furnished by Vincent Murphy.

On March 1, the Forty Hours' Devotion was opened with a Solemn Mass of Exposition. The Blessed Sacrament was left exposed until Tuesday morning, and during the interval students were always to be found in the chapel in considerable numbers. **Forty Hours' Devotion** Holy Communion was received in a body at the Solemn Mass of Reposition on March 4. On the same occasion the boys sang, for the first time, the fine old Gregorian Mass of the Blessed Virgin.

Recently a new set of hymn-cards was printed, containing, besides the old favorites, a number of new hymns, **New Hymns** suited to the various feasts and seasons of the year. The students have shown their liking for these latter by the hearty rendition they have given of them; and it is to be hoped that piety and good taste will alike profit by the innovation.

The Junior class held a debate on Sunday evening, March 9. The programme that preceded was very well **Juniors' Debate** balanced, and the speakers on either side in debate presented their arguments very forcibly. The decision went to the affirmative side. The programme follows:

Medley	Campus Ditties	.	Recker	.	Orchestra
Recitation	Nobody's Mule	.	.	.	James Madden
Vocal Duet	Go Where Glory Waits Thee	.	Moore	.	.
	Daniel McCarthy, James H. Shanahan				
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe				
Sextet	From Lucia Di Lammermoor	.	Donizetti	.	Orchestra

Dialogue	The Trials of a Teacher	Jos. A. Burns, Raymond Weldon
Recitation	The School Master's Visitors	Joseph A. Burns
Song	Orchestration of Any Old Time and Any Old Place	Orchestra
Recitation	A Hebrew's Advice to His Son	Leo J. Zitzmann
Chorus	Killarney, My Home O'er the Sea	Seniors and Juniors
Recitation	Farmer Stibbins on Roller Skates	Gabriel F. Gurley
March	Fiddling Hank	<i>Mutchler</i> Orchestra

DEBATE:—Resolved, That the World Is Improving Industrially, Intellectually and Morally.

Chairman—John R. O'Keefe.

Affirmative—Thomas J. Drew and Edward A. Heinrich.

Negative—James A. Manley and Francis J. Mueller.

In accordance with the time-honored custom the members of the Senior and Junior classes were given a holiday on the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. Needless to add, they spent their feast, not like Epicureans, nor yet like Stoics, but rather as good Scholastics.

On March 19, half-holiday was declared in honor of the patron saint of Ireland. Green was much in evidence in the costumes of the students on this day, and all agreed that to honor Erin's Apostle thus signally was keeping up a most wholesome tradition.

On Friday, March 14, the preliminaries for the Oratorical and Elocutionary contests were held. The following have qualified for the finals in the Elocutionary Preliminaries Elocutionary Contest: Division I., Richard Bowen, Albert Gloekler, Michael Obruba, Herbert Terheyden; Division II., Michael Bopp, John Brinker, William Wallace, Louis Wetzel; Division III., William Galvin, David Gorman, James Kerr, Aloysius Muehlbauer. With regard to the candidates to take part in the Oratorical Contest, the judges have not yet announced the names of those who qualified.

We were treated to an unusually fine entertainment on the evening of Palm Sunday. Mr. Thomas Pearl gave a lecture on "Religious Orders and Catholic Education." The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides representing various saints, and the charitable and educational



work of religious here and elsewhere. Mr. Pearl, although a very young man, has already proven his ability as a lecturer, and has spoken in New York, Chicago, and several other of our largest cities. As it was the eve of St. Patrick's day, the orchestra discoursed sweet Irish airs in the intermissions, and Joseph Fay rendered "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms" very creditably on the cornet.

Holy Week was a very busy time for the Fathers at the University. All were engaged in preaching and the **Holy Week** ministry of the confessional at the various churches in and about Pittsburgh. Rev. Fathers P. McDermott, J. P. Danner and J. F. Malloy sang the Passion at the Cathedral on Palm Sunday and Good Friday, and the last two mentioned were also chanters at Pontifical Vespers on Easter Sunday.

William Ferkany has our deep sympathy in the death of his father, which occurred on Holy Saturday. **Sympathy** We likewise share in the grief of Joseph Fay, whose father died on Easter Tuesday. *R. I. P.*

It is a source of gratification to announce that the four young men who finished the Commercial Course in **Commercial** February immediately secured very good positions; **Graduates** Leo Callahan with the Westinghouse Electric Co., at East Pittsburgh; Fred Esser with the Lincoln National Bank; Albert Frederick with Kelly & Jones; and Raymond Neelen with Neelen & Daly, Contractors.

Again we are confronted by that redoubtable creature, the quarterly examinations. Some of us do not **Examinations** hold them in awe, since we have followed the sage advice of our editor when he discussed the value of *minutiae* in the February MONTHLY. To that same editorial we refer the writer of the following, who, happily, does not represent the majority:

Of all the evils that have fallen  
to my lot, I am  
Convinced that none is so appalling  
as that blamed exam.

J. A. BURNS, '14.



**E**NCOURAGED by the mild weather of the past few days, the baseball enthusiasts have already ventured upon the campus, and given vent to their pent-up baseball energy, which has been accumulating since early spring. A few short weeks ago the campus was indeed forlorn; but now, induced, as it were, by the soft March winds, in every corner of the lot youthful aspirants may be seen trying out their "salary wings." This yearly transformation of the campus is one of the interesting features of each recurring season.

With the presence of Spring and the consequent warm weather, baseball affairs have at length assumed a definite shape. At present the organization of a 'Varsity is engaging the entire attention of the athletic authorities. A call for candidates was formally issued on March 1, to which about twenty-five "hopefuls" responded. It is indeed gratifying to note the large number of names received, as it speaks well for the enthusiasm and willingness of the students. Although all cannot be accommodated with a regular berth, yet they should be congratulated on the willing spirit, in which they answered the summons.

"Jimmie" Clark, who has been selected by the Athletic Committee to direct the team this Spring, hails from Trenton, of the Tri-State League, of which club he is a member. His acquisition was hailed with great approval on all sides, as his ability was ably demonstrated in the short time he was with us last year. He has had a wide and varied experience, not only as a player, but also in the capacities of manager and coach. He has the reputation of having developed winning teams at Notre Dame and Bucknell, and the University considers itself extremely fortunate in having engaged his services. With him at the helm of affairs, we have no scruples in predicting a brilliant season for Duquesne.

The first gathering of the year was held Saturday, March 15, when all the candidates reported to Coach Clark. Owing to the inclement weather, out-door work was not in order, but an enthusiastic meeting was held, at which the work for the season was outlined. Short talks by Fr. P. A. McDermott, Mr. Clark and Mgr. Gallagher served to arouse and stimulate the aspirants, and to let each one know what was expected of him. Beginning with the following Monday out-door training was inaugurated, and at present writing the entire squad is hard at work rounding into perfect physical condition. Two separate teams will be chosen and pitted against each other, so that all the candidates may be seen "under fire." This method will render the final selection of the regular team a comparatively easy task.

A hasty glance over the list of try-outs, reveals a surprising array of talent, probably the best seen here in years. Of last year's players, the following are in the fold again, and expect to gain regular positions: Gallagher, Meehan, McDonnell, Blatchey, Korpanty and Heinrich. In addition to these the following new men have reported: Burns, Carlin, Cartwright, F. Cleary, Cullen, Cusack, Drew, Duffey, Dunn, Glitsch, Gribbon, Kramer, Leger, McGowan, McGregor, Morrow, Mueller, Murphy, Smith, Snyder, Tracy and Zitzman.

From present indications the team will be well fortified in the receiving department, since Glitsch, Cartwright and Korpanty, all experienced men, are putting up a spirited struggle for regular catcher.

It is intended to make the pitching staff one of the strongest in years, and in consequence, Coach Clark has been giving special attention to his twirlers. Meehan, last year's star, is again on deck, and in fine condition. He is being relied upon to do the bulk of the pitching.

In McDonnell and Blatchey the team possesses two other very dependable hurlers. With sufficient work cut out for him in the box this year, "Mac" should deliver the goods. Drew and F. Cleary can also be called upon to twirl if the occasion demands.

Gallagher is out to succeed himself in his old position at short. However, he may have some opposition in Smith and Morrow, both of whom are fast infielders, and no novices when it comes to showing baseball ability.

One of the most promising of the aspirants to-date is "Bill" McGowan, who has ambitions to play second base on the 'Varsity. He is well thought of by Clark, who has seen him perform in the past. Tracy and Snyder are giving him a merry chase for the position.

Judging from the number of candidates, the initial sack will be well guarded this year. Four men—Carlin, Leger, Murphy and Zitzman—are fighting it out for a regular berth.

The make-up of the outfield is still very undecided. However, no fears are felt regarding it, as there is plenty of material available for three or four fast outfielders.

After the selection of the 'Varsity, the remaining material will be used to organize the second or Reserve team. Fr. Roehrig will have charge of this squad, and is at present occupied in arranging a very attractive schedule, which will embrace some of the fastest high and normal schools in the vicinity.

We herald with delight the appointment of Rev. P. A. McDermott as an additional member of the Athletic Committee. As we all well know, he is a lover of sports,—which love, it might be said, increases with age. His great initiative and influence will aid wonderfully in the further development of athletics in the University.

Beginning with the present season, the Athletic Committee has decided to inaugurate a new system which will undoubtedly meet with the most hearty approval of all the students. In pursuance of the custom now in vogue in other large schools throughout the country, they have signified their intention of awarding "letters" this season to all the 'Varsity men whose work will entitle them to receive one. At present there will be no stated number of innings or games in which a player must participate to obtain his "D," but the selection of the worthy ones will be left solely to the judgment of the members of the Athletic Committee. This idea of awarding "letters" will be followed out in all the other branches of sport, and it will, no doubt, be a great incentive to each member of any athletic team to do his level best for his own sake and for that of the school.

All those in the University at present, will please take note of this new ruling, and act accordingly.



The following is the schedule for the season. There are still a few dates unfilled, but Mgr. Gallagher has negotiations on at present with several schools, and it is very probable that these also will be closed in a short time:

April 12, Carnegie Tech, at Leeds Field;  
April 17, Kiski, at Home;  
April 19, Scholastics, at Home;  
April 22, Carnegie Tech, at Home;  
April 26, Independents, at Home;  
April 29, Open;  
May 2, Washington & Jefferson, at Home;  
May 3, Open;  
May 5, Bethany, at Home;  
May 8, Grove City, at Home;  
May 10, Westminster, at Westminster;  
May 12, Open;  
May 15, Indiana, at Home;  
May 17, Kiski, at Saltsburg;  
May 23, Muskingum, at Home;  
May 24, Bethany, at Bethany;  
May 27, Westminster, at Home;  
May 30, Tarentum, at Tarentum;  
May 31, Chinese University, at Home;  
June 3, Open;  
June 6, Wesleyan, at Home;  
June 7, Grove City, at Grove City;  
June 14, Indiana, at Indiana.

Games pending with St. Bonaventure's, Allegheny; Juniata, St. Joseph's, Waynesburg, Bellefonte and Mt. St. Mary's.

### The Minims.

True to their customs of former years, the dauntless Minims—heroes of many a brilliant gridiron and diamond struggle, are again the first to make their appearance on the campus. While others were planning and organizing, the Minims were already on the scene of battle, making great preparations for a busy season.

Last year the Minims passed through their entire schedule of 14 games without suffering a single defeat, and in consequence they still retain the Midget Championship of Western Pennsylvania. They are now in line again this season, determined not only to defend this title against all contenders, but, if possible, to eclipse their record of last Spring.

In response to a call for candidates issued by Fr. Baumgartner a short time ago, something like forty "aspirants" handed in their "signatures." Very few of last year's nine are to be found in the list, but those who do remain, are all excellent players, and it is around these as a nucleus, that the manager hopes to build up a fast baseball machine. The new material is profuse both in quantity and quality.

Daily practice has been in order for the past two weeks. Two teams have been selected, and the work of each player has been carefully noted. In this way, the final choice of candidates will be made with respect to each player's ability alone. The announcement of the successful ones will be published later.

"Tom" Connelly, the captain of last year's star aggregation, is again on deck, and his presence lends great strength to the team. He will undoubtedly hold down his old position at short in the same admirable manner as he has done in the past. Galvin, who was a member of the Minims two seasons ago, will again be found among the regulars. He will most likely fill an infield position.

On the receiving end, Poppe, a new man, is showing up well, and his work there surely warrants his retention as first catcher.

Two other candidates whose positions seem almost assured, are Nemmer and Crandall, both of whom are accurate fielders and good hitters.

In the pitching department Kelly and Gurley loom up as the most promising of the "slab artists."

An interesting schedule is now being prepared for the team, and they expect to engage in some spirited struggles in a very short time. If well wishes count for anything, the Minims have our heartiest approval, and we hope by our next issue, to be able to chronicle some of their great "doings."

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.

## Notes.

ALBERT MAMAUX is not the only Bluffite to "sign" with the Pirates. "MIKE" JOYCE, our steady, earnest, well-beloved catcher of the season of 1912, is also at Hot Springs with the Buccaneers. FRANK MADDEN, another old catcher with Duquesne, is also among those farmed out to a minor league.

FOR those students who had not the inclination or the fortune to be slated with one of the teams that represent the University before the world, the INTER-CLASS LEAGUE, or the "dinner-hour league," gives ample opportunity to enjoy all the thrills of actually playing the game. Some brilliant contests have already been staged.

THE baseball fever has not put FIELD-DAY preparations entirely out of sight—not at all. We shall, in the near future, have something very interesting to say on that score.

E. D.

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## ALUMNI.

THE officers of the Alumni Association met recently and decided to hold the annual banquet on Tuesday evening, April 17. The new Union Club, in the First National Bank Building, will be the scene of this gathering, which will be the very first notable affair of its kind held there. Arrangements are under way which will assure the attendance of several speakers of eminent position and widely-known eloquence.

We subjoin the names of the gentlemen who are working on the various Committees:

*Banquet Committee:* Messrs. John L. Walsh, John E. Kane, J. P. Egan.

*Speakers' Committee:* Messrs. E. Garrick O'Bryan, Albert J. Loeffler, J. Frank McKenna, Eugene S. Reilly.

*Printing Committee:* Mr. James P. Kelly, Dr. R. J. Moroney, Mr. James P. Murray.

*Entertainment Committee:* Messrs. Frank H. McCarthy, A. X. Phelan, Leo W. Vilsack.

*Committee on Decoration and Music:* Dr. Edward S. Weisser, Dr. Frank D. Murto, Dr. Charles A. Duffy.

*Publicity Committee:* Messrs. Charles J. Frost, Val. J. Oldshue, Joseph T. Reiman.

We regret to state that other Alumni Notes arrived too late for publication in this issue.

## DUQUESNICULA.

WE have tried hard to keep Steranchak's name from appearing in this column for one month at least, but Steve refuses to refrain from being funny.

STERANCHAK—Isn't the concept of nothing something?

PROF. OF PHIL.—Yes, but in what does that something consist?

STERANCHEK—That's all I wanted to know.

A PROPOS of *nothing*, Con O'Rourke was asked to explain the difference between a concrete idea and an abstract idea. Con thought very hard, as is his wont when interrogated, and then drawled out,

"Well, you have a concrete idea when you are thinking of something, and you have an abstract idea when you are thinking of nothing."

Con thrives on abstract ideas.

THE professor was telling his class that the course in mathematics was no harder than the course mapped out for the Senior class in other universities. He said, "I come from a school where the course in Mathematics is regarded as the best in the country—where seventy per cent. of the students flunk, and the other thirty per cent.—" "Copy," suggested a Senior in a stage whisper.

A FRESHIE was sent to the board to prove a proposition in Geometry. He drew the figure and ornamented it with almost every letter in the alphabet. Then he stood and stared at it for a few minutes, and the class was wondering when he was going to start. Finally he woke up, scribbled on the board "Let A B," and again stopped. "Well, let it be," said the professor. "Now see what you can do with the rest of those letters."

"WHICH degree are you striving for, an A. B. or an A. M.?" was asked of a Freshman.

"Oh, I think they will give me a spherical degree," replied



the Freshie, who had not quite emerged from a brown study in "Trig."

We don't know what he expects unless it is a goose-egg.

WATCH the tailor's fingers fly when those D's begin to be awarded!

H. A. C., '14 and V. J. K., '16.



## EXCHANGES.

IN the realm of College Journalism, as in almost every other, there occurs after a time, a sort of relaxation from the regular exertion, and the most usual time seems to be the early months of the year. This ailment is often called "Spring-fever," and it must have been this that afflicted those in charge of many of the magazines that adorn our table this month. Very few of the journals that we have received are up to their ordinary high standard; in fact, there is hardly one of the colleges and schools with whom we have exchanged this month that has not put forth an inferior magazine, speaking, of course, comparatively. Several of the papers that have come to us are really good magazines, but what we mean here is that their editors have often surpassed the present issue.

One of the best journals which we have received is the *Fordham Monthly*, though to it applies what I said above. The best feature of the February Number is the poem entitled "The Cloud," in which the author compares the soul in its flight to its Creator to the passage of a cloud across the sky. The verse is good and the thought excellent, except in the third stanza, where it is commonplace. As regards prose, the article that appeals most to us is "A Light Among the Vanished Ages," though we were a bit disappointed in it. The opening paragraphs led us to expect a review of Catholic activities during the "Dark" Ages, but the body of the essay is taken up with a consideration of the Mediaeval Guild.

The *Fleur De Lis* is one exception to the general rule mentioned in the opening paragraph, for it is our humble opinion that the present March Number is the best that has come to us from Saint Louis University this year. It opens with an excellent piece of verse, "Within the Mist," which contains beautifully poetic ideas, couched in figurative language; in fine, it is one of the best pieces of verse we have seen in a college paper this year. The writer of "Within the Mist" also has written the best prose article in the present issue. "The Faith of Newman," which exhibits a keen insight into the motives that actuated that great son of Mother Church, attacked and maligned as he was by those whose company he had deserted for the Church of Christ. The stories, "The Best Design," and "Sailor Beware," are good, the latter especially having a pretty sentimental turn.

In *St. Mary's Messenger*, the items that seem best are "Washington's Monument," a bit of good verse, and "The Wizard of the Renaissance," a short sketch of the life, work, and genius of Leonardo da Vinci, "the miracle in an age of miracles," and the man of whom it was said that it is not within the power of Nature to produce an equal. "Longfellow's 'Nuremberg'" is a short essay describing that poem, and consisting chiefly of quotations from it.

F. J. M.

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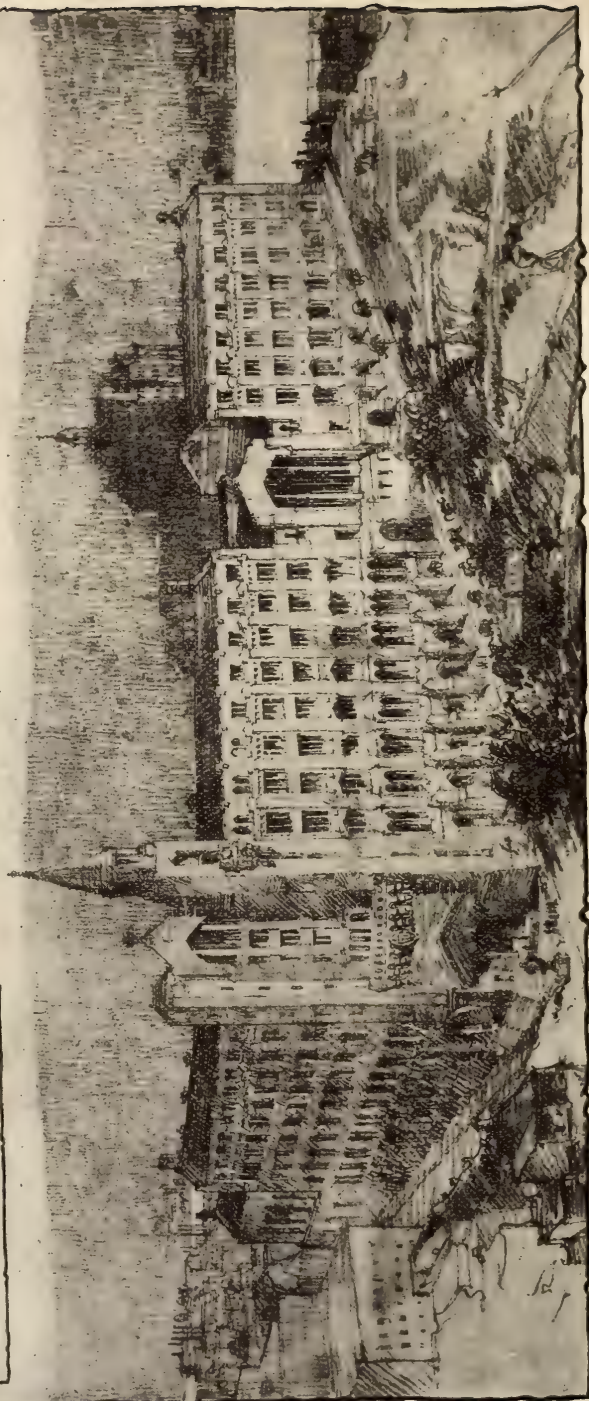
**Pittsburgh, Penn'a**



PROPOSED

**Duquesne University Buildings**

CARLTON STRONG - ARCHITECT





# Duquesne Monthly

Vol. XX.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May, 1913.

No. 8.

## College Pile Will Solve Civic Knot.

### Boyd's Hill Beautified.

[At the recent banquet of the Alumni Association, pictures of the proposed Duquesne University Buildings were given to all the guests. It was the intention of the faculty to publish an announcement of its plans very soon thereafter, but, to our great satisfaction, Mr. McPherson, the enterprising assistant city editor of the *Dispatch*, took it upon himself to make such an announcement in his paper the following Sunday. The article which we reproduce herewith is the result of his interview with the architect and some members of the faculty].

**P**LANS are being drawn, and work will probably be started this summer, for a group of new buildings to accommodate the many departments of Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost, which will not only furnish a magnificent collegiate home and adorn Pittsburgh, but solve permanently the problem of eradicating the eyesore Boyd's Hill has always obtruded in civic planning. The site from every view-point appeals. It is a high spot and should be devoted to high things. It will be admitted by all that it is an unusual thing to find a mountain in the heart of a city, and when one is thus located, what more appropriate than to crown its summit with an institution of higher learning rather than with some business or manufacturing enterprise of more or less selfish aims?

There is something felicitous in the name of the University; it connects the aspirations of the present so well with the aims and hopes of the early settlers of the region. Here French and English colonies struggled, but the older settlement was of the French stamp. The registers of the colonial story in its primitive details are in Canada, in French archives. So, naming a university for that Marquis Duquesne who was Governor of

Canada at the time of Pittsburgh's birth, and whose name was given to the first fort built on the site, is historically appropriate and felicitous.

ANGLO-NORMAN STYLE USED.

The architecture of the new University will be in harmony with these traditions. Close readers of history will know how the Anglo-Saxon virtually vanished and the Anglo-Norman became the type of the agglomerated English people. Under Norman influence it was that they became an inclusive people rather than a contentious tribe. So the general scheme of the new buildings is on Anglo-Norman lines, a form of collegiate architecture which has, besides its symbolic suggestion, many advantages when site, artistic beauty and other things are considered. It was in Normandy that first grew up a style of building that was not only distinctly northern, but distinctly Christian; and from Normandy it spread to the north, the east and the south, with a combination of faithfulness to the general ideal and freedom and variety in local expression unequaled in all the history of man's activities. This style found its home in England; and the Renaissance was ever an exotic there. Travel and travelogues and books have made Americans familiar with the ruggedness of the Norman school and how admirably its designs comport with mountain tops.

The usual scheme has been adopted of dividing the group into units, each designed for its own particular use. Variety rather than symmetry will be sought. From the campus level to the street level nearest the center of the city, it is 60 feet. The entrance will be at this corner. The buildings front on Shingiss street and the picture herewith exhibited is a view of the group as it would appear from the top of the Frick Building. It has its elevation thus adjusted so as to show the present university building in the background. This entrance provides access to elevators and stairways in the towers flanking it to right and left, and above will be a system of corridors connecting with the several buildings.

VIEW OF CITY FROM BALCONY.

The corbeled balcony shown over the massive door-way is substantially on a level with the campus behind, and will afford an outlook over the city from the main working floor level. The first building to be erected, that at the right of the entrance, is to be devoted to the sciences, such as engineering, physics and chemistry. The connecting structure with the apparently temple

facade is to be a lecture hall. At the extreme left of the group a spacious auditorium is proposed. The lowest portions on the hillside are to be utilized for heating and power plant and storage purposes. In other units, departments for instruction in law, economics, dentistry, pharmacy, architecture, dramatic art and journalism will be installed. The remaining buildings will be for gymnasium and dormitories.

The group when completed will entail a cost of \$1,000,000. It is the design, of course, to continue occupancy of the present collegiate halls, gradually supplanting them with the new units. The streets involved are Shingiss, Locust, Colbert and Bluff. The proposed Monongahela Boulevard will sweep past this section. The length on the Shingiss frontal is 425 feet, that on Locust Street 343 feet. One curious feature about the project, in an engineering way, is that while the campus is used its area will be increased, as the eroded part of the northwest bank, falling *within* the angle of the buildings, will actually be filled in instead of being further scooped away. Elsewhere little excavation will need to be done, the whole design being made to fit the peculiar configuration. Local stone will be mainly used with trimmings elaborated in some more adaptable material.

#### ARCHITECT UNOBTRUSIVE.

Carlton Strong, the architect, has become an enthusiast, withal too modest about the enterprise and his designs which have been accepted by the trustees. He objects to any brass band style of exploiting this grand new enterprise meaning so much to Pittsburgh, for he says Duquesne University has never been a "hurrah" institution. He seems to find most satisfaction in the civic beautification to be wrought on Boyd's Hill, "the Acropolis of Pittsburgh," and the artistic harmony capable of being implanted between site and structures.

Of course, the famous pile on the granite cone in France known as Mont St. Michel did not suggest this precise utilization of a mountain-top, but something of the adaptation of architecture to nature can be noted from an inspection of a view of this ancient seat of chivalry, learning and piety. The members of the faculty at the University are delighted with the proposed collegiate group, for, like Mont Saint Michel in the Bay of Cancale, they believe the University will be a conspicuous landmark, not only inspiring to the habitant, but suggestive to the stranger. He will not be able to think of Pittsburgh without remembering it; and no one will be able to take a comprehensive photograph of the city without including this natural feature, so appropriately surmounted with the majestic pile of the Duquesne University buildings.

## "Thy Will Be Done."

**J.** MELVIN SCOLLARD—his unfashionable Christian name represented by the initial was commonly omitted—was the elder son of Captain and Mrs. Scollard, wealthy English residents of a South American capital. The former parent claimed to be a Protestant, though he had no church affiliation. His wife, a nominal Catholic, was even more indifferent than he. God-forgetting and pleasure-seeking, the claims of "society" formed her chief interest. Still, she had insisted on her two sons' being brought up Catholics until the father yielded; and, thanks to their pious young nurse, the boys heard Mass every Sunday at the local Catholic church. The parish priest also showed much concern for their spiritual welfare.

Time went on. Melvin was about twelve and his brother, Wallace, two years younger. Owing to the interest of the good priest and their nurse, both boys had made their first communion, after which Father Jerez appointed them altar boys. Now, ecclesiastical vocations often depend upon the choice of altar boys for the parish church, as presidencies are often settled by city elections in New York; and from his talks with Melvin, the priest soon discovered that the boy was called to the religious life, and knew what protestations his parents would raise when the time came for them to know his choice. The crisis came sooner than was expected. When the boys were both old enough to take up advanced studies, Port School was decided on; but, on hearing this, Melvin looked so disappointed that his father asked the cause.

"Don't you wish to go to school?"

"Certainly, father. But will you not let me go instead to St. Mary's?" asked Melvin solicitously.

"St. Mary's? Let us hear what your mother has to say."

At that moment Mrs. Scollard entered. She at first strongly objected, expatiating upon the superior social advantages of Protestant colleges. But Melvin looked so pleadingly into her eyes, that at length consent was given that he and Wallace should go to St. Mary's.

Great was the joy of Father Jerez on hearing the news, for



St. Mary's had been his *Alma Mater*, and he knew what moral stimulants the boys would get there, where the Latin of Cicero would be mingled with the Latin of the Liturgy, where prayer and devotion would be as regular as study and recreation.

They were both good fellows. Melvin was naturally studious. Wallace, of a livelier disposition, was inclined to athletics more than to study. Yet he also worked diligently.

Melvin was about fifteen when he began to think very seriously of his vocation. He decided to confer with his parents about his future during the summer vacation. But it was Captain Scollard who first touched upon the matter. Melvin had been home from college only a week when, calling him into the veranda study, his father told him that instead of returning to St. Mary's, he was to go to the National Naval School; for Captain Scollard looked hopefully forward to the day when his son would be a gallant and be-badged officer in the navy.

"But, father," said the boy, a note of strong entreaty in his tone, "I aspire to a very different life—that of a priest."

"What? A priest! Never!" said his father, and the thud of his fist on the veranda railing added emphasis to his words.

"No, not a priest," repeated his mother, coming upon the scene. "What perversity! After plotting for you socially, not to say matrimonially, you would outrage our hopes so grossly? No, Melvin, I'm sure you will not, at least you shall not. Remember you are a Scollard,—with a social niche to find and fill. You must learn to—well, you know, to love a little, and you'll be all right. I suppose, of course, you have been told by your fogy preceptors that love is blind, and that sort of twaddle, but, in plain words, you shall marry well and measure up to our social stature."

It was again a crisis for Melvin. Alas! his scheme of life was one, not of measuring up to any conventional standard, but of reaching a high spiritual status; he was far from thinking whether love is blind or not, but he felt certain that hate is blind. He knew that he must wait long years, if not forever, for the icy hearts of his parents to thaw; while, as for asserting independence in the matter, he could not do that until of age.

"Rely on God to take care of you, my son, and all will be

well," consoled Father Jerez, when he heard of Melvin's misfortune.

Melvin was placed in the National Naval School, while Wallace returned to college, but not to St. Mary's. Care was taken that Wallace should not be in danger of electing, like his brother, a life so opposed to the wishes of his parents.

When Melvin was about nineteen, Captain and Mrs. Scollard received a letter from their son saying that he and some classmates had been drafted for immediate service on board a certain battleship. Strange to say, his parents had not thought of the possibility of his being pressed into service prematurely. Infrequent correspondence only fostered their anxiety. They became hungry for every morsel of their son's history. One day a message came saying that he was mortally ill and in an irremovable condition. As they waited in sickening suspense for word of his death, the gravity of the father's face told of deep heart-quakes at the thought of the desolating eventuality, while the sighs and unwonted piety of the mother revealed the emotional undercurrent in her.

At last the news came; first in a column of "The Daily Bulletin," in pitiful brevity, and later on, more detailed, in a sad, black-bordered letter sent by the navy chaplain to Father Jerez, asking him to break the news to the parents. Amongst other things, the letter said touchingly that the boy would have written home just before he died, but his hand was incorrigibly nervous; that, although he had suffered long and wretchedly, he departed this life not without glory at the end, like a submerging ship that sinks with the sun. A transfiguring smile illumined his face at the last and he was perfectly resigned. The letter said, too, that he evidently had cherished a very different career from the one into which he had been projected; that, before death, thoughts of his father were many as beads on his rosary; that pretty usurpers of many a man's love loitered at every port at which the ship put in, but he wished his mother to be told, not as a reproach, but simply as a statement of fact, that if she had been left letterless for a long period, only unalienating months had passed, and he had never deeded over his affection for her to any young upstart beauty who would pay for

it with a brace of big eyes or a flaunt of red lips. The letter ended with a word of condolence from the chaplain and his promise to remember the deceased where remembrance is best—in the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

Melvin's death proved a lesson to his mother. The shadows were drawn so darkly and deeply in order that the lights might be seen fully and clearly. Mrs. Scollard became more and more devoted to the church, to her home and to the poor. The butterfly of fashion was no longer lively; in the blighting blast her fickle wings had been broken, her gay flight had been checked. It was not long before Captain Scollard, won by his wife's example, became a devout Catholic.

Two years later, Wallace came to his mother with the same request his brother had made so long before.

"I ask your blessing, mother," he said. "Ever since Melvin died my one passionate wish has been to be a priest."

For some moments, Mrs. Scollard's eyes were dim with gathering tears. Wallace was now her only son. Yet she smiled through her remorseful tears, and, all the sweet while, silently thanked God for allowing the tender grace of a dead day to come back to her.

"Yes, Wallace, indeed you have my full-hearted blessing. Your father and I are only too happy to respect your request."

After the death of Father Jerez, Father Scollard took his place, working among the poor of his old home and ministering to the inmates of the local hospital, where for many years he daily saw, at some bedside, his virtuous nurse's winsome face, long since framed in the black bonnet of a sister of St. Francis, lighting up reassuringly with the same contagious smile that filled him and his brother with hope in their overcast youngster days. When the Captain was called to his rest, Mrs. Scollard came to live with her son, acting as his housekeeper, and aiding him in the many good works he tried to carry out. She, once society lover, who had seldom tasted even the rind of the fruit of life, began to feed more and more richly on its spiritual juices. And her son's death remained a tender rather than a harrowing sorrow, as well as a lesson to her that no sacrifice is made in vain for God, and that it is sweet to say and pray, "Thy will be done."

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.

## The University as Character Builder.\*

IN the April number of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY, an excellent college magazine, which I always read with great interest and pleasure, I noticed an announcement concerning the annual banquet of the Alumni Association. It was specified that the banquet would take place on April 17, and the announcement went on to state that arrangements were then under way which would assure the attendance of several speakers of eminent position and widely known eloquence. Thereat I rejoiced with a purely altruistic joy, for, not thinking that I should be present, I pictured to myself in prospective imagination the alumni and their guests seated around the hospitable board and drinking in inspiration as the feast of reason and the flow of soul was served to them with no niggardly hand by the eminent and eloquent orators aforesaid.†

But alas! next day the shallop of my peace was wrecked, though not exactly like Mangan's, on beauty's shore; my joy gave place to consternation, and gloom settled on my soul, for, like a bolt from the blue, or, better still, like a bombshell from an airship, there dropped into my unoffending abode a thundering mandate from him-who-must-be-obeyed, which bade me shake the dust of Washington from off my feet, gird my loins for a journey, and appear here to-night—and this is the dreadful part of the sentence—appear here to-night to speak my little piece.

Now, I am glad to see from the programme that the promises of the alumni editor have been fulfilled so far as the other speakers of the evening are concerned; but as for myself, I have been wondering ever since how on earth I measured up to the

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\* Delivered by Patrick J. Lennox, Litt. D., professor of English at the Catholic University of America, at the Alumni Banquet, April 17. We are inserting it *in extenso*, at the risk of crowding out the students' work, and feel that no apology is due anyone for such preference.—ED.

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† The announcement referred to none other besides Dr. Lennox than His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, who was obliged, on the very morning of the banquet day, to cancel his engagement, to our infinite regret.



exigent standards so plainly set forth in the magazine. I have made a diligent examination of my conscience, and the only reason that I can find why I—a mere professor of Literature—was so highly honored as to be selected to discuss the theme set opposite my name on the programme—and I esteem it a very great honour—is that, in the dear dead days beyond recall, I was a sure-enough protagonist in the forefront of the agitation that ultimately resulted in the establishment of the National University of Ireland; and that I might therefore be reasonably supposed to have given some thought and study to university problems in general.

Well, I have; and I honestly confess that, like every other man who has faced the issue squarely, I am bewildered by the difficulties, the complexities, the possible ramifications of the modern university. My views on these general aspects are on record, and this is not the place or the time to elaborate them. But there is one conviction that has been forced in on me from the first, and that is that not on the intellectual side alone, but also on the moral side, has the university a duty to discharge.

Universities, nowadays, are of so many different types that it is difficult to give a definition that will be sufficiently comprehensive; but, roughly speaking, we may say that a university is an association or body corporate empowered by some competent authority to carry on educational work and to reward its students for satisfactory discharge of obligations by conferring on them certificates of scholarship which most usually take the form of degrees. The empowering competent authority confers this privilege, not for the sake of the university, nor even for the sake of the students: it confers it in order that the people at large may receive intellectual guidance, and that the theoretical problems which present themselves as civilization develops, may be solved.

Now, the university starts with the idea that not every one is fit to receive or profit by a university education. Hence it exacts from intending students proof of the possession of certain educational attainments, the presence or absence of which is ascertained by means of a matriculation or entrance examination or other satisfactory test substituted in lieu thereof. Those who

come up to its standards, and who are in other respects not objectionable, it receives; those who fail to comply with its entrance requirements it rejects. Similarly, at any stage, it reserves to itself the right, on intellectual or moral grounds, to drop any student from its rolls. It thus obtains a sifted, tested, and selected amount of student material on which to work.

Once a student is entered, there is formed between him and the university a contract, expressed or implied. On his side the student contracts to pay his fees when there are any—and there generally are—and to observe the regulations of the university regarding residence, discipline, attendance at classes or lectures, diligence in studies, passing of examinations, and the leading of a life free from scandal. The university on its part contracts to supply through competent teachers and with all necessary equipment the education which is requisite for obtaining its degrees.

Does its obligation stop there? I am afraid that in practice a great many universities act as if it did. It is a trite saying that a corporation has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be saved; to this I may add that a corporation as such is an institution entirely destitute of a conscience. You know as well as I do that there are universities in this broad land to-day, (and I know that there are universities in other lands) in which the students are left entirely derelict so far as religious and moral training are concerned. Can this be right? Can any one who realizes the full force of the dictum of the pagan philosopher of old, *Maxima debetur puero reverentia*, can any one who has had Christian parents, or who is himself a parent, or stands *in loco parentis*, to others, admit that, at the impressionable age at which boys or young men usually attend universities, it is proper or right, in the sight of God or man, to leave them entirely to their own devices so far as religion and morality are concerned? Not by bread alone doth man live; not by intellectuality alone is society to be conserved. I think that before this audience it is not necessary for me to labor this point. Let me therefore posit it as axiomatic that, both in the interests of the student himself and in the interests of the nation and of society, there should be in a Christian country systematic training and supervision in those two essentials.

But I do not stop there—in fact, that is no more than the basis on which I build. I maintain that it is the further duty of the university, and of every one who holds office in it from the highest to the lowest, to labor continually towards the formation of the character of those entrusted to their care. The underlying idea of the establishment of the university for the benefit of all the people makes this imperative. A special onus is thrown on the professors and other officials who come in daily contact with the students. I have known many people in my time engaged in teaching who never gave this subject a thought. “With desolation is the whole land made desolate because there is no one that thinketh in his heart.” Want of thought, want of realization of responsibility, is at the bottom of much evil in this world of ours. Professors and others who come much in contact with young men need not make themselves nuisances and bores by continual preachments: that would be ridiculous, it would make life intolerable for both sides, and I do not contemplate such action at all. But how many opportunities arise for the word in season, that may mean so much if kindly and tactfully spoken; how many opportunities for the sympathetic study of individual character, and the giving, when occasion arises, of the light, leading, and guidance which may seem appropriate.

Then, above all, there is the force of example. Those classes of persons of whom I just now spoke—professors and others—should remember that in their own little world they are the cynosure of all eyes, that they are being narrowly observed when perhaps they least suspect it. They should therefore so order their lives, their actions, and their words, so restrain their passions, so curb their temper, do their work so zealously, and show such natural dignity and decorum, that they may be as a burning and a shining light to guide along the road of rectitude the feet of those who might otherwise go astray. And they will have a great reward for duty thus faithfully and unobtrusively done. It is a great responsibility, but it is also a great privilege, to have the charge of youth. The evil that men do may live after them; but the good is not always interred with their bones. Can I ever forget the sweetness and light that radiated from my own university professors—from the suave and polished and versatile

Gerald Molloy; from the poet and philosopher and one of the greatest of modern Latinists, Gerald Hopkins; from Robert Ormsby, the cultured Grecian; from John Egan, the Samuel Johnson of the nineteenth century, as ponderous as his prototype, but also as wholesome and as pure; from John Casey, a diamond in the rough, with a brogue that you could cut with a knife, but a born mathematician and the possessor of a kindly heart; from the Abbé Polin, master of quip and phrase and repartee, a stickler for French with the pure Parisian accent, and a great scorner of the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe; and, above all, from the Professor of English, that brother of Matthew Arnold, Thomas by name, of the simple ingenuous mind, the deep scholarship, and the edifying life? All intellectual giants, they formed a goodly company; but it is by their example as much as by their teaching that they live on in their students as a father lives on in his children. I never knew a man who was not the better from being brought under their influence. Bishop, monsignor, abbé, priest, layman, they are all now gone, as I hope, to their reward; but they left an indelible impression, and I feel sure that, if the blessed in Heaven can gain any accession of happiness from their good deeds as they spread in ever-widening circles here below, the welling wave will not fail to lap their feet as they sit on their glory-seats above.

And the moral is that as they did others can also do.

A great help towards formation of character is the establishment of a proper *esprit de corps* among students. In large gatherings of young men the friction of mind upon mind is bound to have developing results. This, in fact, is one of the advantages of university education. But care should be taken by those in authority that the proper spirit prevails—the spirit of truthfulness, candor, honor; the spirit of loyalty to one another and to their *Alma Mater*; the spirit of clean thinking and clean living. This is a matter that is sometimes difficult. It requires careful handling, and a bungler may easily spoil all. But the right man in the right place, he who knows his *métier*, will almost instinctively select the leading spirits and through them give to the university spirit the proper bent and direction. Animated with the belief that the acts which become habits are being now per-



formed, that the habits which become character are being now acquired, that the frame of mind that becomes fixed is being now shaped, he will go to his task with a zest and a will before which opposition will melt and disappear.

There are two or three other points that verge so closely on character formation, and are at the same time so bound up with my own special province, that I think I ought to treat them here. In the first place let us take reading. A rightly cultivated habit of reading is of inestimable value and should be encouraged. That a man is never lonely when he has his books is true only when he loves the books and is content to spend his time in their society. And that he may love them long and well he must begin to love them young. There are not many counter-attractions—speaking now of purely human aids—more potent against the lure of the gin-palace, the gambling club, or the vice resort, than a nice taste in reading. And in later years, when the more violent delights begin to pall, there is no standby more efficacious against boredom and ennui than an interesting book. Give me Homer or Horace, or Kalidasa<sup>1</sup> or Babhavuti<sup>2</sup>; give me Dan Chaucer or Shakespeare; give me Waverley or Bleak House; or let me see glorious Shaftesbury or Shadwell, or Pope with skilful lancet lay bare the foibles of Atticus<sup>3</sup> or Sporus<sup>4</sup> or Sappho<sup>5</sup>; or show me Arthur resplendent in his armor with drops of onset on his brow—and for the time being I shuffle off the coil of care, I get rid of all the woes and worries, of all the trials and tribulations of the world, and I live in a purer air, a rarer atmosphere, an enchanted land that is surely as I hope, a foretaste of Paradise to come. By all means let your student cultivate a taste for reading.

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1 The Shakespeare of India, B. C. 56.

2 Great Hindoo dramatist of 8th Century A. D.

3 "Atticus" in Pope's "Epistle to Arbuthnot" is a famous satirical portrait of Addison, written in revenge for a fancied slight. Hazlitt calls the whole passage "the finest piece of personal satire in Pope."

4 "Sporus" in Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, is a highly polished satirical portrait intended for Lord John Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol and author of the "Memoirs of the Reign of George II."

5 "Sappho" in Pope's "Moral Essays," is intended for Lady Mary

Wortley Montagu, who had first been addressed by him under that name in 1722. Then the poet was good enough to be complimentary. But in the "Moral Essays" he says of her:

"A Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,  
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning masque."

But here a word of warning is necessary. There are books and books. No pains should be spared to keep from young people any reading matter that would tend to conjure up impure imaginations and thereby contaminate the mind. The long never-ending chain of harm that has been sometimes constructed by the reading of even one obscene passage by one boy is enough to make the boldest blench. The teacher has to be on his guard against giving official or unofficial sanction to anything of that type. This matter among others is engaging the attention of a committee, to which I was appointed at the meeting of the Catholic Educational Association held here in Pittsburgh last June; and while we have not yet been able to do much, we have at least done something. The correspondence from all over the country that has come to me as chairman shows that the conscience of the nation is beginning to be thoroughly aroused. Vigilance committees have been established in Ireland for dealing with imported noxious literature. I wish I could rouse all Christendom on this subject. There is so much sound literature that is at the same time interesting and delightful that it seems a pity to waste time on any other. There is nothing sectarian about this. I should not hesitate to recommend a good book by a non-Catholic, or to condemn a bad one by a Catholic.

Another point that I wish to draw attention to is journalism. So many of our young men are attracted in this direction year by year that it seems worth while for a university to give a special training in this department, both for the intellectual and practical gain, and for the great lever it supplies towards encouraging morality. With some misgivings and a very poor equipment I started a modest class in journalism in the Catholic University two or three years ago. It is on a fine basis now. I have about forty students and I never had a more interested class in my life. From bell to bell you could hear a pin drop. I will have the satisfaction of knowing that when they get through my hands,

they will have something more than the rudiments of the ethical and literary, to say nothing of the business, principles on which a newspaper or magazine should be conducted.

It has been often said and repeated almost *ad nauseam* that, if St. Paul were alive now, he would be a journalist. I am not sure that he would not be a playwright. The play's the thing to really get the people interested. The university ought to see to it that its students are given the correct attitude towards the play, and that when they write or produce plays they write or produce the proper sort. They should be taught that deep down in the great heart of the people there is a desire, a craving, for what is good and noble and pure and true. I am often called upon to denounce the Restoration drama, and I do so with all my heart; but I profess that I have seen in this country and elsewhere plays as bad as any of that period—abominations that poison the mind and corrupt the heart.

In all these matters, and in others, there is room and opportunity for turning out good men and true from our universities.

Do we need them? Did we ever need them worse? We are living in a fast age, an age of great luxury, great self-indulgence, great extravagance. We see a tremendous race for wealth, a get-rich-quick-at-any-cost idea, just as Horace expressed it 2000 years ago.

*Rem*

*Si possis recte: si non quocunque modo rem.*

We see wealth itself very unevenly divided and in consequence great social inequalities, great extremes. As always he who hath not is quite willing to see him who hath despoiled, as we have been recently publicly and forcibly reminded on very high authority. Here the principle of justice as between man and man would seem to be endangered. There is no doubt that the frame of things is considerably out of joint and needs readjusting. Some look to politics, some to economics, others to eugenics, and other some even to woman suffrage as the panacea for all the nation's ills. None of these things separately, however, nor all combined, can effect what is really needed.

What is really needed is the spread of religion and morality among the people and the honest effort of the individual guided aright from the quarters from which he has a claim to expect direction.

I look to the university man of the future—layman and cleric—when he has been properly trained to be a great factor in the readjustment of social differences, to take a great part in the regeneration of society.

In Heaven's name, let us stamp him while we have him with the character that will enable him to fulfill the glorious mission.

However it may be elsewhere, you here are happily placed in connection with Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost. I know these Holy Ghost men. In fact I have had exceptional opportunities of knowing them, and I can speak about them from within and without, for in another fair and well beloved land they were to me, in an earlier stage of my development, as much as, if not more than, those university professors of whom I spoke just now, were in a later stage. I was taught by these Fathers of the Holy Ghost for six years and I taught for them at least as many more. I know therefore what they do for their students and what they require from their professors. I know their earnestness, their deep religious spirit, their zeal, their thoroughness, their indefatigable industry, their sound and ripe scholarship, their broad enlightenment. I know their unaffected and unspoiled minds, and their sympathetic understanding of the various phases of human nature. I know that they "scorn delights and live laborious days." That they have the will and the ability to build up character in young men in the ways I have indicated, and in many other ways that exigencies of time prevented me from pointing out, I know full well. That they have succeeded in this great essential elsewhere is matter of record, and that they have succeeded and are succeeding here in Duquesne University is, I think, abundantly proved by the many men of worth and standing that they have sent forth. That they will continue then to succeed is a blessing which I hope God will grant them.

As for you, the Alumni, you have a responsibility not only towards yourselves, your families, your city, your state, and your country, but also towards your *Alma Mater*. It is your duty to respect and reverence her, to aid her when and how you can, and to add to her fair fame by leading lives and making for yourselves careers that, in these years and in the years to come, she can point to with an honest pride.





## AMBITION.

**W**HEN the Almighty, out of the infinitude of His bounty, created man to His own image and likeness, He endowed His creature with gifts, with faculties, that are so wonderful, so nearly perfect, that their very existence postulates the existence and operation of an omniscient and gracious Creator. For instance, He bestowed upon man the gift of sight as a means of comprehending and appreciating the wondrous spectacles which He had spread out before man upon the broad tablets of the earth and emblazoned on the unbounded charts of the glorious firmament. He blessed man with his external senses, and then to complete, and, as it were, to perfect His work, He breathed into man His own immortal breath, endowed with intellectual and imaginative powers; in short, he gave man the comprehensive mind which should be the directing principle of all his actions and which should ultimately lead him back to his Maker as his First Cause and his Last End.

It is not the writer's intention to treat of the virtues that arise from a correct use of this wondrous gift of intelligence and understanding, nor of the vices caused by a misuse, or rather by an abuse, of it. Rather, he means to take account of a passion, an offspring of this gift, which is neither virtue nor vice, but which is in the ambiguous and vacillating mean between the two, and that passion is Ambition.

By Ambition we understand an eager and sometimes an inordinate desire for power, honor, office, superiority, or advancement. The two-fold character of Ambition is brought out even in this definition. Ambition is permanently and invariably neither virtue nor vice, neither good nor evil; it may be either, its status in a given individual being determined by individual and special circumstances. The broad, well-defined line of demarkation between the two extremes between which Ambition

fluctuates is the motive or end in view. Generally speaking, this is a case of the end justifying the means, in the eyes of him who employs them. For example, ambition consisting in a desire to advance in virtue can obviously not be other than a virtue; while it is equally evident and plain that ambition is vicious in an employe who desires to advance in the confidence of his employer that he may betray his trade secrets to some rival concern. Here are two examples illustrating the contrasting aspects of Ambition, and in these cases, the difference of motive determines Ambition as a virtue in the former and as a vice in the latter.

Let us suppose a few more general examples of the dubious character of Ambition. This desire for betterment is laudable in a poor workman whose aim is to improve his condition, social, financial, mental, or physical, in order that his services may command a higher compensation in the market of the world, thus enabling him the better to support and the more properly to educate his family. Surely none can be found to deny that here at least the medal of Ambition presents its bright side to the eye of the observer. Now take a glance at the reverse side. A laborer is eager to climb the social scale, obtaining in ever increasing degrees the confidence of his fellows, the better to defraud them. Can anyone be found to praise such ambition? Ambition, too, is despicable in a prince ambitious for power which he would use for the unjust aggrandizement of his country. And again, on the other side, how praiseworthy would this thirst for power be if the potentate in question had in view some laudable end, such as the advancement of knowledge or the spread of true religion by honorable means!

In spite of the fact that much information may be gleaned from a study of such abstract, hypothetical instances as the foregoing, nevertheless it seems that the best method of procedure in the treatment of such a subject as this consists in the observation of concrete, historical examples of the operation and influence of the passion in question. And in order more vividly to emphasize the duplex character of Ambition, we shall present these examples in contrasting pairs, showing briefly how the desire for preferment was worthy in one and culpable in the other.

The first pair of instances in chronological order are Julius

Caesar and Catiline. In denominating Caesar an ambitious man, we are merely conforming with the precedent established by many an author and critic before this, and one of these was the Master Poet. With but few exceptions, the writers alluded to have been accustomed to point to Caesar as an instance, an object-lesson, of the workings of vile Ambition. But on this point this class of authors and the present writer part company. Brutus says, "For Caesar was ambitious" as a justification of his assassination. Yes, Caesar was ambitious, but his ambition was rather of the worthy, laudable, unselfish character than of the opposite. Caesar was ambitious for power, perhaps even for regal power, but he always kept before him as the end and aim of all his actions the glory and the honor of Rome rather than those of Caesar, and for this reason was his ambition a worthy and an honorable ambition. How different, however, was Catiline's ambition! This profligate patrician panted and plotted to secure imperial power in order to re-establish his own fortune and that of his friends and accomplices, while the welfare of his country and the fortune of her citizens he scorned and mocked. Catiline's ambition, coupled, with his greed, to the chariot of his career, led him to secret plot, to open revolt, to death, and to everlasting disgrace. Were it not for his ambition, Catiline's name would have been emblazoned in golden letters upon the pages of his country's history; for on the field of his last stand and of his death, he really did display a valor and a military genius worthy of a better cause. What a contrast that fame would have been with the opprobrium now attached to the mere pronouncement of his name!

The second couplet of noted names that presents itself consists of Alexander and Napoleon. While the two men were separated by a wide expanse of time, yet there is something common in the characters and careers of both. Both were ambitious; both succeeded, in a sense; both conquered the world; but here the resemblance terminates. Napoleon, verifying the principle that "lowliness is young ambition's ladder," mounted that ladder to the top of the mountain of power over all Europe, over-reached himself, stumbled over the rock of ambition, and plunged precipitately down into the abyss of oblivion, departing

this vale of tears wretched and in exile, but feared to the end by all monarchical Europe. Alexander, on the other hand, saw his ambition for world power realized and was content at seeing his country, by far the most cultivated and enlightened of the period, at the topmost pinnacle of human influence. In him, therefore, was Ambition a quasi-virtue, while in Bonaparte it was a positive vice.

A third pair of names almost forces its way to the front as we write; the names are those of Garibaldi and Robert E. Lee. Both were ambitious, but in different ways. Garibaldi desired and fought for the acquisition of territory more for his private good than for that of the inhabitants of the territory acquired; his ambition was selfish. The case with Lee was entirely different. He primarily took up the sword against the country he had served because he thought that it had violated the rights of his native state, and once in the fight, he was desirous of victory, not, certainly not, for his private good, but for that of the State whose champion and sole hope he was. He was destined to failure; but oh, what a failure—a failure more honorable than many a victory, and a failure which would have been converted into success with one-fourth of the resources of his adversary! In Garibaldi, then, Ambition was despicable, while in the Grand Old Man of the South, Ambition was a virtue, and as such, admirable.

With one more brace of contrasting ambitious characters, we shall be content; we shall conclude with Washington and Benedict Arnold. That the latter was most ambitious all are agreed; but it seems almost sacrilegious to attribute any such emotion to the Father of Our Country: yet certain it is that he was eager to succeed in his undertaking, and that eagerness constitutes Ambition. In him, Ambition was surely a commendable trait because his poor, bleeding, orphan country was ever his first aim and her preservation his first thought. How different with the Traitor! The very fact that no other appellation beside the one just employed is needed to specify one's meaning, is proof conclusive of the hatred and disgrace with which he has bemired his own fair name, and that because of his boundless and unrestrained lust for power. Had it not been for this



passion, he would never have had to say to Talleyrand, the French Statesman, "I was born in America, I lived in America, I fought, bled, and suffered for America, but there is not in all America a man whom I can call my friend." How much better it would have been for Arnold had his heart instead of his limb been pierced by the ball that disabled him on the field of his glory and his triumph at Saratoga! With what honor would his memory have been cherished if his life had terminated in that blaze of glory!

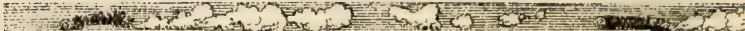
O Ambition, how much more influence hast thou on human action than any other motive! Humanly speaking, more good on the one hand, and more evil on the other, have been due to thy promptings, than to those of any other emotion. O Ambition, for how much corruption and sordidness art thou responsible! How many bright and promising careers have been blighted by thy withering, poisonous breath! And for how much despair hast thou to answer which has found expression in exclamations like that of Wolsey: "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness. \* \* \* Had I but served my God as I have served my king, He would not, in mine age, have left me naked to mine enemies!"

F. J. MUELLER, '14.



### God knows.

God knows—ah, yes! What comfort 'tis  
To know the eye that never sleeps  
Sees all that is—and every life  
In very watchful memory keeps.  
He knows the hopes yet unfulfilled,  
He knows the plans—the loss, the gain;  
He reads each thought of every soul,  
He feels it all—the joy, the pain.



## Up and Down the Barometer.

WERE we asked the simple question, "What is the most discussed subject of every twenty-fourth part of a day?" we would probably be confounded by the simplicity of the answer. For simple it certainly is, since the problem can be solved without involving that mysterious thing called the  $n^{\text{th}}$  root of X. It is a simple equation. Whether weather would be *your* final conclusion after sufficient use of gray matter, or whether weather would not, remains to be seen.

What is the first subject upon which we venture to speak to a new acquaintance, after we have summed up enough of courage to say "Good-day," or "How-do-you-do?" The reply is, "The Weather." We will greet him with, "It's a fine day—a dreary day—a cloudy day—a rainy day—an ugly day—a horrid day," and we should be shocked beyond measure if he replied, "That is perfectly evident," although in our heart of hearts we agree with him.

Sensible people and senseless people, and people who ought to have better sense, are continually rehashing this subject. People who would never speak ill of any of God's creatures, not even their greatest enemy—were it the mother of their conjugal partner—have no scruples of conscience when they speak of the weather and of the Weather Man. The Weather Man is the one person in this world upon whose pate men call down a shower of curses sufficient to make his nether extremities waggle for fear and expectation of what may come.

There are some generous souls that in all Christian sincerity would offer up a prayer for the poor, unmannerly beast that might be so thoughtless as to splash their new apparel with mud as they pass by. And although their adornment be thus embellished by means the maker never meant, nevertheless they practice Christian forbearance and hold their peace. But let the tears of heaven fall and thus dampen(?) their ardor, they will thunder forth in such a unity of voice a vocabulary of maledictions that would make one believe some evil genius possessed them.

The variations of the weather have afforded us an opportunity of increasing our vocabularies not only of maledictions, but also, happily, of benedictions. Among the proverbs familiar to all we recognize the oft repeated

“Happy the bride whom the rain falls on.  
Happy the corpse whom the sun shines on.”

The weather also affects the mental condition of many people; and conversely, for not a few the state of the atmosphere is but a reflection of their own mind. This is true to such an extent that we constantly apply the same adjectives to the weather as describe our mental feelings. From the same source we derive many figures of speech, such as “My brain is clouded—You are the sunshine of my life—A tempest was brewing in his soul.”

Not only our personal feelings, but our very deeds, are influenced by the weather. We perform certain duties better under certain atmospheric conditions. Some are controlled by the weather to such a degree that they would never begin any important undertaking unless the sun was shining forth in all its splendor.

Thus, dear reader, we have some vague notion of the influence of the weather. Let us draw a little moral from our talk, namely, not to chime in with those who are so liberal in giving vent to the malevolent contents of their storehouse of expressions, but let us be benevolent toward the Weather Man at all times. Let our personal feelings and actions be as free as possible from the influence of environment, and let us be content, whether Old Sol shines forth in all his glory, or Jupiter Pluvius is master of the situation. Let us be content at all times, for

“Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long.”

J. N. DIEGELMAN, '15.

## News-Producers and News-Consumers.

**A**S a rule, every newspaper has a larger circulation than any other two combined. The methods of calculation employed in obtaining this result are often the same as those by which some women figure out their age and by which politicians sometimes estimate their majority on the eve of election day. Then, too, "extras" are brought out when the information might be adequately expressed in a three-line paragraph or when nothing really new has happened. Again, there is published the comic supplement whose "funny" pictures are meant to develop a sense of humor in children by emphasizing deceit, cunning, and disrespect for elders. A peculiar trait of the daily press is that it exposes scandal in such a way as to make many readers so familiar with the "frightful mien" of vice that they cease to be shocked, and in time come to endure, then to pity, and in some cases to embrace. An interesting feature of our newspapers also is the rather humorous cheat of publishing, for instance, in enormous headlines, "Great Battle," under which in small type appear the words which relieve the deluded reader: "expected next month."

In addition to the devices of exaggeration and of lurid language to be found on the patchwork front-page, not a few papers are filled with the diurnal scoldings of writers who look upon the world through smoked glasses and are forever trying to find, in the scheme of the wholesome universe, something that will inspire a well-bred sneer. Then, too, the editorial "we" is frequently of less value than the "I say so" of the man in the street. Notable also is the newspaper habit of representing the high official as having talked at length to such a reporter as he would not harbor under his roof beyond the moment required for courteous dismissal. Then again, a man may have led ever so commonplace and worthless a life, but in death, according to the newspaper, he is an old and respected citizen,—generally honest, too. The qualities which, as Mr. Dooley suggests, the average man must have in order to keep out of jail become surpassing virtues the moment he ceases to need them. Still more remarkable is the way newspapers have of overlooking a professor's epoch-making researches in history, and of taking him up



when he comes out in favor of an exclusive diet of raw spinach.

Insinuations regarding these and many other unworthy traits of the modern newspaper are often made only to be repudiated as taking the form of merely destructive criticism, unaccompanied by any recommendations of a reconstructive character. But the truth is that most of the charges that may fairly be brought against the newspaper are of the nature of the "don't's" in the books of etiquette: they instance shortcomings for which the atonement is implied in the form of the accusation. Don't lie, don't use illiterate English, don't pander to the tastes of the depraved—such criticism is at once destructive and constructive. Indeed a reform upon such merely negative lines would go far toward accomplishing all that is aimed at by the censor.

It is true, there exist some cultured and conscientious daily journals (other papers please copy); while fortunately not a few peccant newspapers have unguillible readers, who, by the evening lamp in their country homes or at the breakfast table in their city houses, draw from the teeming pages materials for discussion rather than positive inferences. But nevertheless the monitive fact remains that newspaper standards generally ought to be elevated, for the average American relies upon the modern newspaper in much the same way as the ancient Greek depended upon the oracle at Delphi. It must not be forgotten, however, that the need of this reform implies opportunity and responsibility for the perusers no less than for the producers of our daily journals. There is a steady interchange of influence and suggestion between the reading public and the news-giving paper. Any rise in the standards of newspapers means a relative rise in public morality, and *vice versa*.

Greater than the song-makers of a nation are those who provide the reading matter for their countrymen, and it is to be hoped that journalists will not much longer disregard their opportunity to improve public morals. On the other hand, it is to be hoped, too, that the reading public will not continue to expect and to esteem quantity rather than quality as regards the matter of the daily press. In art, in architecture, in music, in the drama, the requirement and the tendency are largely the other way, and we may expect before long that popular demand will cause the news to be printed with the good taste and moderation characteristic of a high and pure civilization. The spirit of the age to a great extent is toward refinement and enlightenment, and the press must be its responsive barometer.

M. J. HEGERICH, '14.

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## EDITORIAL.

### *President Wilson's Cabinet.*

The secrecy maintained concerning the members of the President's cabinet prior to the inauguration gave busy politicians plenty of room for conjecture. That is the most they could do; Mr. Wilson kept them all in suspense.

To-day we know who are the chiefs of the several departments. Good men and true they are, all of them. Unfortunately, some of our Catholic periodicals devoted no little space in their columns, and no inconsiderable portion of their editors' time to criticism of the President's choice. According to them, Mr. Wilson is too radical (presumably this was not

observed before his election !) and he disregards all precedents, because no Catholic received a cabinet appointment.

Shallow reasoning ! The new executive, we have every reason to believe, used the best judgment in selecting the men to sit at the council table of the nation; and one incident was sufficient proof that he was not unduly influenced in his choice. We refer to the message he sent to Secretary Bryan when Secretary Wilson resigned prematurely on account of a disagreement over the Chinese loan. The President gave the great Commoner clearly to understand that even he was not indispensable. There is, therefore, no "power behind the throne."

L. P. G.



### ***Dr. Franz Friedman.***

The press is giving quite considerable notice to this eminent German physician. Before his advent to our shores sufferers from tuberculosis poured into New York. Dr. Friedman's name had been heralded through the land, and patients came from all quarters in quest of a cure for the dreadful malady. His headquarters were the mecca for thousands; but they came in vain, because he was not licensed to practice—and rightly so.

Dr. Friedman's chagrin at our so-called inhospitality caused as much comment as his reputation had excited curiosity. He had to submit his serum for a chemical analysis, and the examining board would report upon it.

This board would have no private or personal interest at stake, and it could give a candid opinion of the worth of the cure. We have American physicians experimenting with similiar cures, and they are subject to the same regulations.

From all indications, further developments will prove that his discovery is a lasting remedy for the plague, and that his work will place him in the foremost rank of the benefactors of humanity.

In view of this, Germany's apathy towards its native genius is perplexing. Perhaps it is a case of the prophet unhonored in his own country.

L. P. G.

## LAW NOTES.

THE series of trials, conducted by the Moot Court of the Law School, is developing a practical familiarity with court procedure and practice, and enabling the students to acquire that degree of ease and confidence so necessary to a successful practitioner.

A comparison of the methods followed in this training, to those followed in actual practice, shows the importance and necessity of becoming accustomed to the details and forms required to bring a suit into court and to maintain it successfully. A case, in such a court as is conducted by the Law Club, gives infinitely more opportunities to display a keen intelligence in dealing with the quick shifting of circumstances and in overcoming testimony that has been "manufactured" by the opposing "attorney," than will be met with in a court of more solemn character, where the witnesses are restrained by oath from relating anything that is not the whole truth.

In a recent case, Mr. Thomas Dougherty, by exhibiting a rare sense of humor, won the hearts of the jury to such an extent, that he was able to defend successfully a street car company in a suit brought for the loss of limbs in an accident.

In the case tried before Vice Dean Laughlin on March 31, Mr. Frank Cohan of the second year class, displayed a faculty for carefully tracing details. Seemingly having worked up a perfect case, he was met by a strong opposition on the part of Mr. Harry Gelm, but by a diligent and persistent cross examination, this was broken down by Mr. Cohan, who finally succeeded in forcing contradictions from the witnesses.

The extra work necessary in preparing these cases supplements the principles of the text-books and lectures, and rounds out a course which might tend to be theoretical in its application.

J. P. E. (Law) '15.





## ALUMNI.

THE Alumni of Duquesne University held their annual banquet in the Fort Pitt Hotel, Thursday evening, April 17.

The occasion was noticeable for the distinction and number of the guests, the prevalence of college spirit, the excellent menu; the choice music and admirable singing, and the eloquence of the speakers. Briefly JOHN L. WALSH, President of the Association, welcomed the banqueters and introduced the toastmaster of the evening, E. GARRICK O'BRYAN, who appropriately and happily called upon the various gentlemen whose speeches we summarize below.

THE VERY REVEREND PRESIDENT portrayed the development of the University. It has now an enrollment of 700 students in the day and evening sessions. The Law Department was recently opened with the learned Judge Swearingen as its Dean. Schools of Medicine, Dentistry and Pharmacy will be added it is hoped in the not distant future. So far the work has been carried on, and carried on successfully, without any endowment whatsoever, but to meet the needs of the times, and to hasten the opening of the new Departments, it has been thought advisable to appeal to the State for an appropriation for additional buildings, equipment and maintenance. Duquesne University has a just claim to public aid, for it is doing a work which no other university <sup>in Pennsylvania</sup> can do to the same degree—that of stemming the torrents of materialism, agnosticism, and socialism, of teaching the true principles of right and justice, and of training up conscientious, law-abiding citizens to guide aright the ship of State.

“The University as Character Builder” gave DR. P. J. LENNOX, of the Catholic University, ample scope for the expression of his wide range of knowledge and rare experience in dealing with scholastic problems. Elsewhere we give the complete text of his address, rich in practical wisdom, brimming over with classical quotations and allusions, and savory with the spice of mother-wit. The repeated applause that greeted it, amounted to nothing less than an ovation.

EDWARD B. SCULL, Esq., spoke happily on the text “Lest

We Forget." "In the bustle and intensity of our application to the work we have chosen," he said, "we ought not forget the great debt we owe our *Alma Mater* for what she has done to fit us for that work. It is true that many of the lessons which professors and masters tried to impress on us were hardly comprehended or appreciated at the time they were given; but let us not forget them, now that experience has set its confirmatory seal on them. One of those lessons that I consider of the highest importance is that we should think for ourselves. A vast number of our citizens are guided in their political opinions merely by what they hear or read. We have been taught otherwise. Let us not forget our training."

MR. JOHN P. EGAN, B. A., Vice-President of the Alumni Association, taking for his theme, "The Alumni," spoke feelingly of the ties of affection that bind them to the school that has nourished them in their youthful days with the bread of knowledge. He commended those that are anxious "to drain from the cup that she offers the last drops that it contains" by taking the post-graduate courses; and he urged his fellow-alumni to return oftener to the scenes of strenuous debate and hard-fought game, for the joy of the present student body as well as for their own.

HIS HONOR THE MAYOR, when called upon for a few remarks, acknowledged the tribute paid him by the Very Rev. President for his aid in helping the University obtain its present legal status, and he pledged himself to assist in the future as he could. He extolled the work of the University, which gives its students "the fundamental principles of correct living and high thinking" better than many of its more richly-endowed rivals, and wisely steers them clear of new and unproven theories. He declared that he had observed that modern necessities of Government and industries and commerce demanded men trained in higher education. He believed the Legislature would see the justice of aiding an institution where such broad and solid training was given, and where equal opportunities were held out to all applicants, regardless of race or creed.

RT. REV. BISHOP CANEVIN explained the absence of Cardinal Gibbons as due to his anxiety about the Holy Father's health.

This led him to describe the election of a Pope and the character of the Popes of the last century.

"LEO XIII. was great because of his greatness of family and his greatness in scholarship. Pius X. is great because of his humble birth, because of his personal qualities, and in intellect he is as great as any Pope, within 500 years, great as a pastor of the world, the Pontiff of Christianity. No man could have been so well qualified for his great office. He came from the ranks of the people. He learned to love the poor. He found in true and upright manhood the real gold. First he served as a teacher, then nine years as an assistant, nine years as a pastor, nine years as a bishop, nine years as an archbishop, and is rounding out his apparent novena in the papacy. It is known that he feels that he will be soon promoted to an everlasting one.

"He has touched the Church and the world with the hand of a great master. He has retouched the discipline of the Church with practical sense. He came as the providential man into the church world and has been fruitful and blessed in his benefactions. Let us hope that, if it be the will of God, his life may be bounteously lengthened out and that he may be spared to restore all things to the unity that was."

"This eulogy of Pope Pius X.," commented the *Dispatch*, "for exquisite charm of diction, for its simple art and sincerity, rivals the best specimens of unstudied panegyric."

ON April 16, HENRY N. GASPARD, ex-'08, was married to Miss Mae Leonella Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Clarke, of Sauk Ste. Marie, Mich. The couple will live in Detroit, where Mr. Gaspard is a successful insurance agent. Our warm congratulations are extended to the newly married pair.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, Pittsburgh, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on April 24. Miss Mary Carpenter Gemmell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Gemmell, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., became the bride of MEAD J. MULVIHILL, '07, Esq. WILLIAM C. JACOB, Esq., a former classmate of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Mulvihill will reside on Friendship Avenue, Pittsburgh. They have our heartiest good wishes for many years of wedded bliss.

## CHRONICLE.

The results of the third term examinations were published on Tuesday afternoon, April 8, in the University auditorium. One hundred and twenty-eight honor certificates were awarded. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes :

(Collegiate Department) Francis J. Mueller, Leo A. McCrory, Joseph S. Szepe; (School of Commerce) Louis D. Wetzel, John A. Brinker, Thomas J. Clark, Michael J. Senge; (Scientific Department) James E. Mauch, Myron H. Wagner, Edward J. McGrael; (High School Department) Arthur J. Gaynor, James F. Kernan, James M. McCarthy, John D. Scully; (Preparatory Department) Joseph J. Jacobs, Francis McIlvane.

The librarian and his assistants have been very busy of late putting in place a large number of new books—recent works of fiction and quite a number of books on art, of which the Art Department will make good use.

We must also express our gratitude to the Very Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., of Wilkinsburg, who, for the second time in the space of a few months, has made the University a present of quite a section of his numerous and valuable library. His gift this time consists of over 200 volumes, comprising splendidly bound sets of histories, anthologies, various rare *éditions de luxe*, and two fine sets of large folio volumes on Mythology and Painting respectively.

A novel sort of entertainment was provided on Sunday, April 13, by John E. Pearson, of the First Scientific Class. The various tricks were performed with the ease and dexterity of a professional, and many of them were very humorous.

On the morning of April 16, we were honored by a visit and an address from Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, who was President Roosevelt's Attorney General. The fine *esprit* of his introduction disposed the boys to listen very willingly to his more serious reflections. He urged them to aim at being the kind of men the old philosopher Diogenes sought with a lantern, and to take advantage of the unparalleled opportunities offered by the University for



becoming real men. Rev. Thomas Devlin and Mr. Willis McCook also gave interesting little talks.

The concert and debate of April 20 were in charge of the Sophomores, and superlatively interesting the programme certainly was. The debate was awarded to the **Entertainment** speakers of the negative side, Messrs. Lavelle and Fielding, who opposed the granting of a plurality of votes to education and wealth.

On April 27, we had the signal pleasure of "making a journey to the stars by means of the photographic telescope" under the guidance of that gentle, genial old **Dr. Brashear** man and profound scientist, Dr. Brashear, head **on Astronomy** of the Allegheny Observatory. Many wonderful views of the stars, nebulae, sun-spots, etc., were shown and explained with surprising clearness. Every one was impressed with the lecturer's strong faith, which his researches have only served to deepen. He very cordially invited the University pupils to visit the Observatory at any time.

A great surprise, but a pleasant one, was the announcement made about the middle of the month, that Florenz Ubinger had entered the Passionist Order as a **"Floss" Ubinger** postulant. Hardly any one suspected that so much apparent gayety concealed so much real gravity. We extend him our good wishes and assure him of our prayers for his perseverance.

The disastrous floods in Ohio and Indiana at the end of April claimed a past student among their victims. Victor **Victor Wodniczak** Wodniczak, who left here to become a medical student at the Northern Indiana Normal School, was drowned at Valparaiso, Ind., on April 22. His parents have our deepest sympathy in their grief. *R. I. P.*

Our actors and "actresses" are being put through some strenuous rehearsals, and the presentation of "Why Smith Left Home," in the Lyceum Theatre on June 4th, **The Play** promises to be an ultra-artistic histrionic achievement. We append the list of "Who's Who," but as

for letting you know "What's What," or "How it came about," we would not, gentle reader, spoil the pleasure *that* will give you a few weeks hence.

<i>John Smith</i>	Who Loves His Wife and Lives in New York	Frank Hipps
<i>General Billetdoux</i>	Whose Wife Was a Widow	James J. O'Connell
<i>Count Von Guggenheim</i>	Who Made Them Twisted	Leo J. Zitzman
<i>Major Duncombe</i>	With Memories of Last Night	Joseph A. Burns
<i>Robert Walton</i>	Mrs. Smith's Brother	Richard J. Bowen
<i>Mrs. John Smith</i>	.	Leo A. McCrory
Who Loves Her Husband No Matter Where He Lives		
<i>Miss Smith (42)</i>	A Lady in Waiting	Frank P. Anton
<i>Mrs. Billetdoux</i>	Mrs. Smith's Aunt	Daniel V. Boyle
<i>Rose Walton</i>	Robert's Bride of a Day	Herbert Terheyden
<i>Julia</i>	Touchingly Clever	Gabriel F. Gurley
<i>Elsie</i>	A Winsome Maid	Clement J. Land
<i>Lavinia Daly</i>	Who Is a Lady and Knows It	Joseph McIntyre

About one hundred boys are rounding into shape for the gymnastic exhibition which is to follow the play, and fond parents and friends will be as much attracted by this unusual and beautiful performance as by the rollicking farce that is to precede it.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '14.



## EXCHANGES.

**D**URING the past month we have witnessed the proof of the statement made in this column previously with regard to the fluctuation in the excellence of the periodicals that come to our Sanctum. Last month we could scarcely find enough magazines deserving mention to make this column worth while, whereas this time there are so many good papers that it is a most difficult task to attempt to choose the best of them. But "need must when *necessity* drives," and as "copy" for this department has already been demanded of us, we feel constrained to discard our hesitation and attempt the work of selection.

A noteworthy feature of the collection on our table this

month, is the presence of several strangers among our monthly visitors. One of these is the *Purple and Gray*, from St. Paul, Minnesota. The number that has graced our Sanctum is the second number of Volume I., and the excellence of the magazine at hand makes us feel a bit regretful that we failed to secure a copy of the first issue. There are four prose articles worthy of commendation, the best of which are "The Edict of Milan," and "Catholic Names in the American Revolution." The others however, "The Real Value of Military Training" and "The Pagan Ideal as Shown in the 'Rubaiyat'," are not far behind the two former articles. The editorials are exceptionally well written, and the bit of verse entitled "Sunset" consists of twelve of the prettiest lines we have yet had the pleasure of finding in a college journal. All in all, the *Purple and Gray* is one of the best exchanges on our mailing list. *Purple and Gray*, here's to your continued success and popularity!

Another new arrival has just come to our notice, the *De Paul Minerval*, and certainly if the past issues could be compared in any way with the Easter Number, we regret that this number is the first that has come to hand. It is entirely filled with pleasing, well written essays and stories, but we must again beg to be excused for the summary treatment which we shall be compelled to afford this magazine and the many excellent articles in it, as a bare mention will have to suffice without any comments or criticisms, favorable or otherwise. The best prose articles are the essays entitled "Medical Science and Modern Psychology," "St. Patrick and Ireland," and "The Morality of Human Acts." The most pleasing fiction is "Home, Sweet Home," and the best verse is "Resurrexit."

In the *Villa Sancta Scholastica*, the most praiseworthy features are "Ideals," "The Mission of Convent Graduates," "The Thorn-crowned Head," and last and best of all, "The Appeal in 'Philoctetes'." The latter article consists of a summary of this masterpiece of Sophocles and then an argument, a presentation of the reasons why the modern student prefers this play to "Oedipus Rex" and "Antigone" for example. The article is a scholarly treatment of a rather difficult subject and shows intimate acquaintance with the work of the ancient Greek dramatist.

In the April Number of the *Fordham Monthly*, there appears an article captioned "Who Wrote the Constitution?" in which the author asserts and at least apparently proves that the author of "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man" was not Madison, to whom the honor is generally attributed, not Hamilton, not John Sherman, not Pickney, but an obscure statesman, Palatiah Webster. He it was, says the author, whose brain conceived the ideas which the others expressed in words and wrote into that most wonderful document. The essay is well written and as interesting as it is instructive.

And now we come to the best of the journals we have received this month, and in saying so much, we have spoken the maximum of praise, for to be best in the company in which the *D' Youville Magazine* finds itself this month is high merit indeed. The contributors, the editors, and the publishers of the *D' Youville* are to be warmly congratulated on the excellence of their publication. The first article, "The Mediaeval Hymns," stands out pre-eminent over its companions, in our estimation. The authoress treats such well-known hymns as "Dies Irae," "Pange Lingua," and "Stabat Mater," and shows a keen sense of appreciation for the beauties of these magnificent compositions. "The Course of the Drama in France," written by one whose name is always a welcome sight at the head of an article, treats mainly of the three pre-eminent names among French dramatists, viz.: Corneille, the poet of energy and nobility; Racine, the poet of sweetness and pathos; and Molière, the poet of fun and laughter. "Robert Louis Stevenson, the Man," is an able account of that remarkable man's life, personality, and characteristics that endeared him to all who came in contact with him. "The Sanctum" of this issue contains a number of pleasing short essays.

F. J. M.



## ATHLETICS.

TO couch it in mild terms, the inauguration of the baseball season in the University has been a decided success. To date, the 'Varsity has engaged in four contests, all of which have resulted in well earned victories. Although great faith was had in the team, even before the season opened, yet no one dared to grow enthusiastic over its prospects, until the first few games were staged, and an opportunity was given to view it in action, and to form an estimate of its strength. But, now that its ability has been amply demonstrated, and the student body is assured that it will be a success, great interest is being manifested in the team. There seems to be no valid reason why it should not go through its entire schedule without a defeat. However, this may be expecting too much, and all critics should be satisfied if the 'Varsity lads pull down the majority of their games.

In placing the credit for the team's excellent showing so far this spring, too much praise cannot be given to Coach Clark, who has had wonderful success in developing the team. Always on hand with words of advice and encouragement to the players, he has succeeded in gaining their confidence, and this fact, together with his great knowledge of the intricate workings of the game, have been undoubtedly the greatest factor in the upbuilding of the team. It might also be stated that the men have all, without exception, willingly responded to his coaching, as the box scores of recent games will readily indicate.

Another factor in the winning of games which has evidently not been overlooked by the Athletic Committee is the "rooting." They have appointed "Dick" Bowen as official "cheer leader," and under his guidance the students have turned out strong both in numbers and in voice. To win games the moral and vocal support of those in the stands is required, in order to stimulate and encourage the players. In this respect, the students have manifested a loyal spirit at the last few games, and it is earnestly hoped that it will continue to improve with the advance of the season.

Carnegie Tech, 0      Duquesne, 3

On Saturday, April 12, the 'Varsity opened their season in

a very auspicious manner, by administering a shut-out to Carnegie Tech at Leed's Field, 3-0. Considering the earliness of the season the game was exceptionally well played. The first half was exciting and hard fought, as no runs were scored during the first four innings. In the fifth, however, Cartwright lifted a long drive up on the embankment in centre field for a homer, scoring McDonnell ahead of him. This took all the "ginger" out of the Techites, and Duquesne registered another tally in the seventh, when Hall threw wild to first, allowing Morrow, who was on second, to score.

The editor regrets exceedingly that, through a miscalculation, the detailed write-up of the games must be omitted. We give, therefore, only the summaries:

April 12—Carnegie Tech 0; Duquesne 3.

April 16—Kiski 7; Duquesne 8.

April 19—Carrick Scholastics 7; Duquesne 22.

April 22—Carnegie Tech 0; Duquesne 1.

Until the 1st of May, the Reserves and the Minims had each won a game and lost one. The June number will, we feel assured, give each one all the glory that is their due.

Statement of the Ownership and Management of DUQUESNE MONTHLY, published monthly, from October to July, at Pittsburgh, Pa., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NAME OF EDITOR—Leo P. Gallagher, Duquesne University.

MANAGING EDITOR—Leo J. Zindler, Duquesne University.

BUSINESS MANAGERS—Albert F. Yunker, Florenz M. Ubinger, Duquesne University.

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LEO. J. ZINDLER, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this thirteenth day of March, 1913.

JOHN A. MARTIN, Alderman.

[My Commission expires first Monday of January, 1914.]

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# Duquesne Monthly

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No. 9.

## Ages.

WHERE are the ages when a denser cloud  
Than that which has Earth's history enveloped  
This mighty sphere in cloaks of mist did shroud,  
While chaos into beauteous form developed?  
Gone like my fleeting breath :  
God only knows not death !

Where are the years when clan and savage horde  
Bore cruel arms, in bloody strife contending;  
When western man 'gainst eastern drew the sword,  
His habitation ceaselessly defending?  
Flown like the birds of spring :  
Thou livest on, my King !

Canst tell whence came the eons, whither fled,  
While here ephemeral pow'rs their lots were casting?  
How fast, O Lord, have wingèd ages sped,  
Proclaiming Thee, their Maker, everlasting !  
They tarry and depart :  
Changeless Thou ever art !

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '16.



## EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE.

(Suggestions of a Teacher)

**I**NSTRUCTION in Experimental Science has now taken an important place as an element in general education. In order to maintain its position, it is not necessary that it should displace other branches of education no less important, which, indeed, it should supplement and subserve. To secure the full advantages which the study of Experimental Science has to confer, it is necessary constantly to keep in mind the purposes which such a course should serve. The principal functions of a well-designed course are:—

(1.) The education of the power of observation, involving the exercise of the judgment and the training of the senses.

(2.) The training of the reasoning powers.

(3.) The training of the executive powers. The experimental work performed by the pupils themselves involves the cultivation of manual dexterity, initiative and self-reliance.

(4.) The imparting of the more important principles and facts of physical science.

For the realization of these aims the course of instruction must be carefully planned and carefully taught. It will be seen that the method of teaching is regarded as being of greater importance than the mere imparting of knowledge, and that the best results of the training are not such as can be ascertained by a written test. A knowledge of the facts of science, however important, is secondary to the training in “scientific method” which the course should confer. Not that the scientific method is a method peculiar to science; it is the same as that employed in business. However, in the investigation of scientific phenomena, the facts are more readily ascertainable, and the argument is free from those perturbing elements that enter into problems concerning human relationships.



What, then, is the scientific method? Enquiry into the history of the establishment of any great principle of physical science shows with more or less distinctness three separate processes:—

- (1.) The collection and recording of observed facts.
- (2.) The attempt to connect and explain the observed facts by framing a theory or hypothesis to account for them.
- (3.) The attempt to establish the hypothesis by deducing a consequence arising from it, and testing this by experiment.

The first two steps belong to induction. The third, which is deductive, was commonly employed until Bacon showed the importance of observation. The first step may obviously be taken by different individuals at various times. The second, implying a wide knowledge of the observed phenomena, involves the highest exercise of the reasoning power; experience has shown the danger of too little as well as too much theory. In the former case observations tend to become purposeless—in the latter, to introduce a factor tending to vitiate the accuracy of the observations. The third step—verification—consists of two stages, (a) the deducing of a consequence of the hypothesis and (b) the testing of this by experiment.

When a hypothesis has thus been fully established it is termed a principle or a “law of Nature”—a somewhat unfortunate term, since a “law of Nature” is nothing more than a generalization—a statement of an observed uniformity in the relations of phenomena—and is liable to revision as soon as wider knowledge may reveal an exception to the generalization.

The history of science abounds in illustrations of the application of the “scientific method.” The discoveries of the laws of planetary motion, the laws of gravitation, the planet Neptune, and the constitution of our atmosphere, are instances.

A course of instruction in science which neglects the enormous importance of a training in the scientific method loses the larger portion of its educational value. The mere acquisition of the facts of science—assuming it possible to convey them without practical work—must be regarded as quite secondary in value to the mental training and discipline involved, by following out

a few simple lines of investigation, which call upon the exercise of the observing and reasoning faculties. This method which has been called the "research" or "heuristic" method involves the highest powers of a teacher. It is less a method than a guiding principle. Less should be done for the pupil, than was common when the pursuit of fact was the sole aim. The little required must be intensely purposeful. The pupils should not be told anything which they may fairly be expected to find out for themselves. The real and highest function of the teacher is that of bringing clearly home, the nature of the problem to be solved, and the method by which it may be investigated. In certain cases facts must be established by verification.

While the same method should inspire the work throughout, and while retaining the experimental work and laboratory instruction as the essential element, gradually, however, as the work becomes more advanced, the teacher will find it necessary to introduce theory and to set theoretical problems to fix and sustain the practical. Text-books and the lecture-room shall receive necessary prominence at this stage also, and the classes should get the history of the branch of science with which they are dealing.

At the conclusion of the full course, the student should not only have an intelligent grasp of the elementary principles of science, but should have gained something of the true spirit of scientific enquiry. This cannot fail to beget an appreciation of the limitations of his own knowledge, and an attitude of reverence in regard to the wide unexplored tract in the region of science.

T. J. NORRIS.

## War and Its Remedy.

[Delivered at the Oratorical Contest, May 2.]

**W**E are living in an age of progress. During the past century we have made rapid strides towards artistic, industrial, and intellectual perfection; we have succeeded in achieving many apparent impossibilities; we have remedied many former evils; but we have failed, after all determined efforts, to secure the abolition of that evil of evils, War. The present conflict going on in the Balkans,—a conflict which savors of the wildest savagery—combined with the growing spirit of militarism, is a strong indication that the trouble-laden clouds of war scowl as darkly to-day as they did in the days of Caesar and Alexander.

War! What does that word mean? It means the annihilation of mighty empires and the humiliation of proud kings. It spells the destruction of commerce, the paralysis of industries, and the desecration of homes; ay, and it has cost the lives of countless thousands of the bravest men the world has ever produced. And though individuals tremble at the very mention of it, many are foolishly clamoring for war. They are attracted by its superficial splendor. They glory in the prospective sight of showy uniform, and their passions are moved by the intoxicating strains of martial music. False patriotism inspirits them, and they rush to war regardless of the outcome. But no sooner do they reach the battlefield than they learn, to their disappointment, that war is only murder in uniform.

War is the last relic of barbarism. War brutalizes and degrades, and no nation has ever the same vitality after suffering its scourge. Often, too, it is the instrument of cruel oppression and diabolical wrong. Many times have large armies been called to the battlefield to settle some small argument—generally a matter of a mere straw. This unjust war may go on for months or for years, and the difficulty at issue is adjusted at length, not by justice, not by arbitration, but by stratagem, reduced resources, or military luck. And while renown and glory accrue to the victors, mortification and suffering become the lot of the vanquished.

And now through the vistas of the past let us take a glance at the struggles of nations, and there catch a glimpse of the uncalled-for sacrifice of human lives. The results of the battles of Austerlitz, Sebastopol, Waterloo, and Gettysburg speak louder than words. They tell silently and solemnly of the dire consequences of war. History records another military undertaking during modern times which will serve to illustrate all my contentions with regard to the injustice and horrors of warfare, as well as its inexpediency. I speak of the Second Napoleonic Campaign against Russia and the retreat of his Grand Army. Picture the great Napoleon, the maker and unmaker of kingdoms, at the head of a vast army, numbering upwards of 800,000 men, beginning his march across the continent of Europe. He set out with the blare of trumpets amidst the blaze of grandeur, upon a project as unjust as it was unsuccessful. Many were the sad farewells exchanged as he was leaving, and these proved to be farewells indeed. For of that vast host that left the borders of France, scarcely 20,000 survived the memorable retreat. Oh ! Who can paint, who can describe the hardships of those soldiers on that fatal journey from Moscow to Paris ? The scenes were too loathsome to relate, and it is beyond comprehension that so many hundred thousands of men, representing the flower of European manhood, should give up their lives for the sole purpose of furthering the military aims of Napoleon Bonaparte.

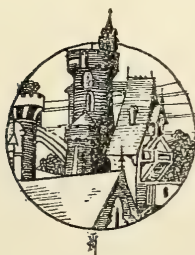
But these are only a few disagreeable facts concerning war ; only a few reasons why we should strive for its abolition. The real horrors of war can be depicted only by one who has heard the thunder of cannonade and the booming sound of machine guns, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the melancholy moans of the dying ; by one who has witnessed the heroic charges, the fierce assaults, and the blood-curdling deeds of the combatants ; by one who has suffered the hardships of bivouacs during wintry weather, and has seen the battlefield strewn with the bodies of the vanquished ; by one who has stood at his post amidst storms of shot and shell. Ah ! he, and he alone, knows how to mix the pigmental blood and tears to paint truly the gory picture of war. He, more than any other man, will be able to appreciate the sweetness of peace.



Is it a wonder, then, that people tremble at the thought of a modern war? For these results, shocking as they may seem, are tame compared to those of modern international conflicts. With invisible aeroplanes dropping death-dealing bombs into cities and fortifications; with the latest types of battleships blowing seaport towns to atoms; with large armies using weapons which are miracles of mechanical construction; we would have a war terrible beyond the telling.

Is it not then time for the nations of the world to cease all warlike preparations, and join hands in the interest of universal peace? Surely the time has come. And it is to be hoped, with some expectation of fulfillment, that the Ship of State, which is now buffeted by the waves of war and oppression, will rise from the trough of national despair to the crest of prosperity's wave; and that, ere the twentieth century has passed into history, the anxious observer, stationed on the lookout of the world, will behold in the distance the white beacon of charity marking a safe harbor in the bay of perpetual peace.

H. A. CARLIN, '14.





## The Unmaking of "Mr." Lynch.

**T**HERE are many people in the world to-day who cannot forget their childhood fears, and though they could face a cannon loaded to the mouth, they could not put out the light at night without feeling a sense of fear. Among these were Mr. Bernard Crafton, successful broker, treasurer of the Associated Charities, and semi-professional entertainer, and Jim Lynch, professional safe-cracker and second-story man.

For a while Mr. Crafton had forgotten his fears, but they would soon have returned had he known the intentions of the man who loitered around the box-office on the evening of the Associated Charities' Annual Benefit in the guise of a special officer.

Practically none of those who had enjoyed the programme so hugely suspected that Mariano, the reader and ventriloquist, who had furnished the "laughs" in the second part, was also the genial and polished gentleman who had taken in the cash at the ticket window earlier in the evening. How it had poured in! What generosity the good people had shown! How pleased the bishop would be, and what good the Associated Charities would be able to do for the poor, whom we always have with us! Thus thought Mariano as he went through his highly finished and highly diverting performance; and these musings, far from spoiling his rendition, only made it more spicy and more brilliant.

The "special officer" paid little attention to the said performance. *His* thoughts, too, were of the yellow gold and crisp greenbacks that would be carried that night to the treasurer's home. He had called there two days before as a census taker, and had made careful note of the arrangement of the rooms. He had even contrived to get an imprint of the library key on wax, as Mr. Crafton momentarily absented himself to answer a telephone call. There were, however, some things in the room whose presence he had failed to note. As, unmindful of the

show, he now revolved these thoughts in his mind, it struck him that he would be robbing the poor if he took the money, and for a moment his better nature seemed to assert itself; but "No," he muttered, gritting his teeth, "I've been poor myself too long. If I get enough this haul, I'll quit."

That night, at about one o'clock, "Mr." Lynch stole silently up to the broker's house and "jimmied" his way through the kitchen window. Creeping stealthily up to the rich man's library, he inserted his key and opened the door, not making enough noise to be heard ten feet away. Softly he entered, and a pencil of light shot from his bull's eye across the room, lighting up the walls one by one. Going to the end of the library, he opened a second door that led to the broker's bed-room. Here his light revealed to him the broker apparently sleeping soundly. Grasping his pistol in his hand, he crept softly to the bed and carefully scrutinized the sleeper. He listened for the breathing of the man, but he heard none. Then he muttered, "So much the better! If he's kicked the bucket, that will take an ugly job off my hands."

He then squatted down before the massive safe and took from his pocket several tools, among which were cylinders of oxygen and acetylene and a blowpipe. He was connecting the apparatus when a slight noise caused him to look around.

Directly behind him stood a figure pointing a revolver at his head. "Up with your hands! Up with them, or I'll let daylight through you!" came in terse tones from the figure. This was not the first time Jim had been politely asked to reach for the ceiling. Old experience had taught him what to do, shoot before the other fellow could. Instantly swinging his revolver into shooting position, he pulled the trigger three times. The figure did not move a muscle. Cold sweat broke out on Jim's forehead. Why did it stand so still? For once in his famous career Jim had felt fear. He peered again at the man, whose chin was almost all shot away. A low, uncanny wail, rising to a horrid shriek, came from the throat. Jim turned, cursing and screaming, fled precipitately down stairs, and stumbled out the door; nor did he stop till he was several squares away.

In the meantime Barney Crafton opened the door of his "sleeping closet" and switched on the light. Going over to the bed he cast a casual glance at it; then he turned to the figure that stood near the safe, and said "Too bad—the whole chin shot away! But what matter? I can order another wax model from Paris to-morrow. It's a useful thing to have learned ventriloquism in my college days! Sam, old fellow!" he exclaimed patting the figure on the back, "you have amused many a visitor and scared many another, but you've never proved so useful as you did to-night!"

Jim Lynch stopped when he had put several squares between himself and the house he had just left, took off his black mask, and threw it in the gutter. He boarded the next train out of town. It was his last night on the "crooked" line.

E. A. HENNESSY,  
Third Scientific.





## Loyalty.

I LOVE the red, I love the blue,  
I love to hear of old D. U.

I love to see the campus where the sports take place,  
I love to watch the boys when they tug and jump and race.  
I love to play a tight game within the hand-ball court;  
In fact—with company—I'll play in games of every sort.

I love the red, I love the blue,  
I love the boys of old D. U.

I love to watch our gallant teams, when vict'ry has been won;  
I love to join the rooters, too, and help along the fun.  
I love the students everywhere when filled with college spirit;  
I love to hear the honored ones, whose work has won them merit.

I love the red, I love the blue,  
My heart is full of old D. U.

I love to see the river and the hills it overlooks;  
I love to be within its walls, all wrapped up in my books.  
But most I love the chapel and the sacred space enclosed:  
God's there—that's why I love it—may I e'er be so disposed !

WALTER J. FRITZ,  
Third High..



## Shakespearean Tragedy And The Preternatural.

THE play and movement of spiritual forces in Shakespearean drama are very considerable, but nowhere more so than in the three tragedies of "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," and "Macbeth." Yet this structural phase of the plays might be easily overlooked, and it is worth while to note how pivotal it is in the development of the respective themes, and how dependent upon it is the atmosphere of awe and mystery that pervades these tragedies.

The preternatural element in "Hamlet" is the Ghost of the dead King. The stately specter appears, "in the dead vast and middle of the night," to the timorous soldiers who have already seen the vision, and to the doubting Horatio who comes to be convinced. Thenceforth the "crescendo" action of the tragedy moves around the spirit of the dead King. The tragic feature in the play is not the death of Hamlet, any more than is that of Macbeth in the drama of which he is the protagonist. No: the tragedy of Hamlet lies in his failure to carry out the work laid on him by his father's spirit. Despite his endeavors to shirk that duty, to persuade himself that it is but a devilish device to damn him, in his heart he knows the obligation lies on him, and in the conflict of the wills we find the tragic element of the play. Without the Ghost we would have no tragedy of Hamlet.

The Ghost, too, in "Julius Caesar" is not merely a dramatic device, but a symbol to represent the strength of Caesar's power and will in conflict with the republican dreams of Brutus. From the moment of Caesar's death, in the early part of the play, to the final triumph of his cause in the victory of Antony and Octavius, the battle of conflicting ideals is going on. The spirit of the mighty dead broods over the whole drama and envelops in its shadow the men who have taken his life,

forcing at last the bitter confession from the lips of Brutus:—

“O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet;  
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.”

In “Macbeth,” the plot of the play hangs mainly on those strange, unearthly visitants, the Weird Sisters, who, amid the wild commotion of the elements, are made to appear on the desolate moorland, ostensibly to determine a time and place and purpose for meeting again, but actually to impress upon the mind, by their evil sinister shapes, and their general shriek that “fair is foul and foul is fair,” vague feelings of gloom and terror that but too truly presage the dark and bloody tale of the Thane of Cawdor’s temptation, fall and ruin. It is the paltering in a double sense of these sexless creatures that leads on the tragic mischief of the play and finally determines Macbeth to regicide; and when the interest of the play requires a motive to hurry the unhappy man to commit those further crimes that at last excite the Scottish nobles to rebellion, it is the Witches once more who raise those “artificial sprites” that draw him on to his confusion, so that “he spurns fate, scorns death, and bears his hopes ’bove wisdom, grace and fear.” The development of the plot is further assisted by the vision of the Ghost of Banquo, since the terrified utterances of the conscience-stricken King, when he beholds the specter, afford strong confirmation to the minds of those whose suspicions were aroused by the strange death of Duncan and the sudden flight of his sons.

Another point also deserves a few words, namely, whether the great dramatist meant his preternatural creatures to be “real” or whether he wished them merely to signify the expression of the percipient’s own imagination in quasi-material forms. It is here suggested that no matter what Shakespeare himself believed concerning spectral apparitions, a distinct existence for them outside the sphere of hallucination seems generally to be evident in his plays. Generally speaking, he goes out of his way to mark strongly and clearly the objectivity of the phantasmal phenomena. The ghost of Hamlet is seen twice by two common, unimaginative Danish soldiers. They tell

Horatio of the sight and hear his skeptical laugh. Marcellus cries:—

“Horatio says ’tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.”

So when the Ghost appears to Horatio, Bernardo exclaims:—

“How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:  
Is not this something more than fantasy?”

To which the convert, Horatio, replies that the avouchment of his own eyes compels belief in the actuality of the specter. Again, in “Julius Caesar” the Ghost does not merely appear to Brutus, but holds brief converse with him as follows:—

“Brutus—‘Speak to me what thou art.’  
Ghost—‘Thy evil spirit, Brutus,’ etc., etc.”

While illusion may be admitted in the incident in which the Ghost does not appear to the cool Gertrude when it is seen by Hamlet, as well as in that in which Banquo’s post-mortem apparition is not evident to Lady Macbeth, only real existence is signified in those equally unworldly beings, the Witches, who look not like the inhabitants of the earth and yet are on it, and who appear not only to Macbeth, but to Banquo also, and not merely are seen, but carry on a long conversation with the two thanes. To dispel all doubt of reality they are shown alone with their malevolent directress, Hecate, the high priestess of witchcraft.

Not only then are these ultra-human creations of Shakespeare not perfunctory, but, examined under the literary microscope, their character becomes indubitably evident, thus helping our apprehension of the plays embodying them and deepening our appreciation of the sure and splendid artistry of the worthy author.

M. J. HEGERICH, ’14.



## The Parcels Post Here and Abroad.

THE average American who has been adjusting himself to the machinery of the parcels post during the past months may not have stopped to realize the immense and far-reaching significance which attaches to this beneficent innovation. The new year brought him, as citizen, no gift with greater possibilities of public service.

The parcels post is not only a blow at the old express monopoly, which has fattened for many years on excessive rates, but it opens up at least a possibility of reducing the high cost of living—that nightmare of the wage-earner and that bane of man generally.

Take, for example, the Pittsburgh house-keeper. For years she has been practically compelled to buy her fruit, vegetables, etc., at the corner grocer's store. She has not only paid a fair price for the actual product—sometimes more than a fair price—but to it has been added the profit of two or three sets of middlemen. To-day, however, thanks to the parcels post, she can arrange to eliminate the middleman. Something of the same sort can be made to happen with many of the other necessities of life which we have hitherto purchased through the expensive agency of the jobber and the retailer. When you wipe out the middleman, you wipe out an important part of the cost of whatever you buy. Thus the parcels post is not only a medium for the cheap transportation of articles, but, when its full possibilities are realized, it may prove to be a tremendous economic force.

The great success of the parcels post in all its ramified benefits can only be achieved, however, when all the people take advantage of its operation. The parcels post is accessible to all citizens. It comes direct to the doors of those who live within the limits of city delivery or upon the rural postal routes.

When the parcels post bill was up for discussion in Congress, some interesting comparisons were made in the cost of transporting commodities. It was stated that express charges amount to \$31.20 for the average ton of parcels. The railroads charge only \$1.90 for the average ton of freight. The express charge, therefore, in the United States, is more than sixteen times the

freight charge. In other countries it is only five times the freight charge. While our long hauls must be considered when comparison is made with Europe, the fact remains—and on this was reared our whole parcels post structure—that the charges of our express companies have been excessive. To-day, the companies face the result of their own greed.

Since the parcels post had its introduction in Europe, it may be well to make some brief comparison between our new system and the foreign ones which have been operative for some time. In England, where the parcels post is about 30 years old, it owed its establishment mainly to the agriculturist. The owners of small farms in remote localities wanted it. They said that it would enable them to compete with the growers of the south of France. And it did. Wherever you turn, in England, you find evidence of the amazing swiftness and efficiency of the parcels post.

The rates for the British parcels post are uniform and very low, which, of course, is partly explained by the short distances of Great Britain, as compared with those of the United States.

The Swiss parcels post is one of the most efficient in the world. It performs a very large and important national service. To show to what lengths the parcels post may go, you find that in Belgium the maximum weight of a package is no less than 132 lbs., which is carried within the kingdom for 68c. first-class and for 21c. second-class. Manifestly there is no room in Belgium for an express monopoly.

Thus you get some idea of the work that may be done by a service which, in a somewhat restricted form, has just been put within the reach of the American people. It is safe to say that, since the introduction of steam transportation, no public utility has had such tremendous possibilities of definite, constructive, and far-reaching benefit to the people.

LEO J. ZITZMAN, '16.



## THE BLACK GHOSTS.

**S**YDNEYVILLE boasted of a haunted cemetery. It lay on the outskirts of the town, surrounded on all sides by dense woods. Of a windy night, the white head-stones, disappearing and reappearing as the moon's silvery rays or the trees' dark shadows played upon them, might well deceive a timorous wayfarer. So it was not an uncommon occurrence to see a pale and frightened figure rush into town, claiming to have been pursued by a horrible phantom which rose from a new-made grave.

The two brave policemen in whose hands rested the security of Sydneyville opposed these superstitions, though on different grounds. Mike Brady, a brawny Celt, declared that "banshees exist only in holy Ireland." The other, a sturdy German (whose baptismal name matters not, as he was forced to submit to the undignified qualification of "Dutch") maintained stolidly that "no lifing person efer saw a ghost."

This difference of opinion brought matters to a climax one summer evening. A crowd was gathered on the square, and the conversation had drifted to ghosts. Mike, for want of a more strenuous occupation, was describing in brilliant language a fairy which he had seen on the "ould sod" in his younger days. Every one was listening in open-mouthed admiration, when the hard-headed brother-officer interrupted Mike to ask,

"How long before dot vision hat you quenched your dirst?"

At this insinuation Mr. Brady's blood fairly boiled, and he felt like wiping out the insult with his fists. But, remembering his position as guardian of the peace, he restrained himself, and merely gave a public airing to his opinion of "Dutch".

Then others present swore that they had seen *and heard* a spirit in the graveyard; and so strongly did they insist, that

Mike Brady reluctantly agreed that "perhaps some of the banshees had followed Erin's sons to America." "Dutch" refused to believe a word of it, and offered to bet five dollars that there were no ghosts in the cemetery. The indignant Irishman snapped up the wager, and it was decided that the two should explore the haunted premises at midnight, the hour when ghosts come forth to stretch their weary bones.

Accordingly, at the appointed hour, these valiant minions of the law arrived at the gate of the cemetery. They had scarcely set foot inside when the wind brought to their alert ears the sound of voices conversing.

"Dis one fo' me, dat one fo' you," a voice seemed to chant at regular intervals.

"What's dot?" asked "Dutch".

"Must be the devil distributing his dead," was the awed Celt's whispered reply.

The stout Teuton turned pale.

"Let's beat it," suggested Mike.

"No!" was the firm reply of "Dutch", as he thought of the good fiver he had so rashly wagered. So the two, almost afraid to breathe, listened.

The voice was now heard to say, "*Dere's one fo' me at de gate, an' one fo' you.*"

That was enough. Neither policeman was quite ready to cross the river Styx, so, turning, they fled toward the dimly lighted streets of the sleeping town.

Arriving at the lock-up, they rushed in, closing and barring the door behind them. Then, falling on the floor from sheer exhaustion, they lay panting and puffing. Their faces were white as a corpse's; they shook with terror to think how near they had been to utter destruction. Fortunately for them, no one was there to view their sad distress.

By and by they grew sufficiently calm to talk in whispers, but they dared not venture into the open till the grey streaks of the dawn announced the approach of day.

\* \* \*

In the course of the day following their adventure, Sydney-



ville's police force received complaints from no fewer than ten owners of chickens, about the disappearance of their feathered pets.

The officers' clever investigations developed the fact that, between the hours of nine and twelve P. M., two citizens of Rumly, a black settlement not far from Sydneyville, following their ancient custom, had visited various chicken-coops in the last-named borough. Feather-trails pointed quite plainly to the fact that they had selected the graveyard as the safest place to divide their spoils. One of them, in his ecstasy over the thought of the delicious feed he would enjoy on the morrow, had dropped two of the birds near the gate; and, as his companion objected to his going after them at once, he had first divided the remainder before seeking the two he had lost in the vicinity of the gate.

The names of the culprits were never known, nor was either of the officers ever persuaded to disclose who was the winner of the bet.

DENNIS MULVIHILL,  
Third High.



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## EDITORIAL.

### *Amenities of Conversation.*

We often grow censorious over the person whose colloquial discourse levies a general tax upon all of his auditors, over him who constitutes himself the center around which others must revolve, who gives his little senate laws and forgets that the fine art of conversation consists of silence as well as speech; and we point, in commendatory contrast, not to Dr. Johnson, who in conversation pounded the hours away, nor to Macauley, whose conversational immoderation is known to all men, but to Lamb, who passed life away in sweet, serene, considerate speech. We

criticize, too, the leaden tongue of the bore and the quicksilver tongue of instability, the electro-plated tongue of deceit and the German-silver tongue of brag and boast; and we hold up as models the india-rubber tongue of tact, the sterling-silver tongue of refined speech, and the golden tongue of timely silence.

Conversely, however, there is the graceless individual who appreciates these last-named proprieties and would not violate them; who sins rather by omission than by commission; who never perhaps berates his peccant fellow-beings; but who, fearful of being termed a satin-tongued flatterer and priding himself on being conservative, ungenerously neglects at the same time to speak to them or about them in terms of high esteem. Many of us are typical, and need to learn that conversation is replete with opportunities to say the encouraging, idealizing word. It is good and licit to allude in conversation to one's companions as being the very embodiment of ideal excellence and lofty principle, no matter how high or low their actual virtue may be, so that those below the moral value attributed to them will strive to attain to it, while those who have already reached it will endeavor to maintain it. If much is required of people the chances are that they will make efforts to be equal to that requirement. The idealizing person may, indeed, be said to be guilty of flattery; but it is flattery in the right direction, since it tends to aid the flattered and not the flatterer.

M. J. H.



### ***Amenities of Correspondence.***

Vacation is a period of much epistolary correspondence. The quantity is significant, but not more so than is the quality. There is indeed a marked contrast between our modern correspondence and those representative letters, old and yellow and worn and parted at the seam, which form part of our heritage from the past, and which, from the warm, fervent greeting to the last letter of love pressed into the border, are as a rule most charming pen-chats.

In view of this fact, it should be remembered that the postal card is responsible for the undesirable nature of much of our correspondence. The postal card, primarily intended as a medium of hasty communication, is rapidly usurping the place of the private letter. It is true, the postal card, with its interesting scenes and subjects, is novel and beneficial, but the limits of its purpose should be recognized and respected. The postal may very properly be used for hasty and informal correspondence and for its peculiar pictorial information, but the growing tendency to be content with discharging our obligations by means of it should be repressed; otherwise letter writing, which means so much to men, must meet with a repudiation as thorough as that of the quill-pen.

M. J. H





## CHRONICLE.

The annual Elocutionary and Oratorical Contests were held in the University Auditorium on the evening of May 2. A large and appreciative audience was there to encourage the contestants. The judges were Rev. Charles J. Coyne, LL. D., rector of St. Mary's Church, Bloomfield; J. Frank McKenna, Esq., and Robert J. Peters, A. M., Professor of English in the School of Applied Industries at Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The silver medal for elocution in the first division was awarded to Richard J. Bowen. "Michael Strogoff, Courier to the Czar," is an extremely strong piece, and, in conception, in voice and in action, the medalist measured up to its strength to a degree that was astonishing. His rivals were none of them very far behind him, and all are to be congratulated on their performance.

Those in the second division seemed somewhat less experienced than their predecessors, but acquitted themselves creditably. The honors went to Michael J. Bopp, who rendered "The Drum." His voice and enunciation were particularly pleasing.

Opinions were very much divided as to the winner in the third division, but William F. Galvin, in the opinion of the judges, had some advantage over the other competitors; he was, for one thing, more fortunate in his choice of a piece. The sweet pathos and strong dramatic feeling of Nathaniel Parker Willis's poems are well known to public readers; and in none are they more evident than in "The Dying Alchemist", Master Galvin's selection. "Theophilus and Dorothea," the young pagan and the Christian martyr, were extremely well impersonated and contrasted by David J. Gorman. Aloysius Muehlbauer's powerful voice was used to good advantage in the praise of the great Haytian patriot, Toussaint L'Ouverture. James P. Kerr told the pathetic story of "How Tim's Prayer Was Answered" with much feeling. In fact, every one hopes to hear these three young men in a future contest.

As a grand finale to the evening came the oratorical contest.

As in former years, the judges had to be very close in giving notes under the various heads of composition, thought, delivery, since on all these points the contestants had bestowed the greatest care. After due deliberation, however, they awarded the gold medal to Harry A. Carlin, who spoke on "War and its Consequences," and this verdict, to judge from the applause, was a very popular one.

We subjoin the programme:

Overture	.	Silver Wedding	.	<i>Isenman</i>
		Students' Orchestra		

#### ELOCUTIONARY CONTESTS

##### DIVISION I.

Richard J. Bowen	.	"Michael Strogoff, Courier to the Czar"
Herbert J. Terheyden	.	"Cherokee Roses"
Michael F. Obruba	.	"Coeur de Lion at the Bier of His Father"
Aloysius G. Gloekler	.	"The Gift of Tritemius"
Vocal Solo	Angels Ever Bright and Fair	<i>Haendel</i>
	Joseph Kuczynski	
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe	

##### DIVISION II.

William J. Wallace	.	"Inmate of the Dungeon"
Louis D. Wetzel	.	"Skimpsey"
Michael J. Bopp	.	"The Drum"
John A. Brinker	.	"Keeping His Word"
Instrumental Quintet	Love's Greeting	<i>Elgar</i>
	Students' Orchestra	

##### DIVISION III.

William F. Galvin	.	"The Dying Alchemist"
David J. Gorman	.	"Theophilus and Dorothea"
Aloysius H. Muehlbauer	.	"Toussaint L' Ouverture"
James P. Kerr	.	"How Tim's Prayer Was Answered"
Chorus	Soldiers' Chorus	<i>Gounod</i> . Seniors

#### ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Henry A. Carlin	.	"War and Its Consequences"
John R. McKavney	.	"Home Rule, the Culmination of a Nation's Struggles"
Edward J. Nemmer	.	"National Evils, and Their Remedies"
Leo P. Gallagher	.	"The Nobility of Work"
Waltz	Foam Fountains	<i>Boehnlein</i>
	Students' Orchestra	

Decisions of the Judges.

Two-Step .      My Little Persian Rose .      *Gumble* .  
    Students' Orchestra.

The month of Mary was ushered in with great solemnity by her clients in the University. Throughout the month her altar was decked with fragrant blossoms, **May Devotions** furnished, with some sacrifice, by a number of the younger students. Every evening the boarders gathered in the chapel for benediction or pious reading. The clear voices of the Juniors in the choir loft added to the beauty and impressiveness of the services.

Pentecost Sunday, being the chief feast of the institution, was fittingly solemnized. A novena of benedictions preceded it, during which the Boarders' choir rendered the fine old Gregorian chants in honor of the Holy Ghost with appropriate unction.

On the feast of Corpus Christi all the students approached the Holy Table. In the afternoon a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament was held.

The ordeal of the final exams of the graduating classes began on May 8. In the classical department all but two were fortunate enough to obtain degrees. In the **Seniors' Exams** commercial department fifteen are to receive diplomas in bookkeeping and twelve in shorthand. At the Commencement, to be held in Memorial Hall on June 17, there will be conferred, besides the above diplomas, three post-graduate degrees and six honorary degrees.

The University's Memorial Day Exercises, held on May 29, assumed this year an unwonted splendor. Returning the courtesies extended to them last year, the members of Gen. Hays Post of the G. A. R. invited **Memorial Day Exercises** the Faculty and students to celebrate Memorial Day at the Soldiers' Memorial Hall. Over a thousand people attended. On the platform, beautifully decorated, sat more than a score of veterans, with the Faculty, the orchestra, the chorus, and the Cathedral Guard. The programme:

Overture	Recollections	<i>Foster</i>	Duquesne University Orchestra
Introductory Remarks	.	.	Comrade Joseph P. McKee
Chorus, with Orchestral Accompaniment	The Rally	<i>S. T. Paul</i>	.
Duquesne University Seniors.			

Recitation and Song	{ Our Veterans		
	{ The Patriot's Sword		<i>Elliott</i> . . .
	Richard J. Bowen		
Recitation	The Soldier Boy	.	David J. Gorman
Medley	Standard American Airs	.	<i>Rosey</i> . . .
Duquesne University Orchestra			
Address—Patriotism	.	.	Comrade Porter Phipps
Vocal Solo	The Star-Spangled Banner	<i>Key</i>	James J. Traynor
Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg	.	.	Francis A. Coristin
Exhibition Drill	.	.	Cathedral Guards
Under the Direction of Lieutenant Herbert Sullivan, of the 18th Regiment, N. G. P.			
Address—Reminiscences	.	.	Comrade S. W. Hill
Chorus, with Orchestral Accompaniment	Soldiers' Chorus	<i>Gounod</i>	.
Duquesne University Seniors.			
Address—Reminiscences	.	.	Comrade C. H. William Ruhe
Exit March	Under the American Eagle	<i>Ellis</i>	.
Duquesne University Orchestra.			
Director of Orchestra, Professor C. B. Weis			
Conductor, Professor C. P. Koch			
Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe.			

Hon. A. B. Reid, of the Law Faculty, was Chairman, and prefaced his words of introduction with a speech ringing with patriotism and sparkling with wit. No evidences of age or declining forces were shown by Major McKee in the stirring speech he gave; and Comrades Phipps, Hill, and Ruhe, were almost equally vigorous and certainly just as inspiring. Every number given by the students was a gem of its kind; the orchestra, in particular, was never heard to better advantage.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '14.







## The 'Varsity.

Last month the Athletic editor was given scant consideration by his brethren of the staff. That future generations may not be left without a record of the season's work, we give this month a summary of all the games not yet recorded.

Kiski, 7 Duquesne, 8

On Wednesday, April 16, the 'Varsity celebrated their first appearance at home by vanquishing Kiski in a loose, but exciting contest. Duquesne took the lead early in the game and were never headed, although forced to the utmost by the visitors.

Both Meehan and Sharp performed well on the mound; but their support was very wobbly at times. Bill again forced 14 men to fan the "ozone." Glitsch's homer over left-field fence featured the contest. Gallagher's two timely doubles also helped to swell the score.

	R. H. E.											
DUQUESNE.....	2	0	3	0	0	1	1	0	1	-8	9	2
KISKI.....	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	3	0	-7	11	4

Two-base hits—Gallagher 2, Glitsch, Buddinger 2, Fulton. Three-base hits—Fulton, McCreight. Home run—Glitsch. Struck out—By Sharp 5, by Meehan 14. Bases on balls—Off Sharp 2, off Meehan 3. Umpire—Delaney.

Carrick, 7 Duquesne, 22

The next victims to fall before the prowess of the 'Varsity were the Carrick Scholastics, April 19. On account of very unfavorable weather conditions, the game was poorly played, the final count being 22-7.

Bratchie, the big south-paw, did "slab" duty for the locals, and performed in a very creditable manner. Most of the runs scored against him were due to costly errors. The batting of Duquesne was much in evidence, as they hit and ran bases almost at will. Smith and McDonnell were the sluggers of the day.

	R. H. E.										
DUQUESNE.....	5	0	5	2	1	9	*	—22	16	3	
CARRICK .....	1	1	1	0	4	0	0	—	7	6	3

Two-base hits—McDonnell, Obringer 2. Three-base hits—McDonnell, Smith, Morrow, Bratchie and Leshey. Home run—Heinrich. Sacrifice hit—Cartwright. Hit by pitched ball—Tracy and Smith. Bases on balls—Off Mayer 4, off Eicher 2, off Bratchie 6. Struck out—By Mayer 5, by Eicker 3, by Bratchie 8.

#### Carnegie Tech, 0      Duquesne, 1

For the second time in less than two weeks, the 'Varsity administered a kalsomining to Carnegie Tech, Tuesday, April 22. The game was without a doubt the fastest seen on the campus this year and resulted in a pitcher's battle between Meehan and Hoerr. The former proved to have the better of the argument by striking out 12, and allowing only 3 hits, while the latter fanned 9, and was touched up for 7 safeties. Lobert and Morrow shared the batting honors, each having 2 doubles.

	R. H. E.											
DUQUESNE.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	*	—1	7	0
TECH.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0	3	0

Two-base hits—Morrow 2, Lobert 2. Struck out—By Meehan 12, by Hoerr 9. Base on balls—By Meehan 2, by Hoerr 2. Hit by pitched ball—Glitsch and Gearhart. Out by batted ball—Glitsch. Umpire—Delaney.

#### W. and J., 4      Duquesne, 5

The following game with strong W. and J. aggregation proved another interesting struggle. The contest was closely fought throughout, and neither side could claim the advantage before the last man was out. After trailing behind for 7 innings the 'Varsity forged ahead in the eighth and retained the lead until the end.

The game, however, proved very costly to the locals on account of the unfortunate accident to Glitsch, who sustained a broken ankle in the sixth. "Bill" was again in superb form, retiring 12 wearers of the Red and Black, via the strike out route. McDonnell wielded the stick effectively.

	R. H. E.											
D <small>U</small> Q <small>U</small> E <small>S</small> N <small>E</small> .....	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	2	*	—5	7	2
W. and J.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	2	0	—4	8	2

Two-base hit—Eaton. Three-base hits—McDonnell, Haymaker. Sacrifice hit—Pierce. Bases on balls—Off Greenway 1. Struck out—By Meehan 12, by Greenway 7. Umpire—Delaney.

**Bethany, 9      Duquesne, 6**

On May 5, the 'Varsity suffered their first defeat of the season, being overcome by Bethany in a slow game, 9-6. The home team seemed to be off form, and lacked the "pep" displayed in previous contests. Although their batting was consistent, yet the advantage thus gained was lost through ragged fielding, which allowed the visitors to score on several occasions.

R. H. E.

DUQUESNE.....	0	0	4	1	0	1	0	0	0-6	9	4
BETHANY.....	0	1	2	0	3	3	0	0	0-9	9	1

Two-base hits—Doak, Shuttleworth, Harris. Three-base hits—Smith, Rodgers. Sacrifice hits—Meehan, Cartwright, Blanning. Hit by pitched balls—Doak, Rodgers. Struck out—By Meehan 13, by Harris 10. Bases on balls—Off Meehan 2, off Harris 1. Umpire—Delaney.

**Grove City College, 5      Duquesne, 4**

The team continued their losing streak by dropping the next struggle to the Grove City College contingent. The locals presented a very crippled line-up, and although they outbatted their opponents 9 to 6, yet they fell short of a victory by their inability to hit Patterson at opportune moments.

Fast fielding featured the work of both teams. Tracy and Meehan excelled at bat for Duquesne, while Veach starred in this respect for Grove City.

R. H. E.

DUQUESNE.....	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1-4	9	1
GROVE CITY.....	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	1-5	6	4

Two-base hits—Tracy, Conley, Veach (2). Three-base hit—Gallagher. Hit by pitched ball—Morrow. Bases on balls—Off Lannen 3, off Patterson 2. Struck out—By Lannen 3, by Patterson 11. Stolen bases—Tracy, Morrow, Heinrich. Sacrifice hit—Morrow, Allen, Glenn. Umpire—Delaney.

**Westminster, 2      Duquesne, 4**

The 'Varsity showed a great reversal of form in their next encounter, and downed Westminster 4-2 in an exciting eleven-inning affair at New Wilmington. Meehan was once more the bright luminary for Duquesne and pitched his best game of the season. The only thing that Westminster could coax from him was one lone single, while he forced 14 of them to fan the breeze. Jamison also pitched good ball, having 10 strike-outs.





Two-base hits—Gallagher, Smith, Braden. Three-base hits—Heinrich, Brenner. Home runs—Hastings, Fulton. Sacrifice hit—McCreight. Stolen bases—Morrow, McCreight. Hit by pitched balls—Braden, McDonnell. Bases on balls—Off McDonnell 2, off McCreight 1. Struck out—By McDonnell 7, by McCreight 1, Sharp 8. Umpire—St. Clair.

### Westminster, 4      Duquesne, 5

The campus was once again the scene of a bitter struggle when Westminster tasted defeat for the second time this season at the hands of Duquesne. As in the previous contest the twirling of Meehan proved an enigma to the boys from New Wilmington. Much of the credit for Duquesne's victory must be awarded to Smith, who banged out three singles and a triple out of four trips to the plate.

	R. H. E.												
DUQUESNE.....	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	1	*	5	7	4	
WESTMINSTER.....	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	4	5	1	

Three-base hit—Smith. Hit by pitched ball—Lynch, Fair, Jamison. Double plays—Morrow to Smith to Gallagher; Cummings to Igo to Parrish. Struck out—By Meehan 10, by Jamison 4, by Coulter 1. Bases on balls—Off Meehan 4, off Jamison 4, off Coulter 1. Passed ball—McQuiston. Umpire—Delaney.

### The Minims.

Playing with their old-time dash and vigor, the indomitable Minims have again succeeded in achieving a very fine record. Out of eight contests staged so far this season, they have been returned the victors in seven. The only defeat suffered by the Minims was the first game of the year with the Cathedral A. C., the latter nosing out a victory, 7-6. The Minims were not in their best form in this game since it was their first appearance of the year, but they doubtless would have conquered, had not the game been unfortunately abbreviated in the seventh inning. Aside from this encounter, the Minims have taken all others, having defeated most of the best amateur teams of their class in the county.

The great factor in the Minim successes to-date has been their consistent stick-work. A brief glance at their box scores will suffice to prove this, since in the majority of games they have overcome their opponents by overwhelming scores, and by out-hitting them by a safe margin. Their fielding, too, has been

of the highest order throughout the season. Much credit must also be awarded the Minims for their excellent team-work; the whole nine seemed to work as one unit. All striving for individual honors always gave way to the general good of the team.

It would be a difficult matter to single out any special player or players who would be worthy of special mention more than the rest. Each did his share, and to all belong the fruits of their victories. However, credit must in the first place be given to "Capt." Connelly, who as in former seasons is directing the playing in a very efficient manner. His work at short-stop is also up to his old standard, and his presence adds confidence to an already strong infield.

In regard to slugging, Weis has been the most consistent hitter on the team. Many games have already been won, due to his ability to hit opposing pitchers at the opportune moment. His playing at the initial sack has also been superb throughout the season.

Although Obruba and McGillick did not make their appearance in the line-up until after the season had begun, yet in this short time they have proved themselves very capable men both at bat and in the field. The former at second and the latter at third, round out one of the strongest infields of which the Minims have ever boasted.

The team possesses a fine coterie of out-fielders who have been nobly upholding their end of the work all season. It includes O'Connell, Crandall, Mosti, Kelly and L. Weldon. Mosti can also be used in the infield, as was shown by his fine work there at the beginning of the season.

Gurley and Gregory comprise the pitching staff. To these two is due most credit for the victories, for while the remainder of the team were piling up runs, they were in almost every instance holding the opposing batters to a small score. They were ably supported by Souper behind the bat, whose pegging has been the feature of almost every contest.

A survey of the Minims would not be complete if it did not include their celebrated mascot, Ray Weldon. He is responsible for the disappearance of the "jinx" after the first game.

MAY 1.																			R. H. E.
CATHEDRAL A. C.....	0	1	1	1	1	3	7	6	2										
MINIMS.....	0	0	1	2	3	0	6	7	1										
MAY 3.																			R. H. E.
NEWMANS.....	4	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	7	3	1							
MINIMS.....	0	5	0	0	0	1	7	0	0	13	6	2							
MAY 10.																			R. H. E.
AVOGAS.....	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	1						
MINIMS.....	0	0	0	2	2	4	1	0	0	9	9	1							
MAY 13.																			R. H. E.
McKEES ROCKS.....	2	2	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	6	6	4							
MINIMS.....	1	0	0	1	0	1	6	0	0	9	8	1							
MAY 17.																			R. H. E.
PRESCOTT A. C.....	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	4	3	1							
MINIMS.....	3	1	0	2	0	1	0	2	0	9	9	1							
MAY 19.																			R. H. E.
FIRST HIGH.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	3	1							
MINIMS.....	4	7	0	0	1	0	5	0	0	17	15	0							
MAY 23.																			R. H. E.
ALL STARS.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3							
MINIMS.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	8	1							
MAY 27.																			R. H. E.
AVOGAS.....	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	4	6	3							
MINIMS.....	0	6	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	10	4	4							

E. A. HEINRICH, '14.



## EXCHANGES.

THE affliction peculiar to this time of the year, commonly known as "Spring Fever," seems to have inoculated the editors and contributors of many magazines whose monthly visits to our Sanctum have been a source of great pleasure to us ever since we assumed the arduous duties and toils of this department. As a consequence of this "terrible disease" the quality of the articles appearing in the journals this month is rather below the usual standard. Not only that, but the number of papers and magazines received here during the past month is rather small; perhaps, the explanation presents itself, some of our erstwhile exchanges have already "suspended operations."

The *Viatorian* is a magazine which we could not, as a rule, call a well-balanced one, on account of the fact that it seems purposely to be composed of one good, long essay which always heads the list of titles in the Contents, plus one or two articles of lesser merit. The March Number is, however, an exception to this rule, as it consists of three essays of nearly equal excellence. The predominant one is entitled "The Religious Influence of the Irish People," and encloses within comparatively small compass an account of the Irish missionary achievements in Europe, England, the United States, Canada, Australia, and Africa. The essay in question is a scholarly article, an excellent treatment of an engaging subject. The second of the essays mentioned above is "The Relation between Science and Art." This is a philosophical essay and as such is to many persons uninteresting, but it contains some very fine sentences and passages and well repays a perusal. The quotation of a few sentences and principles laid down in the essay will convey more of its worth than we can in pages of endeavor. "Art may be defined as the expression of the beautiful through human genius." "Science is satisfied with the truth; Art goes farther to its depiction with all the splendors of order and clearness of expression that beauty implies." "Art is essentially personal and concrete, Science impersonal and abstract." "Science is essentially analytic and uncreative, Art is synthetic and creative."



Maxims and principles of this sort might be multiplied, but these are sufficient to show the deep, philosophical thinking employed in the composition of this article. The third of the three essays to which we had reference is "The Morning Star of Christian Philosophy," a short and comprehensive account of the life and work of the Christian Aristotle, St. Thomas of Aquinas. This, in our humble opinion, is the best of the three articles.

In the May *Fordham Monthly*, the best feature is the essay captioned "Medieval Religious Drama," though the "Edict of Constantine" is not far behind it in point of merit and literary worth. The opening paragraph of the former essay consists of one of the best-developed metaphors we have ever seen, comparing as it does, the human mind to the ocean with its "innumerable billows of thought," of which some are "huge, rolling mountains, the passions of a lifetime, giant habits of the intellect," while others are "whitecapped follies and foibles that come and go," and a third class consists of "mere rippling wavelets, the whims and fancies of a passing dream." If the remainder of the essay maintained the high standard proposed in the introduction, it would be a wonderful essay, but this is not accomplished, though perhaps this would be asking too much of the author.

And now we come to the consideration of a new member of our visiting list. The newcomer is the *Columbia*, which being published by the Columbia Reading Circle composed of English-speaking students of the University of Fribourg, journeys to our Sanctum all the way from Switzerland, and it is most certainly a very welcome addition to our mailing list. The character of the contributions is "far above our poor power to praise or censure," or at least to censure, as praise we safely may. There are two essays, and it is hard to tell which is the better. The first entitled "Monism," consists of 19 pages, the other, "The New Movement in French Literature," occupies 10 pages of the magazine. While both are best articles it has been our good fortune to see this year in our Exchanges, yet we prefer the former essay, for its superior language, style, and thought. It is an account of the system of philosophy known as Monism, with an explanation of its chief tenets and their refutation. The essay

dealing with modern French Literature shows how the influence of Christianity has been to refine, to beautify, and to improve the literary work done. On the whole, the *Columbia* is a most delightful and instructive periodical, reflecting as it does, the classical, philosophical atmosphere of the old University of Fribourg.

In conclusion, we must perform a somewhat painful duty. It is the task of taking leave, at least in a certain sense, of the friends we have gained during our incumbency in the office of Exchange Man. We have tried to treat all alike, to give all a fair deal, and to give honor where honor is due, and likewise with the censure, of which there was but little required. And now that the scholastic year is coming to a close, we cover up our typewriter, we lay aside our pen, and step from the editorial chair into the ranks of the Ex-men, the Exchange-men who have preceded us in the office, trusting that, with "charity to all, with malice toward none," we have not tarnished the splendid reputation which they as a body enjoyed.

F. J. M.



## ALUMNI.

REV. ROBERT A. ROSS, '98, recently wrote a long letter which testifies that his love for his *Alma Mater* is as warm as ever. He tells us he is an assiduous reader of the MONTHLY, and hopes this summer to come all the way from Yonkers, N. Y., to visit the old place and the old friends.

At Vineland, New Jersey, is located The Training School, an institution which is devoting its energies to the study, care and training of those whose minds have not developed normally. At the head of its Research Department is DR. WILLIAM J. HICKSON, '03. Dr. Hickson has recently returned from making some investigations abroad, and has made a special study of the methods used in Germany in treating the feeble minded. How well equipped he is, and with what enthusiasm he enters on the work before him, appears from an article from his pen in the bulletin of The Training School, as well as from an address he delivered some time ago before the City Club of Chicago, on "The Care of the Criminally Insane."

## DUQUESNICULA.

**T**HROUGHOUT the past month, during which time the editor-in-chief of this most excellent and well-conducted department of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY has been slightly indisposed, under the weather, on the hog, so to speak, there has been a most inexplicable dearth of humorous incidents and ludicrous outbursts. While this circumstance has crippled the humor-collecting staff of this department, the budding poets of the Third High have offered to supply the deficiency. Let no one dare to hint at incompetency ! Listen to this from the pen of Verner J. Lawler :

## Astronomical

There was a young *star* named McGr\*\*  
 Who *star*-ted to fool with a straw;  
 The professor came down  
 With a book on his crown:  
 And oh ! all the *stars* that he saw !

A youth who was baptized Paul will vouch for the fact that this is not Ancient History.

HERE is a pair which Cornelius Beggy has entitled:

## Sportical

An ambitious young fan they call Ray  
 Once threw a good ball-game away:  
 At the bat he fanned thrice,  
 Though he swung very nice,  
 And he hears of it still to this day.

There once was a pitcher named Paul,  
 Who thought he could throw a spit-baul;  
 But he met the Tech Scrubs,  
 Who were nothing but subs:  
 Waul, they waulopped the baul, that is aul !

DUDLEY NEE perpetrated this :

## Quackical

A "batch" whose cognomen was Rigger  
 And a friend whom he called "dear McSwigger"  
 Paid their gold to a quack  
 For their hair to come back  
 But the bald on their heads just grew bigger.

EVEN Joe McDONNELL can write verse. This is his:

**Pathetical**

There was a small fellow named Jim  
Who was plumb full of base-ballic vim :  
In the field he was grand,  
But at bat he just fanned,  
So a pink check was given to him.

THE subjoined skit, by Albert Gregory, is entitled:

**Physiognomical**

There was a young man in Topekah  
Whose nose was a classic Grek, ah !  
But he grew very smart  
And on it grew a wart  
Now his face is a perfect frek, ah !

TALK about having an easy time collecting "copy"! Of course it is not our own, so you must not blame us for the charming wit displayed.

We are through for the year.  
At least, we think so.  
Bouquets? Thanks !  
No brick-bats, please.  
*Au revoir !*

H. A. CARLIN, '14.



## The Summer Session.

THE Faculty of the University have decided to open a Summer School from June 30 to August 1. The chief object of this Summer Session is to satisfy the demand of teachers and students in and near Pittsburgh. It is intended principally to meet the needs of teachers of the parochial and public schools who wish to prepare themselves for higher work. It is also intended for students who wish to take up studies preparatory to college and university courses.

Intending students are requested to notify the President of the University at their earliest convenience, of the special courses they wish to pursue. Registration may be made any day after June 17th, and should be made on or before June 30th.



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## The Supreme Court of the United States.

IN seeking to place a standard upon the meritorious achievements of a great man of to-day in order that we may assign to him his deserved place in the Hall of Fame, it is incumbent upon us, if we desire to be consistent with the criterions set by civilized nations, to go back to the annals of history, and, with her pages open before us, attempt to reconcile and compare his works and accomplishments with those of the Masters. Our modern genius must rank with those who have won their enviable positions as the great men of the world, by placing their deeds upon a foundation so secure as to withstand the painstaking scrutiny and adverse criticism of centuries.

The same situation confronts us upon an inspection of our corporate systems or upon an examination of any of our bodies of government. We must go back into the voluminous recitals of the lives of England or France, or even back to the ancient days of imperial Rome when she stretched her governing hand and enlightening influence over the civilized world; and if our search be a diligent one we shall be able to trace the growth of our institution from its birthplace across the seas. But there is one organization of ours that did not see the dawn of its creation from the bosom of a foreign nation, but stands out pre-eminently an original, representative, American institution, the greatest body of justice in the world, placed by the framers of the Constitution at the head of our judicial—The Supreme Court of the United States.

By the Constitution, Congress is given the power to establish

and organize such inferior courts as may be deemed necessary to further the dispensation of justice and the protection of rights; but the Supreme Court is entirely independent of changing public opinion or of the form of new legislation, and stands as the permanent offspring of the Constitution itself, brought into existence by those men, who, taught by the bitter examples of other nations, and endowed with a prophetic vision, foresaw the necessity of placing a restraining influence upon the powers of legislation.

The Supreme Court convenes every day at twelve o'clock, except Saturdays and Sundays, in the Capitol at Washington, from October till June, for the purpose of rendering a final decision to those who are not satisfied with the judgment of the lower courts. But when this august tribunal has handed down a decision, no further appeal can be taken, or other remedy obtained, for in the United States that court is supreme, and neither the States, nor the President, nor the Congress can, in any manner or in any circumstance, set aside or alter the least of its decisions.

It is composed of nine Justices—a Chief Justice and eight associates who receive their appointments from the President which must be confirmed by the Senate. Following this confirmation, however, the Justice assumes a position unequaled for its unique character, and unknown to the histories of other nations, for although he has been delegated to that position by the chief executive of our nation, yet he has now passed beyond the control or recall of any power in the land, and unless he voluntarily resigns, his place cannot be filled till he has been called to plead his own cause before the Great Judge of the Universe. Congress, indeed, has the authority, in case of gross misbehavior, to remove a Justice through impeachment proceedings; but this power to try a Justice has been exercised in only one instance, in 1804, when Justice Samuel Chase was impeached, principally because of his violent political opinions; but subsequently he was acquitted by the Senate.

It would be ill-fitting on an occasion like this to speak of the Supreme Court without mentioning the great Chief Justice, John Marshall, who assumed the highest responsibility ever

undertaken by an American statesman, on being placed at the head of our judiciary in 1801, at a time when it had no precedents to follow, but was left to its own resources to build up a system of American jurisprudence, from its original and constructive interpretation of the Constitution. For thirty-four years, till the time of his death at the age of 80, he exercised the most wonderful judgment united with the clearest understanding of right and wrong in blazing a way through the then pathless forests of legal jurisdiction, and departed from this life with a public popularity second only to that of Washington; for an eminent writer has said, "His long career of public service, his clear and massive intellect, his incorruptible integrity, united to the simplicity of his character and the general kindness of his disposition and manners, had made his name a synonym of true greatness, and himself a favorite with all classes of men."

Marshall exercised the powers of Chief Justice at the most critical period in the history of our Republic. Many of the States, jealous of their recently acquired rights, maintained that the new government was merely a Confederation of States, in which the individual States themselves were supreme. But Marshall, in his early decisions, emphatically declared that the Constitution had created a new nation, supreme in control, the States being component parts of that nation. From that period the Supreme Court, without detracting from the powers of the individual states, has always stood for the nationality of the United States; protecting the powers given to the States by the Constitution, but upholding with a firm hand the rights and powers of the nation.

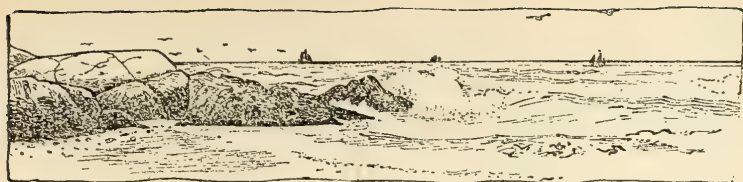
The legislative powers exercised by Congress were given to that body by the Constitution, but the question arose—should Congress be allowed to act as the judges of their own powers when interpreting this sacred instrument of the rights and privileges of the people? Should the dangers of a political majority threaten the priceless liberty born of the Revolution, or should there be another body interposed between the people and the Legislature to keep the latter within the limits of the authority assigned by that document? Even before the birth of a political party, Alexander Hamilton foresaw the outcome of such

an unrestrained right, when he said, that the complete independence of the courts of justice is peculiarly essential to the permanency of our nation; that they must have the authority to declare void all acts contrary to the intention of the Constitution; for without this, all the reservations of political rights or privileges would amount to nothing: but to give this authority, to declare void the acts of another, must necessarily make that body superior to the one whose acts are to be declared void. Nevertheless, this authority was placed within the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court; and it is this power, to pass upon the constitutionality of the Acts of Congress, that gives the court its unique character, for in no other country of the world have the courts the liberty, not to apply such laws as may appear to them to be unconstitutional.

England, with her almost perfect government in the form of a limited monarchy, depends upon Parliament for her laws, but when Parliament has once passed a law no power in England can remove that restraint except the body that put it into effect. But when the assembled Houses of our legislative department enact a new law, there stand between that law and obedience to its decree, those nine men gathered together from the different political parties and from the four corners of this indestructible Union—men chosen for their intelligence and knowledge of the law—for their ability to draw the finest distinction between the provinces of right and wrong—for their integrity and righteousness—for their love of truth and justice—men who stand as the guardians of the civil liberty of the people of these United States, to protect the sacred birthright preserved by the blood-stained heroes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown: and when Congress passes a new law and the Supreme Court says, “This is a derogation from the rights of the people and is not constitutional”, then our Chief Executive and our powerful bodies of legislators must bow their heads in acquiescence,—because we have what neither France, nor Germany, nor England has—the Supreme Court.

JOHN P. EGAN, B. A., '11, M. A., '13.





## The Edict of Milan.

**N**O events interest more deeply the student of history, none appeal more powerfully to the true instincts of every genuine patriot, than the struggles of a people for liberty. But, when these struggles have embraced a vast multitude of people, all aiming at the one single purpose; when they have persisted during successive generations, without yielding one hair's breadth in the weary fight; and when they have culminated in the achievement of their purpose, and in the attainment of perfect liberty, then the student, the citizen, the patriot, may well be inclined to look upon that story of human effort as one of surpassing and lasting interest.

These great and sublime crises have been very rare in the history of the world, and seldom have we witnessed, or found recorded, any of the kind, that have affected more than one people or more than one country; but the one to which we now allude, namely, the struggle of the persecuted Christians of the first three centuries, throughout the Roman Empire, was not only the broadest in its scope, the most desperate in its issues, the most sanguine in its effects, but was the most far-reaching in its victory; it struck the greatest blow that history marks, against the despotism of the ancient world, against the reign of blood, against the absolutism of tyranny over personal liberty and life. It was not merely a victory for Christianity, it was a victory for civilization, and a triumph for humanity.

The brotherhood of man had been ordained by Christ, and preached by Paul; it had been exercised by Saints, and illustrated by Martyrs, but it was only now that on a broad and universal scale it was acknowledged by the State and writ into the Roman Law. Up to this, Romans could be citizens in word and dress and action, but they were not free in the expression of their thoughts, their conscience, and their worship; henceforth they

could be Roman citizens, and Christian Romans, in the enjoyment of every freedom to think and to act, to speak and to worship, as they pleased.

No more blood! no more devouring of men by wild beasts in the amphitheatre! no more torture on the rack as a forfeit, or as an alternative, to that perfect liberty! What greater or more striking change had the ancient world witnessed than this mighty upheaval of the monstrous tyranny of the armed Caesars?

Now, all this was done by what we call the Edict of Milan. When this famous Edict was issued by Constantine the Great, pagan Rome, the mistress of the world, was falling to pieces, disintegrated by internal causes, and weakened by external enemies. On the one hand, the shameless slaughters of the arena; the debasing scenes of the theatre, with its army of Oriental dancers; the inhuman cruelties of the gladiatorial combats—all these things had seared the consciences and obliterated the instincts of men. No excesses that imagination could create, or that human ingenuity could devise, were omitted; and every possible instrument of wealth, even of refinement, was invoked, to crush the steadily increasing and persistent body of men of every race and language beneath the Roman standard, that stood up for brotherhood and liberty of conscience.

On the other hand, the barbarians were on the threshold of the Empire, threatening her vast dominions, and eager to enrich themselves with her tempting spoils; on every side her soldiers were busy; through every province, her armies were scattered. And thus she lay, like a helpless victim, mangled and palpitating, yet monstrous and dangerous—a natural and an easy prey to the vandalism of the barbarians.

But in this hour, when civilization was at stake, and when internal peace, with its consequent unity and strength, was needed to avert external war, Providence at length intervened and cast over the rulers and the ruled, over the oppressors and their wearied victims, the shadow of a mighty Cross, that spoke at once of victory, for peace—for brotherhood—for civilization.

*"In hoc signo vinces,"* "In this sign shalt thou conquer," was the message heralded from the skies to Constantine. In this sign he recognized the assurance of heavenly protection; and no

sooner did the event justify the prediction than he issued the new and universal Edict, that prescribed respect for the Deity, recommended toleration, and granted to all men liberty of conscience and worship.

What wonder then that we, to-day, citizens of this great Commonwealth, should review with lively interest that striking scene of sixteen centuries ago, when we remember the incidents, and appreciate the sentiments, that inspired the noble-hearted and broad-minded Penn to establish within this sovereign, Christian state, the capital "City of Brotherly Love" on the principles of religious freedom and toleration! And so, to the present day, in spite of many discrepancies as to religious profession Pennsylvania stands forth, even in her Constitution, among the States of the American Union, as not only a God-fearing, but a Christian Commonwealth.

Anything, therefore, that tends to show forth the struggles and the glories, accompanying the origin and spread of Christianity, must of necessity be fraught with vital interest to all the citizens and lovers of this Commonwealth, irrespective of dogmatic affiliation. And here, as I have said, we have not only a great event to commemorate, a great epoch to recall, as of vast importance to the permanent establishment of Christianity; but we have a victory in which to rejoice, because it was the turning point of civilization; it was the first great triumph of the spirit of peace and universal brotherhood, over the spirit of warfare and persecution that had till then prevailed! To this glorious instrument of antiquity, and to its distinguished authors, as well as to the heroic men that for three hundred years had shed their blood to make it possible, we must look back with pride and gratitude—regarding it as a most sacred tradition, and a most precious heritage, to be scrupulously preserved, and faithfully remembered, if we wish to measure the heights, and appreciate the blessings, of liberty.

LEO P. GALLAGHER, '13.



## Municipal Problems and their Solution.

**W**HEN we read in history of statesmen and their achievements, our minds are wont to conjure up before them the portrait of some distinguished man, who by his talents, by his administrative skill, by his subtle diplomacy, moulded the destinies of an entire nation. Seldom do we restrict the term so as to characterize the man whose energies, whose abilities and whose diplomacy, have not extended beyond the bounds or the walls of his own city. And yet there are cities to-day which in themselves are, in every material way, the equal of olden or recent nations; there are cities which have a greater population than many a sovereignty. In point of fact, the cities are supposed to be the more important portions or factors of a moderate state. And in the days when Athens and Rome ruled supreme, the record of the two cities constituted the story of the world.

But the city has another destiny, another character, and another aim, than to be merely the hub of the national government, or the radiating center of the state's activities. It has its own intrinsic character and aims, distinct from those of the state, of which it is far more than the political agency. It has its own problems, social and industrial. It has its own individual life, with all the ramifications which that life suggests. The way the city is planned, the services it renders, the protection it offers, the happiness it gives,—these are the aims of the ideal city.

Have we, in our midst, such cities? Have we cities that strive to realize, above all else, these important and vital aims?

We have, in this great country, even from its very birth, as one of the great acknowledged assets of our people, a legitimate claim to the most astonishing wisdom in the science of statescraft, among our early statesmen and legislators. The American Constitution itself, as a specific framework of government—the dual



system of state and federal administration—the supreme and final control of all branches of government, by the people—all these things are amongst the greatest and wisest schemes ever devised by man since government was inaugurated in human society. But what have we to show for municipal, as contrasted with national, administration? Where are the statesmen of the towns? even of the great capitals? even of the empire cities?

And yet this science of local government is just as important as that of national statesmanship. I am not now suggesting that rural life, or agricultural development, is of less importance to a nation, than the activity or development of its cities. But who can deny the vast importance of the questions involving and promoting the comfort, the happiness, the very life of the multitudes making the city their only and lasting home in this material world?

Nor are *these* mere questions of planning a city beautiful, or of laying out a city regular, as if these were the highest and exclusive aims of municipal administration. No, these are only the means to an end: they are only the material and mechanical instruments, destined, in the long run, to achieve the improvement of the individuals and of the families, who have thus assembled and congregated, only to assure more readily and more extensively their earthly comfort and happiness.

*There* is the great and ultimate aim of all city planning; whether in the streets, or in the buildings, or in the facilities of transit; and wherever there is an obstacle thrown in the way of such comfort, wherever there are sacrifices demanded without a corresponding return in the way of the people's comfort and convenience, *there* is despotism of some kind, *there* is injustice, to the same extent that there is unwarranted profit, arising from such costly and unrenumerative sacrifices !

It is now—almost too late—that we are beginning to realize how many wasted sacrifices have been made by the people without any compensation ! how much cost, and how little profit to those for whom alone, after all, the cities are built !

When we speak, therefore, of municipal problems, let us remember the real end for which municipalities exist. Let us not forget the obvious necessities of comfort and happiness, on the

part of every class of citizens that make up the big family—this big household—that we call a city, when we are making the needed provisions for play, for leisure, for education, for progress !

Let those fundamental rights to happiness and a comfortable living, find that all projects, all supplies, all means of transportation are made subordinate to *them*, and not merely, as it has been for so long, to the profits and pockets and exploitation of private persons, or corporate bodies.

To further these ends by every possible means is true, scientific municipal statesmanship—a science of administration as complicated as that of a nation—and one that is to-day perhaps more needed, more helpful and more productive of good, not merely to the citizens of the municipality itself, but to those of the entire nation.

To one such statesman we in this great community can happily lay claim—one who has had the wisdom to formulate, and the courage to apply, such a scientific plan of municipal activities, for the life, the comfort and the happiness of all the citizens—one whose genuine and disinterested policy is summed up in these words of his that may well form the keynote, as they may suggest the solution, of all municipal problems:

“ Ideal municipal government will be realized only when the people of our cities will find themselves united and agreeing upon common affairs, imbued with the same spirit, same aspirations, and as one man prepared to exercise a practical and controlling power over all matters purely local.”

JOHN R. MCKAVNEY, '13.

## Baccalaureate Address.

BY REV. J. M. GANNON, D. D., LL. D.

IT is eminently proper, before exchanging the charming memories and warm friendships of college life for the stern realities of a stubborn world, to gather under the peaceful influence of God's altar, and offer to the Most High a prayer of gratitude for the many successes of the past, and a prayer of perseverance for the many responsibilities the veils of the future will gradually disclose to you. Every young college man looks out over the expanse of his future career with the bounding hope of bringing into his life, and the life of his family, some of the grand successes that are being reported each day. On account of the many changes in our economic and social life, there is a growing tendency to conclude that the opportunities for success in life are narrowing down; that the youth of to-day have not the same chances as the youth of our fathers. But let me assure you that the very opposite is true. With the development of our nation and the perfecting of our systems of political and economic life; with the rough work of opening up the vast resources of the country finished, and our tremendous industries and varied professions co-ordinated and systematized on definite legal and ethical lines, the opportunities for success, while they have become less chance-work, less haphazard, have grown greater and more imperative. It is true that higher standards of education are set, more years of preparation are demanded, better personal equipment, and more mature years are required, but opportunities, golden opportunities, as numerous and brilliant as the stars of night, will stud the canopies of your lives, if you will only make use of your time and talents and avail yourselves of them.

In what does success in life consist? Is it in accumulating gigantic sums of bonds and stocks and gold? Is it in climbing, by the commonly accepted standards of the world, to eminent positions in politics? Is it in fulfilling such aspirations as would lead on to positions of social leadership among the smart set? Is it in gaining that dreamy condition wherein you have a sure income with no responsibilities except the daily arrangement of an attractive programme of pleasures? All these things,

possessing the glamour of the world, are alluring to youth, and are considered successes by the lower standards of men. Real success, however, while it may include certain phases of these things, consists primarily in rounding out your lives according to the purposes and plans God had in mind in creating you.

It is remarkable to note how the blessings of Providence are showered down on the daily work of the human race. We don't appreciate them except at such periods when sin and its evil consequences interfere with the source from which these many blessings flow. Do the successes of men come from chance? Philosophers may speculate on that question, but we Catholics who are built on the rock of faith, know different. We know that no single event which has occurred in the whole history of human development, in the striking progress of the race from barbarism to civilization, was the result of chance or accident. We can no more accept such a dictum than we could believe that the child, casting to the wind a handful of distinct letters, would find them to have assumed the orderly position of the alphabet from alpha to omega. We can no more accept the fatalist's view of life and success and the world, than we can bring ourselves to believe that this beautiful chapel in which we rest, sprang into position through a fortuitous combination of the elements which compose it. Long before a single stone was removed from its quarry to form its foundation, long before a single tree was felled to shape its frame, this beautiful building was conceived and fashioned in the mind of a man, and that conception, sketched out in the form of plans and specifications, became the motor that set into action many men of varied calling in all parts of the nation. We know that on the distant mountain some men were quarrying stone, while down its side other men were applying the ax to the tall trees of the forest; that, in the valley another group of men were squaring these timbers, while still others were leading the boats to bring the finished product to this hill. We know that other men were here on this spot preparing the foundations and placing the different elements, which, in due course of time, were so adjusted and shaped as to form the solid and graceful structure we now behold. Yet, we are aware that this army of men of varied character and vocation, totally



ignorant of the purposes for which they worked, totally ignorant of their co-operation in the same work, were moved to perform their daily labors by the plans conceived in the mind of an architect whom they had never met, and of whose existence they had never dreamed.

Thus it is that in the grand creation of the whole universe, the flooding of the heavens with its stars and planets, the making of the world and the creation of the human race to occupy it and assist in shaping its destinies, an Architect of infinite power and supreme intelligence, who was the author of all the ages and their history, who existed before the dawn of time and who shall survive the work of His own hand, must ever be kept in mind if we would hope to gain a fair measure of success in our work in the world. Like the golden thread among the silver, there runs through all the work of creation an intelligent purpose. The bulkiest planet that swings in its orb as well as the tiniest atom, visible only by the aid of the strongest microscopic lens, are subject to the laws of the Creator. If God places these physical creations under set laws and Providence, He also places man with definite responsibilities, under His moral and spiritual laws. Each human soul is a special creation of God. Therefore, each human soul has a special destiny which it must discover and work out in life. However, man alone, by sin, has interfered with the purposes of God and Providence in life, and like a bird whose wing has been pierced by the hunter's bullet, falls quivering and weakening to the ground, so the soul of man, wounded by sin, is unable to carry out the special designs God had in creating it. Therefore, God has sent into the world a Divine Agent, an Omnipotent Being in the Person of the Holy Spirit, to re-establish the work of His creation and assist men in fulfilling their high purposes in life. Co-operation with the Holy Spirit in all His inspirations, is called religion, and man's success is first of all measured by the accuracy and thoroughness with which he has complied with the purpose of the Pentecostal fires.

As to your lives, what purpose has the Holy Spirit in view? First, to purify, strengthen and enlighten you. Second, to inspire you to do Christian service to others. With you young gentlemen, a great part of that work has been completed. You

have spent years within the hallowed walls of this college, to be purified, strengthened and enlightened in the ways of life. You now go out into the world to do service for others.

This sacred room of prayers seems charged to-day with Pentecostal fire. May it sear the image of Christ and the tablets of Moses across your souls. New dynasties will be founded, and old empires crumble to ruins; races of men will migrate and amalgamate, and finally be lost in the recesses of history; the old stars of the Heavens will go out and new ones appear, while the earth and all things on it will disappear in the shadows of nothingness. But one thing will remain,—and that, man—immortal man. Success in this world will ultimately be measured by success in the next, and among the human acts of man, only such will survive to lighten his way into the presence of the Great Judge as are pleasing to the Will of the Holy Spirit.



### Sir Galahad Up-to-Date.

(With Apologies to A. Tennyson)

WHEN on my little auto borne  
 The dreaming towns I "do",  
 The horn honks ere the summer morn,  
 The fields are wet with dew.  
 The cobblestones crackle on the treads,  
 And through the tires they go;  
 But o'er the road a dimness spreads  
 And makes my temper glow.  
 I leave the car, I scan the height;  
 No vulcanizer comfort yields;  
 But pest'ring swarms and gath'ring storms  
 Force me to leave *it* in the fields.

PAUL E. DUFFEY,  
 Third High.

## Ode to the Conquered.

**H**EROES, advance,  
Pride in your glance !  
Brave and renowned,  
Fitly you're crowned,  
While horses prance  
To music's sound.

Nobly you've done,  
Ye who have won !  
Ye who did meet  
Bitter defeat  
Honored are—none  
Who *strives* is beat !

In days gone by, so legend runs,  
The warlike men of iron will  
Great games in broad arenas held,  
That put to trial strength and skill.

In these arenas strength met strength  
And equal blow for blow was cast:  
The valiant knight whose striving failed,  
With him who won, found praise at last.

\* \*

Three hundred Spartans gallantly  
Against the Persian legions strong,  
Thermopylae, the crucial pass,  
With matchless valor guarded long.

'Twas only o'er their prostrate forms  
That Xerxes marched—they *would* not yield !  
But though o'erpowered, still they live:  
We ne'er forget that well-fought field.

\* \*

At Balaklava's bloody fight  
The English made a great mistake;  
Into the midst of shot and shell  
The Light Brigade a charge must make.

The soldiers heard the booming guns,  
They saw the flying shot and shell;  
They knew that few would e'er return  
From out the blazing "Mouth of Hell."

And when the fiery gale is o'er  
We do not see the Light Brigade;  
But few of them return alive:  
We honor, still, the charge they made.

\*                      \*

When North met South in bitter strife,  
Each found both vict'ry and defeat,  
Till Lee, aggressive, resolute,  
Decided on a daring feat.

He'd meet the Yankees on their ground  
And Washington he'd reach at last:  
But Meade met Lee at Gettysburg,  
And in that fight the die was cast.

For three long days 'neath summer's sun  
The Blue and Grey with might fought on;  
Death winged its way into their camps  
And claimed the nation's youth and brawn.

The North, impatient of delay,  
Most vig'rously a charge then made,  
Then Vict'ry flew to greet the Blue.  
Their name and fame shall never fade.

Still we do honor to the Gray  
On all our great Reunion Days;  
They fought for what they thought was right;  
And, like the Blue, they merit praise.

\*                      \*

The Victor ever wins acclaim,  
But oft the Vanquished is despised  
When, like the Victor, he fought well .  
And came full nigh the goal he prized.

Let's praise the men who in the lists  
Have won fair Vict'ry, fighting well;  
But high in song let us extol  
The names of those who, fighting, fell.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



## VALEDICTORY.

THE thoughts and sentiments that well up in our minds and hearts to-night, are such as only a graduate can realize.

For with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow we are gathered here this evening, to bid farewell to the happy days we have spent within the sacred walls of our beloved *Alma Mater*.

Elated with the honors and kind attentions bestowed upon us, our pleasure is limited only by the thought that, ere we again behold the sunbeams climbing over the eastern horizon, our days of thoughtless boyhood will be but a cherished memory of the past. Thus comes the end of our college life. The feeling of joy and elation that overwhelms us is natural, for we have reached at length that much-desired goal, toward which all our energy, all our ambition was directed during the many years we spent under the guidance of our *Alma Mater*.

The days of her guardianship over us are past, and now we stand timidly at the threshold of the arena of life, eager to advance, but grieved at the parting. No more shall we abide beneath the anxious though affectionate care of our *Alma Mater*, ever on the watch for the obstacles that might turn us from the course of virtue and honor; henceforth, alone, we must seek our individual paths. Thus the change from the theoretical university life to the practical problems of the world fills us naturally with fear; but, on looking back over the years of diligent preparation, we feel confident that we shall be able to surmount all difficulties, armed as we are with the true principles of a thorough Christian education. Firmly we stand upon a foundation extending back through years of assiduous and diligent study, a foundation begun, molded and completed, beneath the vigilance of uniring and conscientious professors, men, whose sole, unselfish aim it was, to lead us to the heights of knowledge, through the paths of truth, honor and justice.

It is, therefore, our duty, most esteemed professors, to thank you one and all most cordially, for imparting to us that cherished knowledge, which it cost you so many years of diligent research to accumulate; to thank you for guiding our faltering footsteps until we were able to venture forth unaided; to thank you for sacrificing your own very lives to mould and fashion our

young lives into those of real, genuine, accomplished men. Know, then, most devoted masters, that, although we leave you to-night, it is not to forget you, but to learn more each day how much we owe to you, and to appreciate more and more, as the years roll by, how thoroughly you apprehended and supplied our future needs. Farewell, then, most honored confidants and beloved friends of our youth; may you be rewarded a hundredfold for your patient and tireless zeal in our behalf!

And now, dear comrades of the under-graduating classes, we must wave to you a parting farewell. No more shall we in unison cheer on the Red and Blue to victory upon the campus. We hope that you also will experience the same success that we are now enjoying, that you will even more worthily fill the vacant desks in the dear old school.

At last, and among our own selves, dear comrades and fellow-graduates, we must speak the one word that in every language is the hardest to utter, yet, the one that we have assembled here to-night to speak:—farewell. No more shall we sit on those benches together, imbibing the words of wisdom as they flowed from the lips of our beloved professors. Gone are all those pleasant hours we spent so joyfully together within the boundaries of our good old campus.

To-night we all embark upon the sea of life, each one in his own direction: for some it will be a long voyage, while for others amongst us it may be only a shorter passage; but since we must part, dear comrades, let it be in body only—in spirit let us always be united.

Let us remain faithful to the precepts so deeply implanted in our hearts by our *Alma Mater*, and especially, let us prove worthy to be called her children. I shall not say to you with Cassius (in the play that we have been studying together during this happy year),

“For ever, and for ever, farewell—  
If we do meet again, we’ll smile indeed;  
If not, ’tis true this parting was well made.”

Nor yet with Brutus,

“So, fare you well at once, for Brutus’ tongue  
Hath almost ended his life’s history:  
Night hangs upon my eyes: my bones would rest,  
That have but labored to attain this hour.”

No, I shall rather say with Antony:

“Most like (good) soldiers (shall we lie), ordered honorably,—  
So, call the field to rest: and let’s away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.”

ALBERT F. YUNKER, '13.

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## EDITORIAL.

### *The Staff Bows Itself Out.*

This edition of the MONTHLY is already so generously filled with contributions of the graver sort to which editorials belong by their very nature, that, in view of the fact that it is July, the staff feels it incumbent on itself not to overtax the reader any longer. We therefore retire discreetly with a smile and a bow.

The editor-in-chief wishes, however, to let the readers of the MONTHLY into the secret of this year's success—for we need not so much as to call attention to the fact that our little paper has succeeded. Coöperation, good-fellowship, in short, what is vaguely termed "college spirit," is responsible. Those in charge of the departments were not figure-heads. They wrote, and they

wrote well, and they wrote without prodding. The contributors to the literary section were, we think, more numerous than heretofore. The high-school was as well represented among them as the college. Some verse, timid, halting, but promising, found its way into the sanctum and into print. More did not get beyond the sanctum. But talent and courage and perseverance will in the long run gain recognition from the stern critic who must pass on all contributions.

Not to prolong this further, we shake hands with one another and with our readers, wishing everyone a pleasant holiday and a happy return.

L. P. G.



### Acknowledgment.

We have received the following extract from the minutes of a regular meeting of the teachers in the Department of Industrial Education of the Pittsburgh Public Schools:

"The announcement that a distinguished honor had been conferred upon Clifford B. Connelley, of the School of Applied Industries, Carnegie Institute of Technology, but formerly one of the most ardent and successful workers in the field of industrial education in the public schools, was received with deep satisfaction and many sincere expressions of appreciation. The degree of Doctor of Science was conferred upon Dean Connelley by Duquesne University of this city, June 17, 1913.

"A resolution was unanimously adopted, directing the appointment of a committee to express to Dean Connelley that it is the sense of this body that the honor bestowed upon him is only a proper recognition of his valuable services in the growing field of industrial education.

"The committee was further directed to inform Rev. M. A. Hehir and the Faculty of Duquesne University that the teachers of this department rejoice with them in the fact that a leading exponent of practical education has attained such a degree of eminence in his chosen field as to merit acknowledgment at their hands."

HENRY R. FAUNCE  
HARRY H. WHITNEY  
JOSEPH M. SPEER,

*Committee.*



## "Why Smith Left Home."

**G**EORGE BROADHURST'S talent for making people laugh is matchless. Last year, the Dramatic Society produced his farce, "What Happened to Jones," before an audience convulsed with merriment. This year again the choice of the Moderator fell on one of his comedies, "Why Smith Left Home," and, despite the fact that its presentation called for no less than seven "ladies," the boys made an uproarious hit with it. Much thought was given to the selection of the actors, and every one was found admirably suited to his part. Father H. McDermott, who engineered the production, went to infinite pains that every detail of stage-setting and costume should be perfect, and the result was little short of marvelous: seldom, if ever, have the ladies in a local amateur show been so gorgeously and tastefully costumed. Another quality not often present in amateur shows was the promptness of the start and the entire absence of delays during the performance.

### THE PLOT.

ACT I. The happiness of Smith's six months' wedded life has been marred by the intrusions of unwelcome relatives. His plan to rid the house of his sister's presence by having her marry Major Duncombe, has so far been unsuccessful. Mrs. Smith is embarrassed by the arrival of her brother Bob with his bride of a day, but endeavors to pass them off as her Italian music teacher and dancing instructress. The climax of annoyance is reached when General and Mrs. Billetdoux, the latter an aunt by relationship but a mother-in-law by instinct, arrive for a prolonged visit. He schemes to drive them away by bribing the "lady of the kitchen" to cook even worse than is her daily wont.

ACT II. Mr. Smith is suspected, though unjustly, of familiarity with Julia, his wife's maid. Miss Smith, flattered with the proposal of marriage received through her brother from Count Von Guggenheim, who had mistaken Mrs. Smith for her, refuses the hand of Major Duncombe and rejoices in the prospect of becoming a Countess.

After Mrs. Billetdoux has learned a lesson from the cook, she and Mrs. Smith overhear the proposal of the General, to

attend the ball planned for that evening by the servants in the expected absence of the family.

ACT III. Mrs. Smith arranges that Bob, with his wife, is to dine in the kitchen and attend the ball, so that he may inform her of her husband's doings. Bob manifests his delight in a manner that betrays his relationship. The observant Smith surprises Rose into speech and the acknowledgment that she and Bob are dependent on his wife for hospitality. He acts the injured husband, and lectures Mrs. Billetdoux as his wife's false guide, philosopher and friend.

Lavinia is notified that she is discharged; she declares a strike in the house, and the notice is retracted.

The Count calls for an answer to his suit, and has some lively moments with Major Duncombe; discovering his error, he gladly leaves the field to the outraged but quickly mollified and accepted Major.

The General's feigned headache serves as a pretext for declining to accompany his wife on a visit. At the servants' ball his fidelity is put to the test, and is found wanting. Smith's constancy is triumphantly proved, and he leaves home for his honeymoon because "he is in love with his wife."

### THE PRODUCTION.

Regarding the production itself, we prefer to quote some of the local papers. The first citation is from the *Pittsburgh Observer*:

It is usual to say, in speaking of Duquesne University's annual plays that there was "a full house," "a large attendance," etc., but in the absolute and literal sense of the word there never was such an audience as was seen on Wednesday evening, June 4, in the Lyceum to appreciate and enjoy the excellent performance of the play, selected for this year's programme—"Why Smith Left Home"—a three-act comedy by George H. Broadhurst. Not a seat was vacant from the top of the highest gallery to the foot of the stage and every box was ablaze with bright apparel and brighter faces that betokened thorough enjoyment of the rich comedy offered by the students.

The parts were, as usual, generously distributed between the masculine and feminine representatives of the dramatic art. But this time, more than ever before, the latter bore off the palm in the success achieved as well as in the applause and interest elicited. Not only were the student-ladies dressed to perfection, but in voice and action they responded admirably to the exigencies of their respective parts. Even the most experienced habitue of the

theatres was thrown off his guard for the time being by the extremely clever impersonation of the designing maid by Master Gabriel F. Gurley, and of the faithful and loving wife by Mr. Leo A. McCrory, as well as of the scrupulous and stern aunt by Mr. D. V. Boyle. Naturally all this excellent and talented work was brought out more perfectly in relief by the artistic finesse of Prof. Frank Hipps, who, while taking the central part of Smith, the bored and relative-stricken husband, had trained the students for the play.

But perhaps the most abundant source of the unceasing flood of laughter and enjoyment on the part of the crowded audience was the delightful brogue of Master Joseph L. McIntyre, who, as the redoubtable Lavinia Daly, head of the "Cook-Ladies' Union," not only furnished a most refreshing and amusing rendition of that comical and bumptious character, but subsequently put the finishing touches to his popularity and success by an exhibition of lively dancing in the shape of Irish jigs, reels and hornpipes.

But the others must not be forgotten in the enumeration of the successful laugh-provoking cast. Especially is this the case with Mr. Richard J. Bowen, who, as the newly-wedded Robert Bolton, showed even in a secondary part that he has all the talent, training and accomplished skill of a coming star—topping off his fine acting with a powerfully rendered vocal solo. James J. O'Connell was most entertaining as General Billetdoux, the unfortunate hen-pecked husband, a member of the "Old Guard," along with the luckless but finally triumphant Major Duncombe, whose part was admirably played by Joseph Burns. Special mention must also be made of Master Leo J. Zitzman, who as the determined and reckless Count Von Guggenheim, found his way into a delightful mess by falling in love with Mrs. Smith, whom he mistook for Miss Smith, the old maid, whose part was cleverly taken by Master Frank P. Anton. The other female parts were well taken care of by Masters Herbert Terheyden and Clement J. Land.

It would be impossible to consider this brief report of the performance of Wednesday evening, June 4, complete or adequate without a very explicit commendation of the instrumental music, which was furnished by the well-trained orchestra under the experienced direction of Professor Weis, and of the perfectly executed gymnastic exercises with which the students subsequently entertained the audience. These exercises had been carefully prepared by Professor Charles Geber and included a most complete and intricate series of wand exercises, dances, drills and parallel bar work.

A great deal of the credit for this latest and most successful of the first-class performances by the Duquesne University Dramatic Association must be given unstintedly to the popular managing director, Rev. Henry J. McDermott, who, by his untiring energy and self-sacrifice, attended to every detail of stage-setting and scenery, and insured the success of the entire programme by his care, his painstaking tuition and his experience.

Under the caption, "Students Make Fine Women," the *Dispatch* had this to say of the play:

Tightly laced into really beautiful shapes, their feet pinched into dainty

little shoes and their voices delightfully modulated, the students of Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost were transformed into charming women, bewitching maid servants and designing old maids, with remarkable success, when the student body presented the comedy, "Why Smith Left Home," at the Lyceum Theatre last night. Of course, there were masculine parts,—for whoever heard of a play without some men to help it along, despite the contentions of the suffraget sisters—but the real feature of the performance was the very genuine acting of those who took the feminine parts.

After beguiling the audience for about two and a half hours with the troubles of poor relative-stricken Smith, the students divested themselves of their fancy trimmings and proceeded to entertain with gymnastic exercises, which included wand exercises, dances, drills, parallel bar exercises and the like. About 3,000 people crowded the parquet, balcony and galleries and the S. R. O. sign was early hung out before the largest playhouse in Pittsburgh. Perhaps the greatest woman impersonator in the cast was Gabriel F. Gurley, as Julia, the "touchingly clever" maid of Mrs. Smith, who, aside from clever acting, had a feminine voice trained to perfection. Prof. Frank Hipps, a member of the Faculty who trained the students for the play, took the leading part as one of the numerous John Smiths, who is afflicted with unwelcome relatives on his honeymoon. Leo A. McCrory, as Mrs. Smith, who "loves her husband" was an ideal melting wife, who willingly forgave her innocent husband after she had caught him kissing the maid, Julia, by mistake. James J. O'Connell was good as General Billetdoux, "ze brave general," a member of the "old guard," together with the unfortunate but finally triumphant Major Duncombe, whose part was played by Joseph A. Burns.

Leo J. Zitzman played Count Von Guggenheim, who found his way into a delightful mess by falling in love with Mrs. Smith, whom he mistook for Miss Smith, the old maid. The imposing relatives include Richard J. Bowen as Robert Walton, Mrs. Smith's brother, who arrived with his newly-made wife, Rose Walton, otherwise known as Herbert Terheyden; Frank P. Anton, as Miss Smith, and Daniel V. Boyle as wife of the brave General; Joseph L. McIntyre as Lavinia Daly, the redoubtable cook, who is a member of the Cook Ladies' Union and who makes the rules of the union suit her convenience, incidentally giving the guests a lesson in politeness occasionally. The cast was completed with Clement J. Land as Elsie, a winsome maid.

Rev. Father H. J. McDermott was the guiding light behind the scenes and under his tuition and the enthusiasm of the students many originalities were introduced into the play.

A meed of praise is also due Father Malloy, who is responsible for the neat and natty appearance of the gymnasts; and to a number of ladies from Joyce's Department store, who saw to it that the "ladies" of the play were faultless in appearance.



## Commencement Day.

**T**UESDAY, June 17, was another of those epoch-making days in the lives of the students, which we call commencement days. It was begun very fittingly with Solemn High Mass, at which Rev. Father Danner was celebrant, Father Pobleschek, deacon, and Father Baumgartner, sub-deacon. The solemn entrance of the clergy, preceded by the graduates in cap and gown, was very impressive. There was general communion, and the Mass concluded with *Te Deum*.

The baccalaureate sermon, a model discourse for doctrine, for composition, and for delivery, was given by Rev. John M. Gannon, D. D., D. C. L., of Cambridge Springs, Pa., one of the four to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws in the evening. We are happy to be able to give it in its entirety, in another part of the MONTHLY.

### UNDERGRADUATE EXERCISES.

At 10 o'clock, the faculty and students gathered in the auditorium for the proclamation of the results of the final examinations. Ninety-three Certificates of Excellence for the whole year were given, and sixty-three Honor Cards were presented to students who, though they may have failed in previous examinations, passed the last ones successfully. In the absence of the V. Rev. President, the Vice-President reviewed the work of the year, and made some brief recommendations. He then presented handsome prizes in the shape of red-and-blue pennants, pillows, etc., to those who had sold the largest number of tickets for the play in their respective classes. We give the names, in the order of merit: Leo McCrory, James Madden, Charles Haendler, Clement J. Land, F. J. Mueller, David Gorman, Herbert Terheyden, Egil Steiner, James Reilly, Frank Anton, Daniel V. Boyle, Leo Lavelle, Leo Yunker, Jerome Hannan.

### GRADUATION EXERCISES.

The beautiful and spacious auditorium of the Soldiers' Memorial Hall was fairly thronged, when, at 8:15 P. M., began the exercises that marked the closing of the institution's thirty-fifth year. Bishop Canevin presided, and grouped around him

were members of the Faculty, the men who were given the degrees and many of the clergy of the diocese, while the graduates were seated on either end of the large platform. Forty-nine diplomas and degrees were awarded. Of the number, twenty-eight were given to graduates from the school of commerce, thirteen to students who had completed the four-year college course, and eight were bestowed on persons who had become prominent in various walks of life.

Those who were recipients of special academic honors were John P. Egan, B. A., William J. McElligott, B. A., and Sister Mary Fides Shepperson, B. A., of the Academy of Mt. Mercy, each receiving the degree of master of arts. Dean Clifford B. Connelley, M. A., of the School of Applied Industries of the Carnegie Institute of Technology was honored with the degree of doctor of science; Rev. Michael J. O'Sullivan, M. A., of Houtsdale, was awarded the degree of doctor of literature, in course, and Rev. Michael Gibbs O'Donnell, B. A., of Mt. Pleasant, Rev. Lawrence A. O'Connell, B. A., of Pittsburgh, Rev. John Mark Gannon, D. D., D. C. L., of Cambridge Springs, and Hon. Joseph M. Swearingen, B. L., Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, received the insignia of doctor of laws.

Albert F. Yunker was valedictorian. The Graduates' and Master's orations showed the cultured man's grasp of actualities and the trained speaker's finished diction. The new College song, "Duquesne", was given its first public rendition and the Students' Orchestra enlivened the proceedings with some delectable music, whose beauty was only enhanced by the hall's splendid acoustic properties.

The programme of exercises was as follows:

Overture	The Gypsy Queen	<i>Lachner</i>	Orchestra
Latin Salutatory			Stephen Steranchak
Chorus	Duquesne	<i>Rev. J. F. Malloy</i>	Seniors
Oration	The Edict of Milan		Leo P. Gallagher
Oration	Municipal Problems, and Their Solution		John R. McKavney
Selection	Lucia di Lammermoor	<i>Donizetti</i>	Orchestra
Master's Oration	The Supreme Court of the United States		John P. Egan, B. A.
Chanson du Toreador		<i>Bizet</i>	

Richard J. Bowen, Chorus and Orchestra

Conferring of Diplomas and Class Medals.

Address .	Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh		
Valedictory .	.	.	Albert F. Yunker
Exit March	Love and Glory .	Smith .	Orchestra
Musical Director, Professor Charles B. Weis			
Vocal Director, Professor Caspar P. Koch.			

## GRADUATES

IN THE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE: (1) Diplomas for Accounting were awarded to Leo F. Callahan, Urban H. Crock, William A. Curtin, Frederick M. Esser, Charles F. Flaherty, Albert M. Friederick, Francis J. Hohmann, August C. Leinweber, Ambrose T. Moeller, Michael F. O'Connell, Raymond F. Neelan, Marcus P. Raehn, Joseph H. Rodgers, John F. Tobin, Louis D. Wetzel and Leo J. Yunker; (2) Diplomas for Stenography were awarded to Daniel V. Boyle, Adrian J. Briggs, George W. Cooper, William A. Curtin, Charles F. Flaherty, Albert M. Friederick, William F. Graham, John J. Lydon, Walter J. Maciejewski, Robert S. Murray, Thomas R. Murtha and Marcus P. Raehn.

IN THE COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT: (1) Special Certificates were awarded to Leo F. Lavelle and John A. Leger; (2) The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Francis A. Clifford, Regis C. Cunningham, Leo P. Gallagher, James A. Haley, John R. McKavney, Joseph E. McNanamy, Lawrence D. McNanamy, Anthony J. Muszynski, James J. O'Connell, Stephen Steranchak and Albert F. Yunker.

## MEDALISTS

UNDERGRADUATE MEDALISTS: The Silver Medal for Elocution, Class III., was awarded to Richard J. Bowen; the Silver Medal for Elocution, Class II., to Michael J. Bopp; the Silver Medal for Elocution, Class I., to William F. Galvin; the Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine in the High School Classes was awarded to Francis A. Coristin; and the Gold Medal for Oratory in the Collegiate Department, to Henry A. Carlin.

GRADUATE MEDALISTS: In the Commercial Department, John J. Lydon received the Gold Medal for English; William A. Curtin, the Gold Medal for Bookkeeping; George W. Cooper, the Gold Medal for Stenography; Louis D. Wetzel, the Gold Medal for Excellence in the Commercial Department. In the Collegiate

Department, the Gold Medal for English and Languages was awarded to Leo P. Gallagher; Gold Medal for Philosophy and Classics, to James J. O'Connell, and Gold Medal for General Excellence, to Albert F. Yunker.

REMARKS BY FATHER HEHIR.

The President of the University made a brief address, before announcing the medalists, the graduates of the year, and the gentlemen on whom honorary degrees were conferred. He alluded to the dedication of this Memorial Hall, in which the exercises were being held. This Hall was erected by the people of Allegheny County to immortalize its veterans and heroes of the Civil War. At its dedication former Governor Stuart assisted, and added the prestige of his high office to the grand celebration of October 12, 1910. It was the same Governor Stuart who at the close of his successful administration of our Commonwealth, signed the charter which changed Holy Ghost College into Duquesne University.

With reference to the school year, it was a successful one in every respect. All ordinary departments were in regular active operation and the University registered as many as 700 students, an increase of 200 over the previous year. During the past year the University conducted a series of evening sessions in the city and suburban towns. Instructions and lectures were given on English Authors, Rhetoric, Elocution and public speaking, to members of different societies and organizations. This work has borne excellent fruit and seems to supply a long-felt want for young men whose education has been left incomplete.

Last summer the University opened its doors to the various Sisterhoods of Pennsylvania and the neighboring states. The work is to be continued for five weeks during this summer. The Faculty have prepared a programme of studies, on the completion of which ladies and sisters can receive degrees from the University.

After this brief report of the school year the V. Rev. President directed the attention of his audience to the importance of education, of higher education, and of the necessity of religious education. All admit the need of education. Many fail to



understand the need of higher education; hence the small percentage who complete the elementary courses in the schools, and the still smaller percentage who go through high school and college. But as for the need of religion in education it is the general cry of every thoughtful man and woman of the country to-day. The reports of commissions appointed to study the morality of our cities are appalling. The United States Government has refused to circulate these reports, so demoralizing are their tone. What is the explanation of this sad state of morality? Simply and honestly put, it is the divorce of religion from education. Hence the efforts made at the present day by the Episcopal Church, by the Lutherans and the Hebrews, to have their own schools and to teach religion, whilst imparting instruction.

The work of the Catholic Church in this matter is generally known. It has a perfect and complete school system for elementary, secondary and higher education. It has insisted, in season and out of season, in all ages and countries, through its hierarchy of bishops, who are the divinely appointed teachers on all questions of religion and religious education, that there is no such thing as education or moral training without religion. Even the founders of our Republic admit the same truth. The confederate congress, on July 13, 1787, decreed "That religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be encouraged."

After the conferring of diplomas and degrees, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Canevin made the following luminous and inspiring address:—

#### BISHOP CANEVIN'S ADDRESS

It is indeed most gratifying to see the great interest of Pittsburghers in the work of education, testified by the presence here of this immense throng. There is no better evidence of civilization than interest in the schools. After all, nothing is of such importance as the education of the young and the graduation from higher schools of young men and women. The greatest production of the world is a good man, greater by far than any product of our mills and factories; they are the one thing that

secures the stability of the family and of society. The family and the State depend on the schools. The State is never stronger than its chief element, the family. The history of civilization has been the history of progress in schools and scholars. So it was in ancient times; so it has been in the best periods of the modern world.

We read of the immense crowds at the graduation contests of the intellectual athletes of the schools of ancient times. And it is a commentary on the empty boasting of our own day to read that in the Middle Ages, miscalled the Dark Ages, no hall in a university city would hold the populace who filled the great streets and squares, so eager were they to witness the graduation exercises and to greet the men who came forth, bearing honors and testimonials to their fitness to teach in the profession of their choice.

Pittsburgh is becoming a great educational center. We have two universities recognized by the State, in friendly rivalry doing the work of education. The results will be seen from year to year. It has been said with great truth that education consists, not in erudition, not in crowding the mind with facts, but in training the will to virtue. I remember reading in Herbert Spenser that "cognition does not lead to action; that knowledge in itself does not insure right action; that there are certain faculties that are not directly influenced by mere knowledge; that good habits require to be trained." Education is the process of training to good habits. A well-educated man is one who has acquired good habits; a poorly educated or falsely educated man is one who has acquired bad habits. It is the disposition of choosing the right action and spurning the wrong, that differentiates the man who is truly educated from the man who is poorly or falsely educated. It is possible to meet a man whose intellect is in the stars, and whose will is in the mire. As the great Father of Our Country declared, "Morality without religion is impossible."

There never has been a successful, permanent school where morality was neglected. Even the old schools of Athens, of Rome and of the East were founded on religion. This religion after all was only a fragmentary one, yet underlying all false

beliefs, there was a belief in a Supreme Being and man's dependence on Him and man's obligation to follow out His laws. In more modern times legislators have the same idea. and even now, behind the word "non-sectarian" there is in our schools an element of religion; it is also fragmentary perhaps, but it is *there*. "Non-sectarian" is a convenient phrase for latitude in religious belief. The desire of the State is that all men have freedom of conscience. This word "non-sectarian" was invented so that the State, while not paying attention, officially, to religion, might yet recognize its necessity. Statesmen know that without God there is no commonwealth. The State comes into existence by the dispensation of Providence, and continues its existence by the power of His all-providing will. And now, that element of religion enters more and more into the instruction given in the institutions that are around about us. There is no school that has done any great work without religion; just as the spirit survives matter, so the spiritual in schools is the portion which survives; and where that element is most strongly emphasized, there we have the greatest assurance of the perpetuity of the school.

The young graduates of Duquesne University are going out with their intellects and wills prepared for a good life. There is nothing so needed as good men. We have heard to-night from one of the graduate speakers that the United States has been singularly fortunate in the great institution of the Supreme Court because good men have always been found to occupy its bench. Society needs good men; the State needs good men; cities need good men; families need good fathers, good husbands, good brothers, good sons. Good neighbors are needed; generous friends are needed; exemplary citizens are needed, that society may be strong and well-founded, and that their lives may be a blessing to the world, so that the nation may enjoy to the full the liberty and opportunities that now surround us.

It is the duty of these young men to go out into the world and show that they are truly educated. Duquesne University is going to make its history in the city and the State through the lives of its graduates; its influence will depend on the manner in which they live. Looking back upon the history of education in

Pittsburgh for the last thirty years, it seems to me that we have not had a number of strong men proportionate to the number of scholars that have gone forth from our institutions.

In conclusion, my dear young men, I would call attention to the opportunities you graduates will have to do something really great, not by becoming millionaires or statesmen, but by being ordinary men, who are clean, honest, sober, upright in all their dealings; who know how to be trustworthy in handling money, who know how to honor womanhood, and to practice the Christian virtue of chastity; preventing all the evil and sin that they can in the community, bringing to that community all the blessings in their power, ridding society of corrupt politicians and corrupt practices, living soberly, justly and piously, in order to receive the reward of true men in the world to come.



## DUQUESNICULUM.

The following verses could not find room last month, but are really too good for the pi:

### The Reserves at Banksville.

"Come, and join our picnic crowd,  
Off to Banksville we will ride.  
There we'll have a splendid time,  
All our sorrows there we'll hide.

"If you'll with us go abroad,  
Play our nine for laurels' sake,  
All expenses we will stand,  
Give you ice cream and some cake."

Who, an invite such as this  
Could refuse, and answer nay?  
Not D. U. Reserves at least;  
So they started on their way.

Brew'ry autos carried them.  
No protection over head  
Save the firmanent above,  
With its clouds of ashy lead.

Gayly on their way they rolled,  
Fearless of the threat'ning rain.  
But, alas! short-lived their joy:  
Listen to their sad refrain:

Down it came from out the clouds—  
Poured, it seemed, both dogs and cats  
Bucket followed bucket-full—  
Oh! spring dresses to spring hats!

What a weary sight were they,  
Soaked they were unto the skin;  
But to Banksville Heights they went  
Up to friends who took them in.

Baseball suits they donned at once,  
Hanging up their clothes to dry.  
Soon their spirits were revived:  
"We should worry," was their cry.

Dance they did with maidens fair,  
Though no ball game could they play.  
Could one wish a better time  
Than they had Memorial Day?

R. X. F





Chinese, 10      Duquesne, 3

**M**UCH enthusiasm was displayed among the student body before the Chinese University game, and, judging from the advance sale of seats, there was a very general interest shown among the fans. Excepting for a few old rival college games this was regarded as the most important contest on the schedule. But the Red and Blue was destined to go down in defeat before the onslaught of the clever Celestials, on the eve of Decoration Day. Exposition Park was the scene of the fray. The Bluffites played good ball for the first four innings, but seemed to go to pieces in the latter part of the game, and allowed the fleet-footed Orientals to score almost at will. Costly errors on the part of Duquesne, coupled with excellent base running of the Chinese, tell the story of the contest. The score:

DUQUESNE	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	CHINESE	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Tracy, 3.....	1	1	0	1	3	Aayau, s.....	0	1	4	2	0
Morrow, s.....	1	1	1	6	2	EnSue, m.....	1	0	0	0	0
Galla'r, l.....	0	0	14	2	1	Kan Yin, c.....	2	1	6	2	0
McDo'l, m.....	1	2	2	0	0	Akana, l.....	2	2	1	0	0
Smith, 2.....	0	0	2	2	0	Lai, 3.....	2	3	2	1	0
Lynch, c.....	0	1	7	3	0	Lee, 2.....	1	0	3	2	0
Heinr'h, r.....	0	0	0	0	0	Foster, p.....	1	1	1	5	1
Cartw't, l.....	0	0	1	0	0	Apan, l.....	0	0	9	2	1
Meehan, p.....	0	1	0	5	0	Ping, r.....	1	2	1	0	0
						Sing H'g, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	3	6	27	19	6	Totals.....	10	10	27	14	2
Duquesne.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 3
Chinese.....	0	0	0	2	3	1	1	0	3	— 10	

Two-base hits—McDonnell, Lynch, Ayau. Three-base hits—Lei 2, Akana. Sacrifice hit—Foster. First base on balls—Off Meehan 7, off Foster 4. Struck out—By Meehan 6, by Foster 5. Passed ball—Lynch. Umpires—Delaney and Harkins.

### Wesleyan, 6      Duquesne, 3

Another game that was hard to lose was that played June 6 on the University campus with the strong West Virginia Wesleyan College.

Reeder, the first man up for the visitors, hit the first ball pitched for four bases. The next two men were easy outs, when Lambert hit a hard one to right field, which bounded over the fence for a homer. Again in the sixth, Toothman, first up, sent a screecher to right which, like Lambert's, bounded over the fence for four sacks.

The score until the ninth stood 3-0. In this inning Duquesne showed its old-time form and tied it up. As, one after another, Duquesne's well-earned runs came in, the wildest enthusiasm prevailed among the fans. But all their hopes were dashed to earth when, in the tenth, Tracy's bad throw to first, the Bluffites' only misplay, let in Wesleyan's fourth tally. The score:

	R. H. E												
DUQUESNE.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—3	6	1	
WESLEYAN.....	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3—6	10	3	

Home runs—Reeder, Lambert, Toothman. Two-base hits—Withers, Curtis, Lambert, Tracy. Sacrifice hits—Heinrich, Withers, Singleton. Hit by pitched ball—Toothman. Struck out—By Herbst 4, by Morrison 8. Bases on balls—Off Herbst 2, off Morrison 3. Double play—Morrow and Gallagher. Umpire—Delaney.

### Duquesne, 10      Grove City, 9

More cheerful news was that which came from Grove City the next day, June 7, when Duquesne retrieved its honor by defeating the Grove City College aggregation in a ten-inning contest. The game was rather one-sided until the sixth inning, when the score stood 3 to 0 in favor of the Red and Blue. In their sixth trip, however, the home team bunched their hits and tallied thrice; the visitors went and did likewise. In the eighth session, an error, a base on balls and four hits netted Grove City six more runs, while Duquesne scored one. Duquesne tied the score in the ninth, thusly: Heinrich drew a base on balls,

Meehan singled; both advanced on Tracy's sacrifice, and came in on Morrow's drive to short. In the tenth round, Smith led off with a three-bagger, and took advantage of Ganser's long fly to score the winning run. Meehan was in superb form, making the season's record of seventeen strike-outs. The score:

DUQUESNE	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	GROVE CITY	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Tracy, 3.....	0	1	0	0	2	Thorn, c.....	1	2	14	5	0
Morrow, s.....	2	1	0	0	0	Hazlewood, 2.....	0	0	0	2	0
Gallagher, 1.....	2	1	11	0	0	Conley, s.....	0	0	3	2	2
McDonnell, m.....	2	3	0	0	0	Veach, p.....	2	1	0	5	0
Smith, 2.....	2	2	1	3	0	Glenn, l.....	2	3	1	0	0
Ganser, c.....	0	1	17	2	0	Allison, l.....	1	2	11	0	0
Cartwright, l.....	0	0	0	0	0	Patterson, m.....	1	1	0	0	0
Heinrich, r.....	1	0	1	0	0	Rutledge, 3.....	1	1	1	0	1
Meehan, p.....	1	1	0	1	0	Allen, r.....	1	1	0	0	0
Totals.....	10	10	30	6	2	Totals.....	9	11	30	14	3

Duquesne.....	0	1	0	2	0	3	0	1	2	1—10
Grove City.....	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	6	0	0—9

Three-base hit—Smith. Two-base hits—McDonnell (2), Glenn, Veach, Allen. Sacrifice hits—Tracy, Morrow, Smith, Gallagher, Ganser. Stolen bases—McDonnell, Heinrich, Thorn (2), Veach, Allen. Hit by pitched ball—Gallagher, Heinrich. Bases on balls—Off Meehan 1. Struck out—By Meehan 17, by Veach 10. Umpire—Smythe.

### Duquesne, 8      Braddock C. T. A. U., 2

The 'Varsity journeyed to Braddock with the delegates to the Total Abstinence convention on June 9, and won an easy victory from the team representing the Braddock society. McDonnell did excellent slab work. The score:

												R. H. E
DUQUESNE.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	6	1—8	15	2	
BRADDOCK C. T. A. U.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—2	7	3	

Incidentally it may be mentioned that members of the University team brought home prizes won in the 100 yard dash, the 220 yard run, and the 480 yard relay race.

### Indiana Normal, 5      Duquesne, 2

The 'Varsity played its final game at Indiana, and fared little better at the hands of the Normal boys than in their previous engagement. Both pitchers did excellent work, but Brickley ended by winning his fourth successive game from the Bluffites. Though Duquesne outhit Indiana, the former's hits were too scattered to count in the score. The score:

	R. H. E										
INDIANA.....	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	0	5	1
DUQUESNE.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	7

Two-base hits—Tracy, Morrow, Smith, Beason. Sacrifice hits—Randig, Stewart, Brickley. Stolen bases—Font. Hit by pitched ball—Gallagher, Seimon. Struck out—By Brickley 6, by Meehan 5. Bases on balls—Off Brickley 1, off Meehan 3. Umpire, Dougherty.

The season, on the whole, was a fairly successful one. Seventeen games were played, of which ten were won and five lost by a very small margin. Glitsch was hurt after the fifth game, and no doubt the story of the team would have been different had it not lost its splendid catcher. The fact that much fresh material was used will also account for some of the uneven work done; another year's seasoning will make it more reliable, while not less brilliant.

### The Minims.

The Duquesne University Minims have finished a very successful season. For years do they justly and rightly boast of the championship in Western Pennsylvania. The *Dispatch* has very appropriately expressed this in the words, "Can't Stop the Minims." The good result of this season was achieved by the excellent pitching abilities of Gurley and Gregory, admirably supported by Souper at the receiving end, and by the clean fielding and unrestrained batting propensities of every member of the team. Weis, Obruba, McGillick and Connelly made an impregnable infield, while O'Connell, Kelly, Mosti and Louis Weldon most reliably protected the outer garden. Raymond



Weldon was the little magician that won the favor and graces of stern Mars.

The following games remain to be recorded. We take the account of the first from the *Dispatch* of June 4.

The Duquesne University Minims walloped the Holy Cross Juniors of S. S., on the latter's grounds. The Minims hit the sphere freely and to good effect, 21 hits netting 16 tallies. Gregory occupied the mound and was in good form, allowing but 9 hits and fanning 7 men. Souper did excellent work behind the bat. Maloney, Murphy and Waters deserve special mention for their good fielding for the H. C. J. The score:

MINIMS	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	HOLY CROSS	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Mosti, r.....	2	1	0	0	0	Maloney, l.....	0	1	2	0	0
O'Connell, l.....	2	2	1	0	0	Joyce, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
Obruba, 2.....	4	4	3	0	0	Conway, m.....	0	1	1	0	1
Weis, l.....	2	2	8	1	0	Cagney, c.....	0	2	6	2	0
McGillick, 3.....	2	3	1	3	0	McGonigle, 3.....	0	1	1	3	0
Connelly, s.....	2	2	6	2	0	Murphy, 2.....	1	1	5	3	0
Crandall, m.....	1	4	0	1	0	Welsh, s.....	1	1	1	2	3
Souper, c.....	0	2	8	1	0	Waters, l.....	0	0	11	0	1
Gregory, p.....	1	1	0	4	0	N. Cagney, p.....	1	2	0	4	0
Totals.....	16	21	27	12	0	Totals.....	3	9	27	13	4

Minims.....	4	3	0	2	0	4	0	0	3	—16
Holy Cross.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	—3

Three-base hits—Obruba, O'Connell, Connelly. Two-base hits—Souper, O'Connell. Bases on balls—By Gregory 2, by Cagney 3. Struck out—By Gregory 7, by Cagney 4.

On June 6th, the Minims invaded McKeesport and played the St. Pius Juniors at Cyclone Park, before quite a crowd of spectators. They were victorious, scoring 10 runs to the 3 of the Tube City boys. The score:

MINIMS	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.	ST. PIUS JRS.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Kelly, r.....	0	1	1	1	0	McLong'n, 3.....	2	0	2	0	0
Crandall, m.....	0	0	1	0	0	Dough'ty, m.....	0	0	1	0	0
O'Connell, L.....	3	2	2	2	0	Keister, r.....	1	0	2	0	2
Weis, 1.....	2	2	8	4	0	Carr, c.....	0	1	4	2	0
McGillick, 3.....	3	2	2	1	0	Stocker, 1.....	0	0	8	2	1
Connelly, s.....	1	1	2	1	1	Carroll, s.....	0	0	1	2	2
Obruba, 2.....	1	1	4	2	0	Walton, 2.....	0	1	3	0	0
Souper, c.....	0	0	6	2	0	O'Connell, l.....	0	0	3	1	0
Gurley, p.....	0	0	1	1	0	Fitzpat'k, p.....	0	0	3	2	1
Totals.....	10	9	27	14	1	Totals.....	3	2	27	9	6
St. Pius Juniors.....	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	— 3
Minims.....	1	2	0	3	2	0	2	0	0	0	— 10

To wind up the year with a little celebration, the game was made the occasion of a delightful automobile ride for the Minims. Three machines carried them along the lovely route of the Ardmore Boulevard. The bright sun and beautiful scenery, coupled with the anticipation of victory, put them in high spirits and made them enjoy the treat to the full.



#### Highly Recommended

Languid Smith showed a slight hesitation  
Climbing stairs after noon recreation:  
"Hurry UP!" prefect cried;  
With a drawl Smith replied,  
"Now that's a *high* recommendation."

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